

Esquire

JANUARY

1938

• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

ARTICLES

JOHN DOS PASSOS
COMDR. ATTILIO GATTI
FRANK HANIGHEN
LADISLAS FARAGO
GEORGE ANTHEIL
JIM TULLY
BERNARD SOBEL
DONALD HOUGH
HARRY SALPETER
VANCE RANDOLPH
THOMAS NEWMAN

FICTION

F. SCOTT FITZGERALD
MANUEL KOMROFF
SANDOR HUNYADY
OLIVER LA FARGE
FREEMAN TUCK
LEN ZINBERG
JO SINCLAIR

ART

EDMUND BLAMPIED

SATIRE

LOUIS PAUL
THEODORE PRATT
PARKE CUMMINGS
JOS. FULLING FISHMAN

POETRY

LLOYD STONE

SPORTS

HERB GRAFFIS
RALPH CANNON
FLETCHER PRATT
JOHN E. DRIEMEN

DEPARTMENTS

BURTON RASCOE
GILBERT SELDES
GEORGE JEAN NATHAN
MEYER LEVIN
MURDOCK PEMBERTON
CARLETON SMITH

CARTOONS

E. SIMMS CAMPBELL
GILBERT BUNDY
GEORGE PETTY
JARO FABRY
D. McKAY
ABNER DEAN
R. VAN BUREN
HOWARD BAER
PAUL WEBB
B. SHERMUND
A. VON FRANKENBERG
(COVER)

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FICTION • SPORTS • HUMOR
CLOTHES • ART • CARTOONS

PRICE FIFTY CENTS
IN GREAT BRITAIN THREE SHILLINGS

Ah!! This IS the Life



For full enjoyment from your Christmas Radio

WESTINGHOUSE "COZY CORNER" ENSEMBLE

"What a swell idea!" "Tops in Radio Comfort."
"JUST THE HOME SET FOR THIS CHRISTMAS."

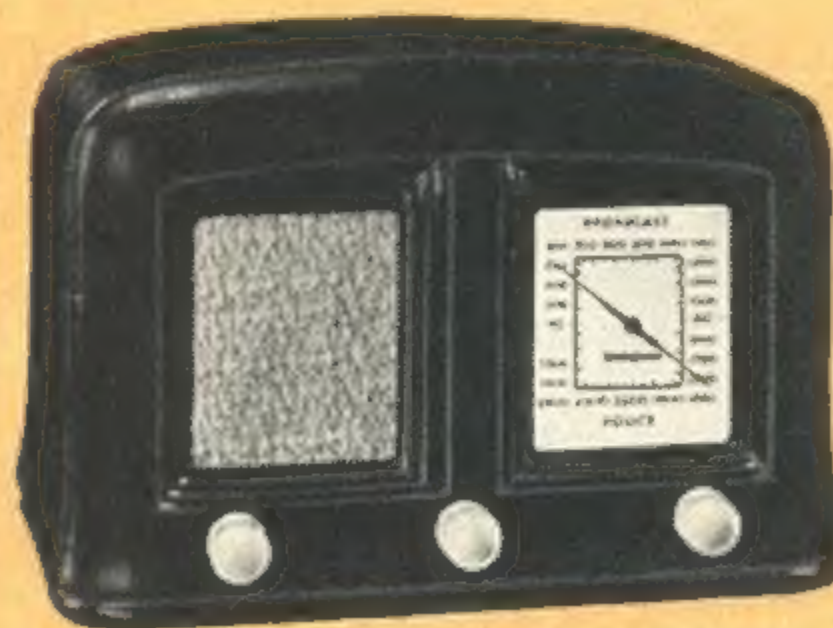
That's what folks are saying about the Westinghouse "Cozy Corner" Ensemble. For what could be more downright convenient and enjoyable than to have within lazy reach of your easy chair a Westinghouse Armchair Radio, together with the newest Certified I. E. S. End Table Lamp and Westinghouse Electric Clock? It's an appropriate ensemble, of course. But it's even more enticing once you've heard the new Westinghouse Radio perform.

In its 1938 models Westinghouse has combined every worthwhile feature of modern radio science. Clear, rich, mellow tone is blended with control and selectivity features which preserve Westinghouse leadership in design.

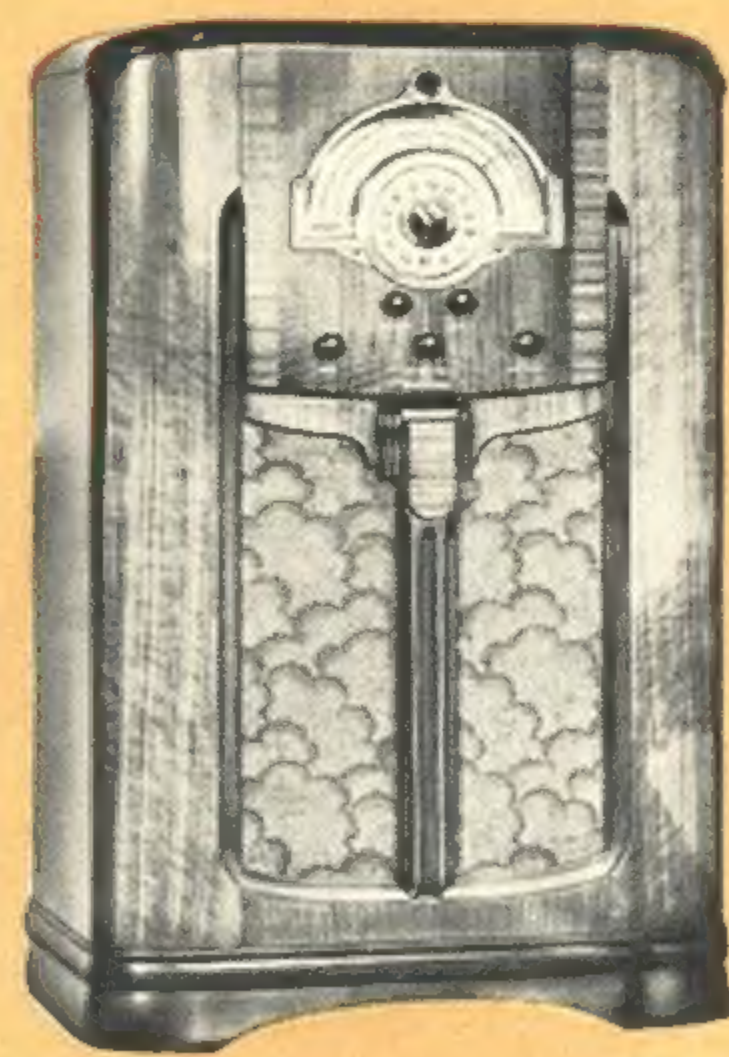
That's why we suggest—before you buy—visit your Westinghouse Radio Dealer, see and hear these amazing models. Westinghouse Radio Headquarters, 150 Varick St., New York.

18

BEAUTIFUL NEW MODELS
 for every purse and purpose



A compact 6-tube Personal Radio with big radio performance for only \$19.95. Slightly higher west of the Rockies.



Automatic electric tuning plus other advanced features in this 12-tube De Luxe All-Wave Console.

Westinghouse

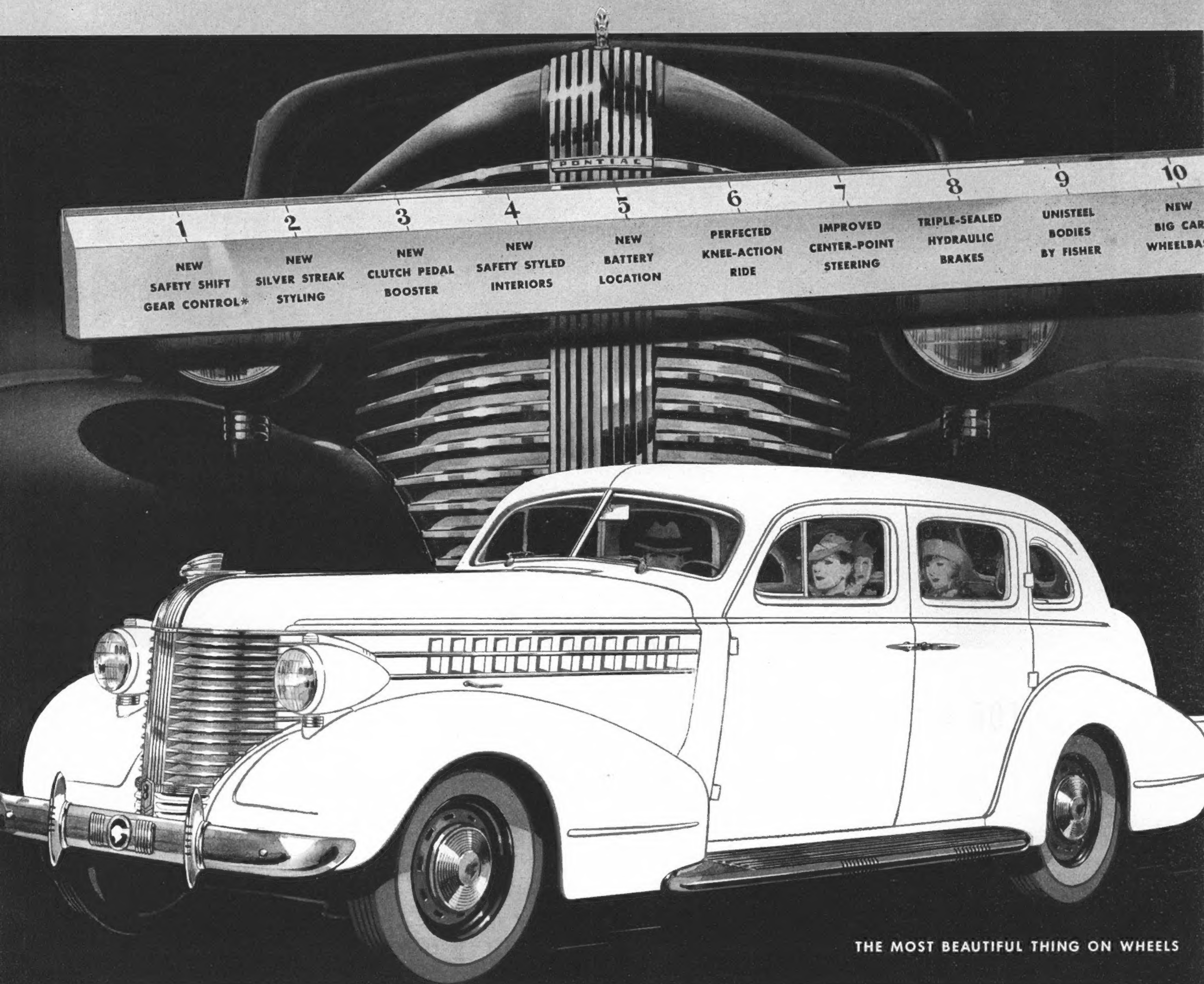
PRECISION

Radio

Before you buy any low-priced car

MAKE IT A RULE TO INVESTIGATE

THE EIGHT THAT OUTVALUES THEM ALL!



BETTER LOOKING • BETTER BUILT • A BETTER BUY

THIS BIG Silver Streak beauty is General Motors' lowest-priced eight. A few eights are priced near Pontiac, *most* eights cost much more. *Not one has all these advancements.* Pontiac, as you see, is unique in more than styling. It's better looking, better built, and a better buy than the low-price range has ever known before.

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finest of modern advancements the shifting lever is just a few inches from the wheel, completely clearing the front floor, and speeding up and simplifying shifting. And Pontiac is the only low-priced car to provide it!

All this says nothing of Pontiac's ultra-smartness, rich, roomy interiors, smooth, irresistible power, and astonishing economy. *These* advantages can best be shown in a ride. Take it, and learn why General Motors' lowest-priced eight again outvalues them all.

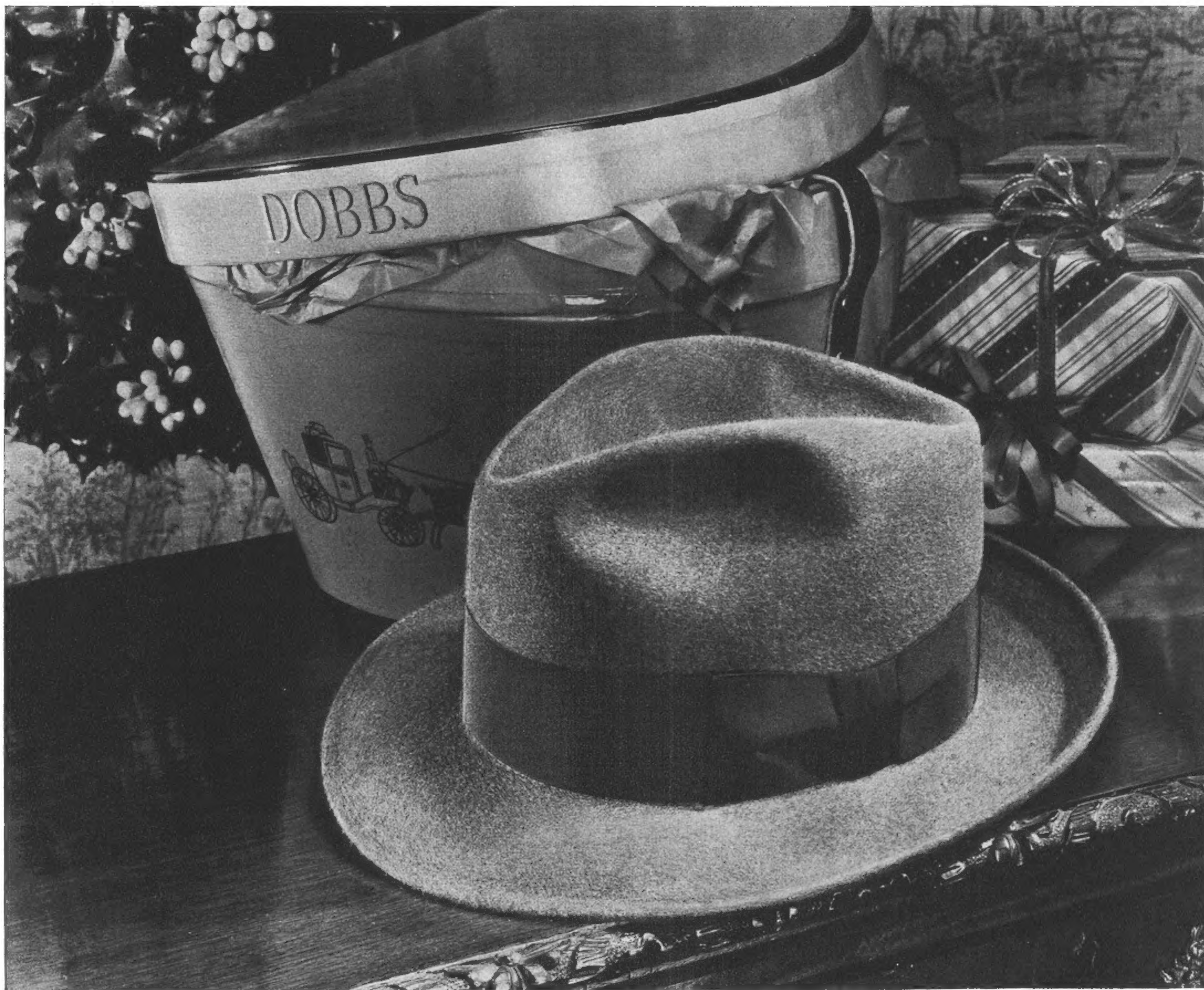
PONTIAC MOTOR DIVISION, General Motors Sales Corporation, PONTIAC, MICHIGAN



TWO GREAT RADIO PROGRAMS: "News Through a Woman's Eyes" every Mon., Wed., and Fri. at 2 p.m., E.S.T., Columbia Network. "Varsity Show"—direct from the leading college campuses every Friday night, NBC Blue Network at 9 p.m., E.S.T.

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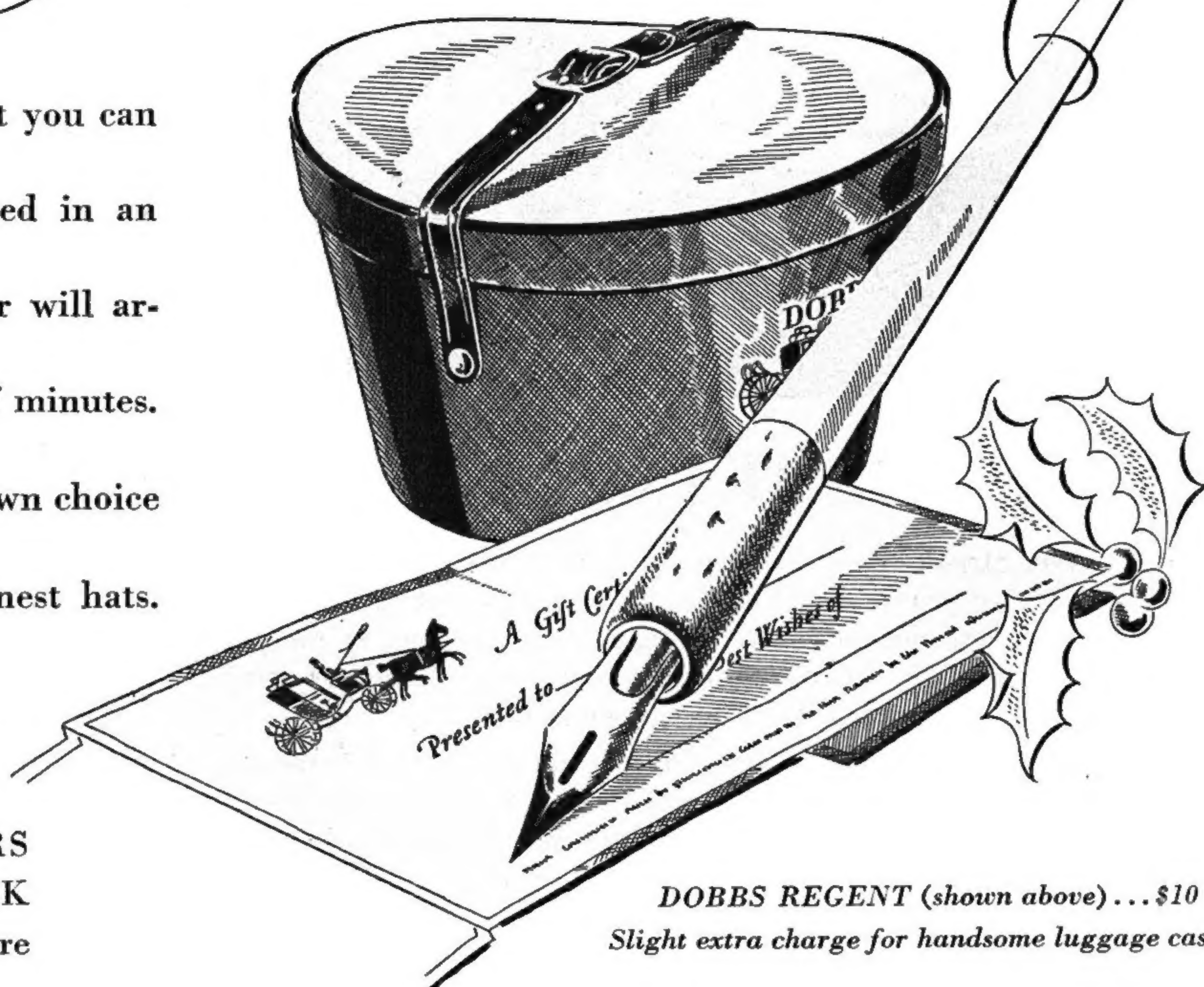
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Edited
by
ARNOLD GINGRICH

Esquire

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Publishers:
DAVID A. SMART
WM. H. WEINTRAUB

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Art Directors: ERIC LUNDGREN, TONY PALAZZO

Use of any person's name in fiction, semi-fictional articles or humorous features is to be regarded as a coincidence and not as the responsibility of Esquire. It is never done knowingly.

Autobiography of a four-year-old

With this issue, the magazine enters Volume Nine. Since most gift subscriptions start with January, it also enters many homes where it has never been before. For those who came in just now, herewith a brief outline of the history of its four years. March '33: the dummy-prospectus is issued, during the Bank Holiday, Sept. '33: circulation experts, consulted for guidance, predict a "possible" or maximum sale of twenty-five thousand copies. Oct. '33: magazine appears as a quarterly; instantaneous sell-out of first edition of one hundred thousand copies. January '34: first monthly issue; beginning of monthly departments; beginning of bear stories that "they can't keep it up" and that the next issue won't appear; sale still a trifle over 100,000. February: beginning of policy of printing at least one "Discovery" every month, by a previously unpublished author; beginning of ninety-day furore in *The Sound and the Fury* over proposal to print Langston Hughes' story "that no commercial magazine would touch with a ten-foot pole"; experts, consulted for guidance, predict that publication of the story would cause magazine's immediate failure. March: Louis Paul first breaks into print with *No More Trouble for Jedwick*, which later wins the O. Henry Memorial Award (you can still get a free reprint). April: the Langston Hughes story runs; nothing happens. August: George Jean Nathan breaks all *Sound and Fury* records with *Sweet Faces and Foul Minds*. September: we begin our "this-is-a-cow" method of labeling all fiction, articles, satire, etc. December: we record astonishment that the circulation is almost two hundred thousand. February '35: Old Gold discovers the Petty girl, beginning a vogue in college dormitory decoration. April: Petty wowed 'em with "Oh you would, would you!" a cartoon people still talk about. June: invention and installation of the Dingus, the typographical equivalent of ringing a gong to show that a story is ended. July: discovery that our Discovery of the Month for June was Ambrose Bierce; terrific uproars and apologies

rampant. September: Ernest Hemingway's *Notes on the Next War*, which was later reprinted all over the world; all wrong as an Ethiopian dope-sheet, but still all right as an indictment of dictatorship. October: first ad on women's hats, beginning a howl in *The Sound and the Fury* that has never yet died down. December: citation of Gilbert Seldes and E. Simms Campbell as the only contributors who had never missed an issue; they still are. We record astonishment that the circulation is almost three hundred thousand. January '36: loss of some advertising over articles and cartoons to which certain interests objected; decision to fight it out on the line that the reader's interest comes first and that the advertising can't run the show. Publication of the first of the German chapters of John Gunther's *Inside Europe*. February: beginning of a mystery campaign to get the job of drama critic, through letters signed S. Choirboy. Gilbert Seldes takes a crack at air-line stewardesses and we're still hearing about it. March: S. Choirboy turns out to be somebody named Van Wyck Potter. Emil Lengyel's article on Prince Starhemberg gets Esq. banned in Austria, and written up in 900 American newspapers. Appearance of the gag about a white shotgun for weddings; we never thought it was very funny, but radio comedians still do. April: beginning of the still-frequent practice of devoting this particular space to *Salutes to the Living*; subject was Burton Rascoe. Sectual objection to a story by Thomas Mann, based on a misunderstanding of its point. June: Hemingway's *Horns of the Bull*, his twenty-seventh contribution to the first thirty-one issues. Esq. back in Austrian favor and Starhemberg out, proving something. Van Wyck Potter, as critic of drama-critics, breaks all records as most cordially hated contributor. July: Van Wyck Potter discovered to be a woman, and promptly canned; terrific uproar and apologies rampant. August: Hemingway writes A Farewell to Esq. under title *Snows of Kilimanjaro*. September: first story by Jesse Stuart, *Uncle Fonso Laughed*. We start "crusade" for Equal Rights for Men; it flopped. October: love among the editors

as Rascoe pans hell out of John Dos Passos novel, *The Big Money*, which we had been ballyhooing in advance for three years. Cuban police confiscate Esquire and jail eight newsdealers, over *Latins are Lousy Lovers*. George Jean Nathan takes dramatic critic job, then starts to quit after one month, because no like title we gave the department; title changed, he stayed. November: Esq. has a baby sister, called *Coronet*. First appearances of the Hurrell Hollywood photographs. Cuban police ban November issue of Esquire for commenting on banning of October issue. We record astonishment that the circulation is almost five hundred thousand. December: first issue to total more than three hundred pages. Banned in England over legal misunderstanding of a Rascoe sentence. February '37: *The Wench Is Not Amused*, breaking all records for S. & F. letters. We record astonishment that the circulation is over six hundred thousand; readers begin to record astonishment at our astonishment. March: terrific fuss over *Christ in Concrete* by Discovery Pietro di Donato; still available in the form of a two-bit book. April: Esq. banned in Japan for saying they were about to start a war on the Chinese, but weren't they? May: "jiggling," first extended comment on a natural phenomenon. September: we suspect some of the department editors of waltzing through their accustomed wordage and say so; mild uproar and no apologies. Esq. announces that it is "expecting;" the new arrival will be named Ken. October: strange case of *Madison Avenue Episode*, a story in the September issue, about which scores of readers suddenly write in at about the same time, saying about the same thing. November: *Selected Case History*, an anonymous contribution in answer to survey on *The Facts of Life* in July and August issues; readers question advisability of its publication, for fear of its effect on the young; answer is that this is not a magazine for children, as coversays and you yourself may have guessed, and furthermore and anyway that our children are more apt to be what we are than what we tell them to be; *Sound and Fury* differs, but look for yourself, as this is where you came in.

ESQUIRE
Jan., 1938



T. M.
Reg.

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Vol. IX, No. 1
Whole No. 50

T. M.
Reg.



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GIVE A CRUISE FOR CHRISTMAS. Along about now, the little woman begins telling you how badly you look, how a little Southern sun would set you up. By the time she gives you a lot of this, you begin to think it's time death takes a holiday, and you run to your nearest travel bureau.

Cruises this year are legion, and run from 4 days to 4 months. The Franconia, Reliance and other luxury liners are embarking upon round the world cruises, and big tycoons, pressed for time, can circumnavigate the globe in 90 days on the Bremen... going first to Barbados, then to South America, around South Africa and back across the Pacific. The Italian lines and the American Export



lines are running Mediterranean cruises (expurgated editions) and a great many companies are making tracks for South America, now considered THE place to go. The Rex is making a 25-day cruise to Rio, with 5 marvelous days in Rio, a daylight day in four other fabulous ports of adventure... bizarre Cristobal, La Guayra, Venezuela, key port to Caracas high in the Andes, tropical Trinidad and Barbados. The Grace Line runs a weekly service to South America the year round, as well as several special cruises to the Peruvian and Chilean regions. From the minute you step aboard a Santa liner, you're "in." Grace Line captains give a series of cocktail parties where you become acquainted with your fellow passengers and members of the cruise act in specially written radio skits or amateur theatricals based on happenings aboard ship. If you prefer, it is possible to take a combination sea and air cruise to South America, via the Grace Line and Pan American airways. If business calls you home suddenly, it's well to know that Buenos Aires is only 4½ days flying time from New York, Panama 1½ days.

Maybe you've got Hawaii on your mind... if so, you might set sail from San Francisco or Los Angeles on one of the Matson Line cruises... and get this lei business settled once and for all. Matson also runs longer cruises to Australia, New Zealand and the South Sea Islands.



There are literally dozens of short holiday cruises that carry you over Christmas or New Years or both... these run from 4 to 15 days. The Empress of Britain sails Christmas eve on a 12-day cruise to Jamaica, Panama and Havana, and other ships such as the Kungsholm, Columbus, Veendam, Paris, Lafayette, Washington and Virginia are also West Indies bound around this time. The Rotterdam, Transylvania and the Pilsudski go to Nassau and Havana in 8 or 9 days, and for nicely under a \$100 minimum, you can bask on Nassau's famed Paradise Beach or make the expenses of your trip by a lucky turn of the wheel in the Casino in Havana; or, if you are fortunate enough to be invited, sip numerous daiquiris at the Edificio Bacardi. If you don't care for a regular cruise, you can take your Caribbean trip on one of the spotless United Fruit boats (regular bi-weekly sailings) or go directly to Nassau on one of the regular Saturday sailings of the Carinthia.

And then there's Bermuda, that little gem in the ocean just 40 hours from New York on the peerless Furness Monarch and Queen. Or if you can only spare the weekend, 5 hours by air via Imperial or Pan American Airways, now making 4 round trips a week. You leave New York at 10 in the morning, say, and at noon travel 300 miles while working your way through a delicious 7-course luncheon. Many of these cruises are almost completely booked, so get going on your reservations... Cooks, American Express, Raymond Whitcomb or your local travel bureaus can give you further dope.



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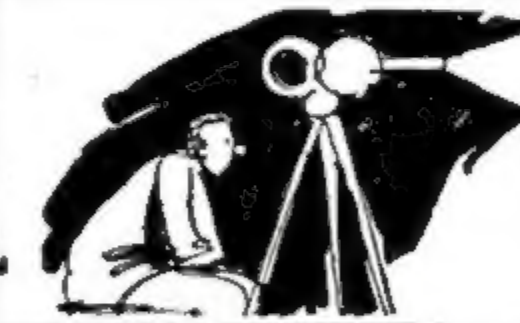
HATTERS

When evening falls and bright lights beckon, then wear our formal fashions by Young's or Stetson, including Opera Hats, Midnight Blue or Black Homburgs, and that smart Oxford innovation entitled "After Six." Many hats for afternoon may be also found at Young's 29 smart shops.



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THE SOUND AND THE FURY

PROOF OF SOMETHING

Smart, aren't you, trying to hypnotize us to touch our left elbow with our right forefinger. Well, *ESQUIRE*, I beat you to the punch. I read the opening remarks of Martin Panzer on hypnotism, down to where he said, "Before today is over you are going to touch your left elbow with your right forefinger." Right there I hauled up and said whoa, stop! This guy is pulling something raw. He's going to hypnotize me to touch my left elbow with my right forefinger. All right, I'll do that right now. And I did it. But you, Panzer, didn't hypnotize me to do it. I did it of my own free will, with the deliberate intention of inoculating myself against your suggestions in advance. Upon reading the remainder of your article I felt no compulsion whatever to touch finger to elbow.



Now, *ESQUIRE*, pass this letter along to your psychological department. They will reluctantly admit that reading Panzer's suggestion only once was not sufficient to hypnotize me. They will be forced to yield the point that when I touched finger to elbow I did it deliberately, as a bit of planned strategy. Thereafter, Panzer's monotonous repetitions that I was going to touch finger to elbow affected me not at all, because I'd already done it. Therefore pardon me Panzer, if, without any hypnotic compulsion whatever, I touch right thumb to nose.

You are going to print this letter. You will mark this letter Must Go for the next edition of *Sound & Fury*. The more you struggle against printing this letter the more you will print it.

GRAPH WALDEYER
San Francisco, Calif.

PROOF OF NOTHING

Why is it that every movie critic seems to think he must pan a picture to get people to think he knows his stuff?

Your Meyer Levin is lousy. I stood for him until October when he rated *Easy Living* as a "go along if you must" picture. He didn't even mention the great performance of Edward Arnold in this picture which was one of his best jobs. Levin should mention his article in the "waste" column.

Sincerely,
Baltimore, Md. JACK BAUER

THE OLD WILED WEST

In your article, *Selected Case History*, chastely but cryptically placed in the category of "Educational," Miss *Selected Case History* states that her first so-called seduction occurred "in Cheyenne, Wyoming," and added in what appears to be a patronizing manner, "of all places!"



Dear Miss Case History! Or Mr. Anonymous Author, if it was you who so ascribed these lines to our Miss, charming self-denied nymphomaniac. Why "of all places?"

Come, come, gal. Such ignorance of history and short-sighted ingratitude. Shades of Buffalo Bill and Calamity Jane! Old Cheyenne, known as "Hell on Wheels" in the days when Park Avenue was known as a Dutch homestead, when Injuns and buffalo roamed the site of Chicago's Loop. Well, anyway. Careers de l'amour have here been launched which by comparison, despite certain of your memories of your departed affluence, of sorts, leaves you the local virgin. Perhaps in the very spot which cradled your First Adventure, Wild Bill Hickok earned a nickname

which has since supplied posterity with a much more colorful handle than his parents ever thought of. Yes, my snooty dudeen, you could have done much, much worse.

Nor is ours entirely a faded glory. Even in these days yours could hardly be considered an isolated case, with our Plains Hotel scarcely less renowned as a meeting place of the real old West, than is Times Square as a crossroads of the world. What myopic quirk of vanity led you, or someone, to believe that the casting of such an aspersion would go unchallenged?

Perchance, weren't the "best looking orchid crepe de Chine step-ins" which our Miss purchased for the Occasion procured in this greatly maligned village? And didn't our Miss admit that she wished the memory of her Number One seducer to remain "always a little glamorous?" in short(s), civic pride aside, this seems to have been about the sweetest little town that our skyward little Miss seems ever to have been seduced in.

Yours for keeping Cheyenne on the map with bigger and subtler seductions.

SHY ANN AND ANDY
Cheyenne, Wyo. of Old Cheyenne.

ADD LIP CORNER

Anent this controversy on Sectional Kissing that is being carried on in your valued Mag. allow me to say as an old experienced member of the Society of Osculation that I have found the East, Mid West, South, South West and Coast each produces the same varied specimens of the genus Kissee.

From my experience I find it is mostly a case of temperament and that the temperament follows rather closely the color of the hair, when natural, to wit:—

"THE KISSES I HAVE MET,"
The kiss of the Blonde may seem quite fond
When your lips meet in Hollywood fashion
And her eyes may seem bold but her heart's stone cold
For a Blonde knows naught of passion.

Then the exotic Brunette is a gay coquette
Pell-mell into love she dashes.
And her kisses of fire are mad with desire,
But alas, soon burn to ashes.

Then the Brown-haired Miss just blows you a kiss,
Like the breeze of a Summer's day;
But when a Red-headed Girl comes along, don't resist,
For when she starts kissing, you're going to stay kissed.

SO JUST CLOSE YOUR EYES AND PRAY.
Yours truly,
Columbus, Ohio RAY ZIRKEL

AHOY, HO-HUM

Seeing that all the other Sailors have been giving that "ingenious being" Paul Cadmus a crack I thought that I too might add my bit. If in his addendum to world art he thought to enrich or enlighten art by that imaginative form of neurotic rot he so saw fit to term *The Fleet's In* he can hardly be credited with a rational bit of sanity. It, I believe, is the most effete manner of portraying an institution which can be conceived of; having spent four years in the U. S. Navy, I do know just what I am talking about or in what manner I speak. An artist is supposedly to be a person of enough imaginative conception to first inquire into the subject of his work, in that sense he is referred to as an artist.

JUST ANOTHER SAILOR
Clayton, Idaho

IT ALWAYS WAS

Would you do a subscriber a favor and pass along this little ditty one of the boys in the office made up?

It goes like so:

MARY HAD AN AIRPLANE,
AND THROUGH THE AIR DID FRISK.
NOW WASN'T SHE THE FOOLISH THING
HER LITTLE * ?
We think it's cute.

ROBERT L. DE WITT
Grand Rapids, Mich.

POME WITH MORAL

I don't know why I should feel so perturbed,
So inwardly maddenly stumped, and disturbed,
Disquieted, restless, and painfully absurd,
To see every month the foul use of the word
Female, or maiden, or wench if you care,
Spread out on your page with sophisticated air.
When I know that from Saturday night until Monday,
You couldn't exist, without girls by Gil Bundy.

Jaro Fabry I notice each month has his play,
As has also your Honorable Mister McKay.

B. Shermund, and Hoff with his hoary old damsel,
Exploit the fair sex just as does E. Simms Campbell.

Why don't you use handsome young men in the place
Of beautiful damsels decked out in val lace?

With their "BRACERS," and "JOCKEY Y-FRONT" underwear,
You no doubt could improve on the art of Howard Baer.

Have "GRIPPERS" on men in portraits by Hurrell.
Use a "MUNSGWEAR'S" man, 'stead of Frankenberg's girl.

O, it's to laugh at your rare egotistical mire!
Inconsistency thy name is truly *ESQUIRE*.

But wait—, I almost forgot your man Petty,
You might let him do bears, and I'll now sign off, Betty.
Ocean City, Md. BETTY SMITH

PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST AS A YOUNG MAN

As a constant reader of *Sound & Fury*, etc., etc., and as the man upon whose shoulders rests the burden, however futile, of proof as to the truth, expressiveness and achievement in my art, let me answer in my now *sotto voce* the Citizen from Springfield, Ohio, who concedes my latin, doubts my artistic heritage.

I concede him nothing, except perhaps his admitted like for Petty, his namelessness and timelessness. His heritage must go 'way back when, for Vasari tells of his being around in the 15th century—calling Leonardo a fantastic fanatic—and Mike Angelo a stubborn block. He showed up at El Greco's vernissage and screamed "distortion!" and sent van Rijn to a pauper's grave with the dictum, "I don't know anything about Art but I know what I like." This same citizen it was, who excluded Cézanne from the Paris Salon, and forced Ingres to leave Paris for Italy. He pointed the finger at Daumier and Guys and said, "commercial men—don't take them seriously." He invented that cliché, "any child of four can do better" and used it effectively, for a while, against Roualt, Delacroix and Manet. They almost spotted him in Paris the year



the ropes went up in front of the Salon's pictures so he wouldn't slash at them or spit. He drove Vincent insane and then cocked the pistol for him. He exiled Grosz. To no end, all of these and more, however, for accepted and admired now are the maddest imaginings of Picasso, Kandinsky and Dali.

Not unlike most arguments, discussions and letters-to-the-editor, it comes down to definitions. For me to tempt more abuse by defining art would be shaving my neck indeed. Nevertheless, any student must have convictions and I have mine. I regard art as a means of expression from stimuli received intuitively. Literature is already an expression—therefore illustrations, to not become natural facts and perhaps banal, become separate expressions, derived from the impression created from the stimulus received by an intellect instinctively accustomed to graphic concepts. Independent and autonomous, the illustration needs must conform to the story, and act as a variation on a given theme. Incidentally, it must also conform to size, color and reproduction requirements.

There are other citizens, equally as important as the Nameless One from Springfield, Ohio, who want to have their mental reactions, rather than, or in addition to, their sensory reactions, piqued, and not necessarily pleasantly, by a picture. The picture may be warm or cold, repelling or inviting, decorative or intuitive—but always related.

This, therefore, is my credo; it is neither a defense nor an apology—but could be called an explanation:

I aspire to be interpretive; to capture and sustain the however elusive mood created by the author; to conform to a publication's mechanical requirements; and to die hard.

Chicago, Ill. TONY PALAZZO

UNGRAMMATICALLY TOO

You'll forgive me for saying this, but that so-called Female of Eighteen who wrote so unhesitatingly in the *Sound & Fury* for Nov. ought to be rapped very definitely on the top of the dome for such unenlightening balderdash. Why what she seems to think, in her conceited little top, isn't fit to print in a pulpy, which caters to a supposedly much lower intellect than your esteemed journal. I am writing this simply because I hate conceited females who seem to believe that their ilk is, after all, so much more desirable and intellectual than we poor males.

Unadmonishingly yours,
Pasadena, Cal. MALE OF EIGHTEEN
P.S. I like girls who do not smoke pipes.



ESQ. AS EDUCATOR

As a modern wife and mother, I can't agree with carping critics who accuse *ESQUIRE* of pornography. *Selected Case History* in the November issue, strikes me as the sternest moral lesson to young girls since mid-Victorian days. The seduced maid-servant of the Antimacassar Age usually came to no worse end than suicide. The female victim of your warning message had to bear a more dreary and prolonged punishment—a dismal first marriage to a man so limp that she had to support him, and an even more dismal second marriage as housekeeper to a middle-aged widower and nurse maid to another woman's children. Surely a reading of this timely sermon from real life would save any intelligent young girl of today from a first erring step!

Yours very truly,
Bristol, N. H. SOPHIA SCALES

Continued on page 10



What's Going On Tonight...

When you're dressing in "Tux" or "Tails"...add the perfecting touch of SWANK. Formal Sets include shirt studs, elbo cuff links and waistcoat buttons that run the gamut of correctness...from gayety to dignity. You can choose at your favorite jeweler, department store or men's shop, from a wide variety of styles and settings. And remember...in formal jewelry...to be sure it's Smart...be sure it's SWANK...SWANK FORMAL SETS are \$2.50 and higher.

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Set illustrated...Links, Studs and Waistcoat Buttons...\$5.00, Links and Studs only...\$3.50.

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

OUR BEST FRIENDS CERTAINLY TELL US

Your eloquent reminder that "big lively" *ESQUIRE* has been coming to me in the past makes me wonder if I would really miss much if I call quits after two years of it. Big and lively? Perhaps—but so was the old army latrine. Trouble is that too much of what appears in *ESQUIRE* is reminiscent of the scribbling on army-latrine walls. Presumably many peculiar angles confront an editor of a "men only" magazine, but it should hardly be necessary to fashion reader-appeal to a gang of urchins huddled into a culvert, singing dirty songs, smoking corn-silk, drinking pop or generally misbehaving to create the illusion of "Wein, Weib und Gesang" in embryonic outline. And even if that is your motive, I contend that you often get stale results. Having swapped decamers with cowboys in the bunkshack, nimrods at the campfire, stevedores at the docks, and with threshing crews on the great plains, I find your attempts at cussedness are mostly creaky with obsolescence, not overly funny, and often completely pepleless. You might take a tip from the girl who, having given permission for the telling of a smutty joke, added a warning "But be sure it's funny." I admired your sense of humor once when you mentioned an offer of three thousand dollars for a certain issue of *ESQUIRE* "provided it's clean." Make it three million! You can't lose!

Of course a magazine can't be altogether lousy as long as it carries stuff from Burton Rascoe, Gilbert Seldes, Meyer Levin and Jean Nathan. If ever I should be tempted to subscribe again, it would be largely on account of their articles. Your cartoons are usually amusing and could be more so if once you overcame your preoccupation with the love-life of poultry. Much better material could be found in the antics of wildfowl on the near north side of Chicago, only a few steps from your office.

I have insisted all along that good fiction is to be found in *ESQUIRE*. An editor who picked out *Christ In Concrete* and who once blew himself to a hundred square inches of art work for Paul's *End Of The Circle*, has it in his heart to supply his readers with good stories. But much of your fiction indicates that same slant toward pepleless cussedness about which I have already hinted.

Best wishes to *ESQUIRE*.

Yours truly,
Chicago, Ill. ARNE AUSEN

CONTENTED CUSTOMER

This is the first time in many years of reading magazines I have ever endeavored to write or comment on any magazine, but I think this exception is justifiable.

I finished reading my November issue of *ESQUIRE* today and was greatly incensed by a letter written by a "reader"? signed "Female of Eighteen, Evanston, Ill."

I don't blame her for not signing her name. Of all the crudest examples of constructive criticism I have ever read, hers is the most obscene and out-of-place possible. Where the hell she picked up the idea she was a critic is impossible for me to fathom.

I purchased my first issue of *ESQUIRE* at a clothing store (the first issue published, incidentally) long before it was ever on sale at any newsstand, and have bought and still have every issue since. I have a collection of cartoons in book form of artist's drawings ranging from Peter Arno's Sideshow to McClelland Barclay's illustrations. And what

do I prize most highly—George Petty's works in portfolio form which you offered to readers for \$2.00! Remember? Does that lame-brain from Evanston think I donate my fifty cents every month to charity?—Or that 2,000,000 other intelligent people do?

So realism requires restraint! Has she ever been out of Evanston, Ill.? I doubt it. And think of it—18 years old and so world-wise. She should have signed her letter "Old beyond my years" and sent it to an "Ask me anything column" or *Liberty's* "Vox Pop." It belongs in that class.

Why continue—after all, one could write pages on such a moronic letter.

And what the hell did she buy the magazine for? On the cover is the caption "The Magazine for Men." Not for females of eighteen who should take their copies of "Love" magazine and "Snappy" stories up to their room, lock their door and read something on a level with their intelligence. On second thought she probably didn't buy it, somebody loaned it to her.

My only suggestion (in four years) for improvement in your magazine is to either throw such so-called criticisms in your waste basket or eliminate your *Sound and Fury* department entirely, saving your readers (and customers) wasted time and much irritation.

As I explained before, this is my first and probably last letter to any magazine. It is not written as a criticism of your magazine but of the said department which allowed such nincomp-poop, of no value, criticism to be printed on their pages.

Thank you,
Jerseyville, Ill. WEB.

VICIOUS CYCLE

Here's an odd thing Walter Brooks brought up in September.

He said he hates everybody and I love everybody, so that broke my record, because his hating everybody made me hate him. Then I couldn't love everybody, but I caught myself in time, or rather, I was caught by a sophism that stuck me in the pants. Fish-hooked.

Misery loves company was the sophism but it was traveling in queer company and had got its name changed to mathematics. Mathematics proved that I love Walter Brooks because he hates everybody and I hate him for it. Am I being involved and trying? Wait a minute and we'll have it all straight.

Hate is a negative passion. Admitted? All right. Mathematics says that two negatives make a positive, I.E. I am not not going down the road, therefore I am going up the road. So I hate Walter Brooks and he hates me, because I am a unit of everybody whom he cordially despises. My hate plus his hate makes one great LOVE that lies between us—and gosh how it does lie!

Manhattan Beach, Cal. C.B. LOOMIS

USEFUL WORDS

In the November issue of your magazine it was stated that there are five words in the English language ending in "dous," namely, stupendous, tremendous, hazardous, jeopardous and horrendous.

Your correspondent should be more careful when he writes such articles, for there are at least five more.

These other words are as follows: Hybridous—capable of begetting animals.

Tardigradous—walking slowly. Multifidous—having many divisions. Nodous—knotty.

Pteropodous—resemble chaff. Hoping you will pardon this criticism, I remain,

Yours very truly,
Toronto, Ont. DOUGLAS HARRIS

AND USES OF ESQ.

Pappy does not have time to write so I'll have a try at it.

You see, his Mother-in-Law gave him a year's subscription to *ESQUIRE* for Christmas 1936. We enjoy it so thoroughly that we are putting on a campaign for a repetition this Christmas. Since we have missed the Business Reply Card from the October issue, we live in hopes.

We can't quite see the reason for all the "Fury." We take it as it comes, large, thick and heavy, realizing that even you, *ESQUIRE's* Editor, can't please all the people even a small part of the time. Some of the stories are fine, some aren't, but at least we don't have to read through pages and pages only to find at the end "Continued in the next issue." The stories we don't like and can't get our teeth into, we skip and go on to the next. Turn over a new leaf, as it were.

We are using the cartoons to cover Abbott's ice cream cartoons. With a bit of wall paper, paste, a snappy cartoon and some shellac, they make jolly waste paper baskets. Only trouble with that is, friends get so interested in the effect they forget the cause and strew the contents therein from here to there all over the place. So what? We don't worry about that either.

Thank you for being so prompt with the change of address issue. We only gave you a week but here it is, the only one of eight or nine Mags. that didn't have to be re-addressed by the Post Office. That, we think, is fine service.

There is only one fault to find. Why the Girdle and Bra ads in this man's magazine? Lord knows there are enough women's Mags. to put that stuff in. We darn females horn in on everything. Can't the lads have a rest from that hooey even in their own *ESQUIRE*? Surely they aren't interested in "Skoops" and "Intimos."

Your ads form such an interesting part of the book, we think it is a shame to spoil it all with lolling girdles and padded busts.

Oh yes! Unless men are going in for tinted finger nails, we could do without "Your Hand Madam."

That'll be all,
From the
Philadelphia, Pa. PIKES
P.S. "That'll be all" is a steal from our favorite commentator Alan Scott.

GEE, GEE & HAW

First of all, my 50c helps pay you gees so you will have to read this even if you don't like it. In the second place, I'm going to use the axe so that I'll be sure of getting this published. You know all S. & F. comments are mainly written so that you can answer yes when someone asks if that was your name in *ESQUIRE*. But here's where I start firing!

My brother and I split the "prescription" on your magazine and next year he's not enlisting. You see the loon is planning—and he thinks the quarter will start a foundation. I either rope in my sister to split or else find someone who knows you and can get an inside price.

Don't think that everybody who calls your magazine a "rag" is crazy, and that everybody who calls your rag a "magazine" is right. I remember you when you were poor and there is a little change in your habits. The trend, my friend, is downward. Your articles have gone towards virginal research. Your stories are of the kind that should begin, "the reading time is 92 seconds." Your satires are anemic and lack some umpf. Your cartoons are spasmodically good, lousy and swell. Your advertisements are getting sillier

monthly. N.B. Last month was the first time I ever saw a "squirm" on horseback, "Scoop with the artful uplift," in a magazine for men and an "Intimo to emphasize the dividing line." If we ever get to be friends have me show you my dividing line.

Back to business. I really like your magazine but it burns me up to see you pulling off stunts to arouse comments, crabs, cancellations and circulation (?). I get tired telling my friends—yes plural—they expect too much from *ESQUIRE*. Esqy is like a girl! After you've seen all her tricks and know her policy, she's not quite so interesting. My plutocratic friends sock a 50c piece into *ESQUIRE* and expect it to cover everything from *Argosy* to the *Chorus Girl's Monthly*. Naturally, when they don't get a full and overflowing return, they're hot and threaten to put you out of business by not tossing you that Roosevelt quarter.

I'm not reckless enough to use those high-sounding words L. Paul used to clip a critic's wrings, but in fairness to gees like myself, you ought to elevate *ESQUIRE*. No, don't elevate it! Just help it up from the gutter and put it back on the sidewalk; head it in the right direction; give it a little start and let it totter along its happy way.

JERRY LEVIN
P.S. I'm not related to your little boy Meyer but my doctor married his sister, so doesn't that make me a reader?

Chicago, Ill. JEROME LEVIN

THUNDER AT THE LEFT

If inclusion in several anthologies makes one a poet (as it doesn't) then I have a right to criticize your recent tripe which you satirically—I trust—misnamed poetry. This is by Maxwell Bodenheimer, who used to be good; but since his espousal of the red flag of Communism has lost whatever imagery he may have had.

Give this tip to Bodenheimer, will you? It is also a compliment!

CRITICISM OF A LEFTIST POET
(with congrats to Odets!)

No small poet is Bodenheimer. When he

Essays to write of revolution's sway
That guide the masses' urge for liberty,
He loses much that marked him yesterday.

"O, yes, they'll come," he says of intellects,
Who dye their unobtrusive prose bright red;
And so they do until they circumflex
In Hollywood's temples for richer bread!

"Bourgeois!" the lesser minds can always bleat
At those who win appreciative cash.

If not "Bourgeois!" then "Creator of Trash!"
Can always serve to satisfy defeat.

Max, take the cash, and let your conscience go
For revolution seems so very slow!

And this is as good as what you used, but I can write better!

Truly yours,
Boston, Mass. W. FRANCIS POTTER

STUNK FOLLOWS STANK

Re. "a little suggestion" of all the goddamn screwy stuff, *ESQUIRE* is getting away with murder these days. Why in hell doesn't Martin Panzer put a .38 colt automatic in the lobe of his left ear and pull the trigger with the fore finger of his right hand, in that way he could hypnotize himself. He stinks, *ESQUIRE* October number stunk, and Nathan's critical essays, if memory serves me right, as usual "stank."

Miami, Fla. JAMES FIORILLO
P.S. Stink, Stunk and Stank, add them up and you have "Pictures by Hurrell."

Continued in center of page 200





ONCE AGAIN... IT'S TIME TO MAKE A BOWL OF

Merry Christmas!

FOR A PERFECT EGG-NOG—Beat separately the yolks and whites of 6 fresh eggs. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of sugar to the yolks while beating, and $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of sugar to the whites after they have been beaten very stiff. Mix the egg whites with the yolks. Stir in 1 pint of rich cream and 1 pint of milk. Then add 1 pint of Four Roses Whiskey and 1 ounce of Jamaica Rum. Stir thoroughly, and serve very cold with grated nutmeg on each glass. (This recipe makes 5 pints of Egg-nog.)

Just one thing—be mighty sure that you use Four Roses—for Four Roses is *the* whiskey that makes an Egg-nog a gloriously heart-warming Bowl of Merry Christmas. Because, while Four Roses is *ALL* whiskey, it's more than just *one* straight whiskey. It's a superb combination of *several* great whiskeys, each outstanding for some particular quality. Blended together, these whiskeys unite *all* their noble virtues in *one* truly magnificent whiskey—*Four Roses!*

Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskeys—and that means *ALL* whiskey — 90 proof. Frankfort Distilleries, Incorporated, Louisville and Baltimore.



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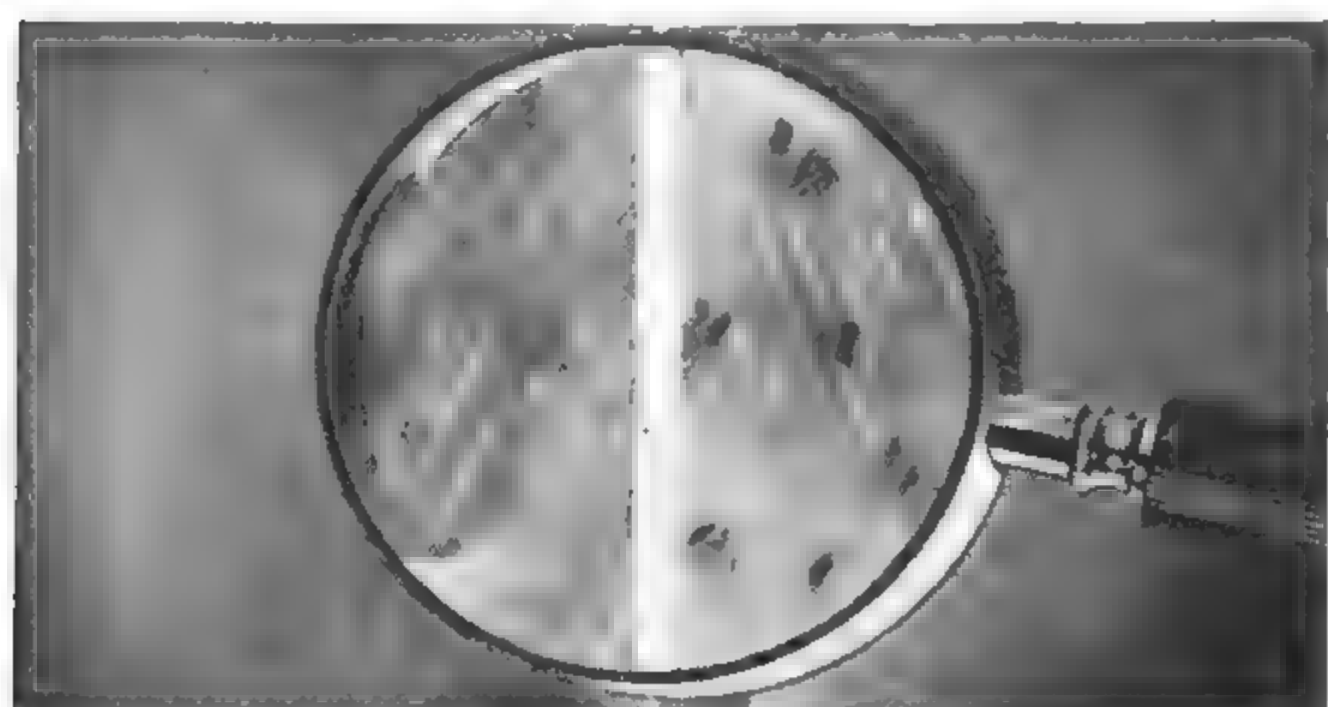
● Confident of his well-groomed appearance, the Gillette-shaved man is at ease wherever he is—in ballroom or office. He is never embarrassed by tell-tale traces of unsightly stubble. His face is clean, well-kept—his skin smooth, fresh-looking. That's because he takes no chance on misfit blades or experimental shaving methods. He knows that they can prove both painful and costly. Close shaves demand super-keen blades, precision-made to fit the razor so that the edges are held in accurate alinement. That means a Gillette Blade—no imitation—no substitute! And here's a luxury every man can afford—for Gillette Blades cost less than one cent a day!



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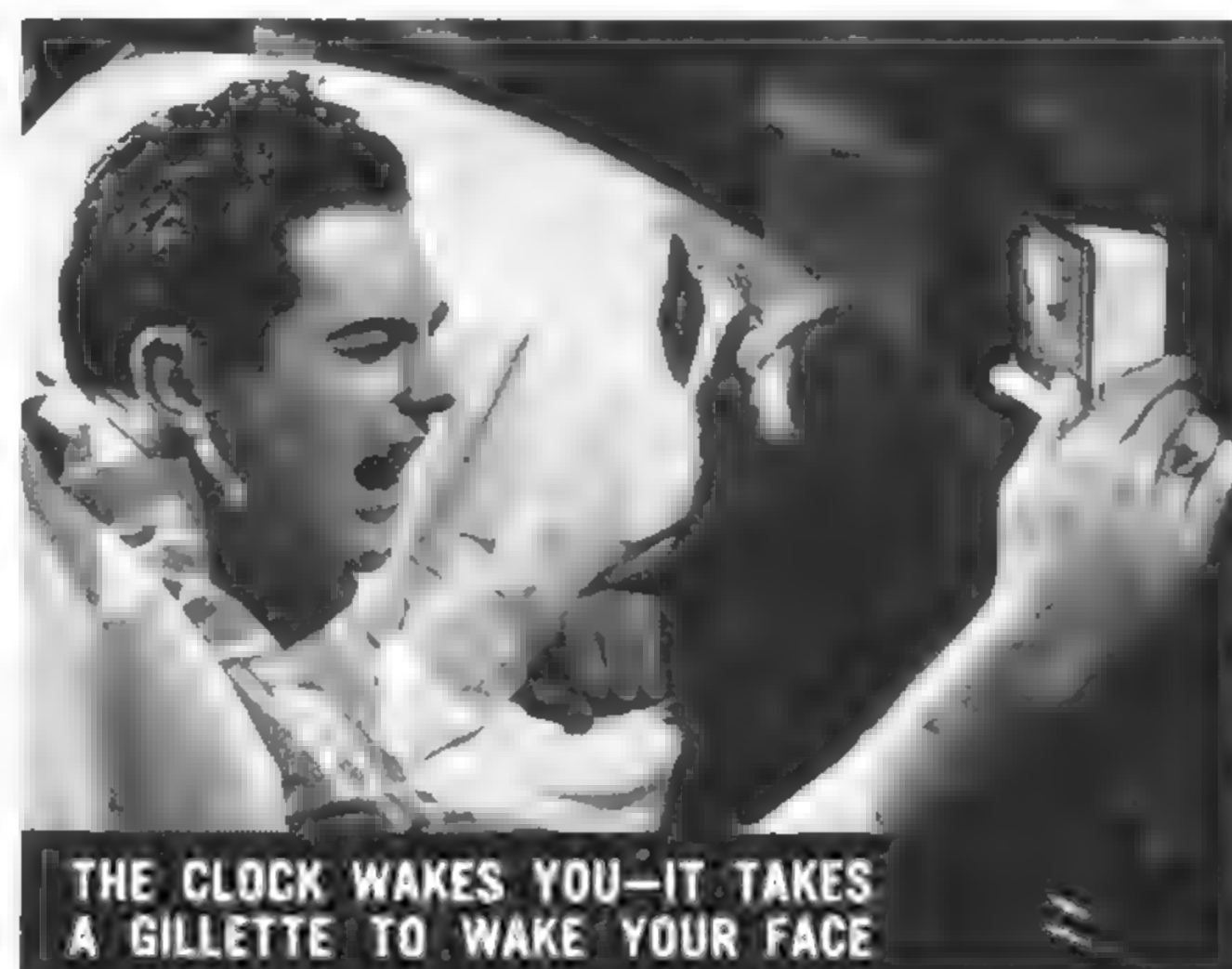
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Step inside, and you see the most beautiful appointments that ever graced a low-priced car. The smart new instrument panel . . . brilliantly styled . . . cleverly designed without dangerous projections. The new steering wheel . . . with its ring-type horn control. The superb upholstery

. . . short-nap mohair or broad-cloth tailored with custom-car simplicity.

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A glorious ride! Made possible by the Airflow principle of springing and weight distribution. En-

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Beauties!



Chrysler
1938

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WATCH WARDROBE FOR MEN. In the old days, when a young man graduated from school, his family presented him with



a watch which he carried for life (except for a brief hiatus in hock now and then). Now that's nice sentiment, we agree, but this is an age of specialization, and well dressed men should have at least two, possibly three or four watches for different occasions. For *business wear*, the pocket watch is rapidly returning to popularity... round, thin as a wafer and about the size of a silver dollar and worn on a heavy gold link chain in a single breasted business suit. With a double breasted suit, many men wear the gold wrist watch on a gold or leather strap. Some of the new wrist watches are oblong and obligingly curved to fit the shape of the wrist. Another new wrist watch is worn on the end of the wrist on a level with the thumb... theory being that you can glance at the time without bothering to turn your wrist. The wrist watch may also be worn with a double breasted or summer dinner jacket, but with a tailcoat or a single breasted dinner jacket, only the pocket watch is correct. The *watch for formal attire* may be platinum, crystal or gold, in some cases, with jeweled bars or numerals. This season marks the return of the gold Georgian seal watch fob on a grosgrain ribbon. It is not fashionable to wear a watch chain across your dress waistcoat. The gold or platinum chain extends from the lower pocket of the waistcoat to the side trouser pocket. *Country clothes* call for a different type of watch... the gold or stainless steel wrist watch with white or black face worn on a pigskin or alligator strap; or the pocket watch in yellow or white gold or encased in leather and worn on a leather watch guard strap in the waistcoat or breast pocket. A new note in straps of this kind is braided kangaroo. *Active sports*, such as hunting, riding, fishing or golfing demand the non-tarnishable, non-winding type of wrist watch, probably with unbreakable glass and radium numerals. Let this be a lesson to you... and in case you have been wondering what to do about Christmas, don't dismiss the watch question by saying to yourself "he has a watch"... just start him on a watch wardrobe.

PULL THE STRING TO SHARPEN. New razor sharpener noted for its neatness and dispatch. Just pop your blade inside the small, lightweight bakelite box, close the cover and pull the cord which emerges from both ends about 8 or 10 times, and your blade will emerge like new, both edges sharpened at once because of the 4-way honing and stropping action. This little machine makes it possible for the toughest beards to use one blade for several weeks!



FURS, THE GRAND GESTURE. If you want to be head man, smother her in an entire coat of silver fox, beautiful, fashionable and opulent beyond words. Her response to this token will startle you! Or, let her stop the show in a full length wrap of *white* fox, or perhaps blue or red fox a la Dietrich. Then there's mink the magnificent... with skins worked horizontally, 1938 fashion, instead of up and down. Don't be surprised if the coat you pick has *short* sleeves (that's the newest whimsy) or a scalloped hemline scooped up in front and longer in back, or possibly a sure enough sash tied midriff. It's the mode, Messieurs.

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A new type of luggage is completely encircled with narrow bands of stainless steel that take the place of the usual binding. Not a stitch or a seam in the case, just the narrow steel bands which never rust or corrode, plus stainless steel corners which take all the wear and tear. You can have this steel girded luggage in sealskin, pigskin, black and white or brown canvas in patterns that look like your favorite English tweed.

For longer cruises, you'll have to have a trunk. The new wardrobes are marvels of convenience. A specially built trunk for a man holds 16 suits and over the entire suit section fits a dust door which locks, so that you can leave the trunk standing open. The top drawer (efficiently partitioned for jewelry and such) locks with the same key which also locks the outside of the trunk... one key for the works. Bottom drawer holds 4 pairs of shoes and a couple of hats. If you want to expand and take a combination hat and shoe case, there's a good one about 18x18x12 which takes 5 pairs of shoes (suede shoe cloths provided in which you wrap up each shoe) and at least 2 hats. It's a good idea to take along a 14x16 sports bag in striped duck with double handles, leather strap for extra strength, and talon fastened top. Seasoned cruisers start out with this bag practically empty... and use it as a repository for the endless trophies of the cruise... those quarts you picked up out at the bacardi place in Havana, those woven baskets, your new panama hat, etc. If you're traveling de luxe, you might take a small 10x2x7 fitted case of cowhide. The front of the case drops down exposing ten fittings in simulated burlwood... lotion bottles, hair brush, razor box, easel back mirror, scissors and such. Or a 24-inch suitcase in hazel or russet pigskin with removable easel-backed stand holding fittings in simulated burlwood, black enamel, gold plate or chrome. These cases have a flap on the inside of the cover to hold shirts.

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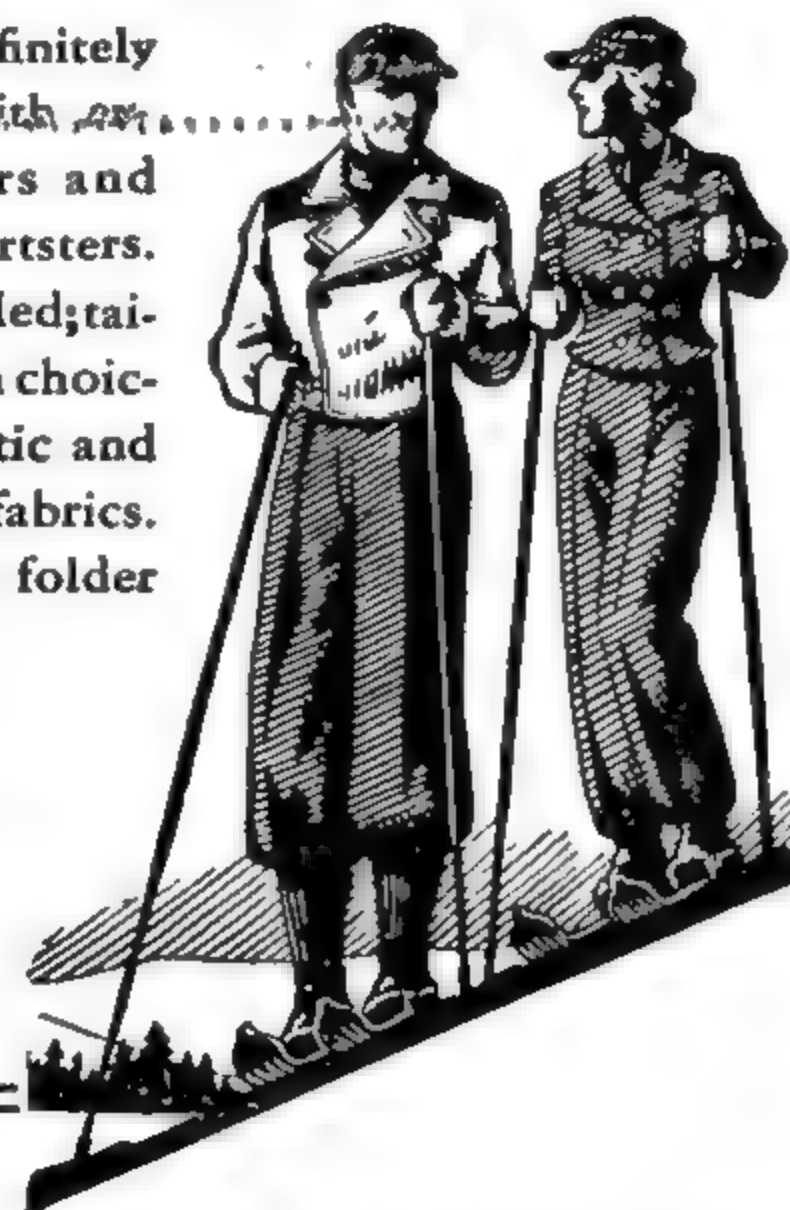
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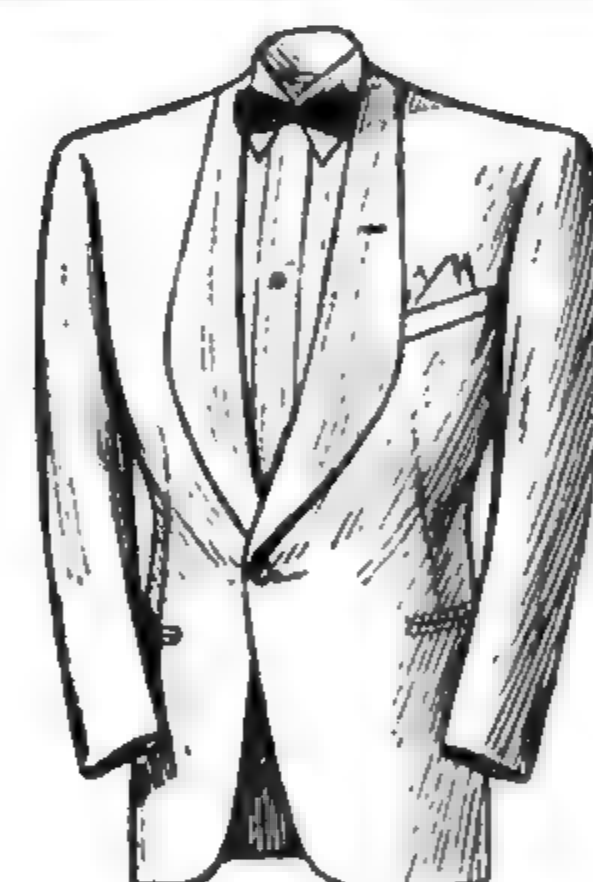


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A sketch of the white double breasted Palm Beach dinner jacket—Broad shoulders—full chest—slender waist line—Sheer designing skill that seems to add inches to your height and smartness to your figure—Worn with the perfect draping black Palm Beach tux trousers.



A sketch of the white single breasted dinner jacket—Note the easy, casual lines...attained without the aid of pads or linings. Perfect washability—open weaves—enduring shapeliness—are the three gifts that make the Palm Beach dinner formal Fashion's choice.

● If you're all set for June in January — If you're now bound for Palm Beach, or Palm Springs — or just Palms...Follow the fellow who's done it before — and take the newest Palm Beach Suits with you...You'll find them at your favorite store in handsomely tailored whites, blues, grays and tans.



● Cool but not perishable. Washable but not mussy. Smart but not expensive. Indeed — they will be next Summer's greatest value at the price of \$17.75. Evening Formals, shown above, \$20.00 and the clever Slacks in white, Cabana Blue, Brittany Brown and many patterns, are . \$5.50

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BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE



Ladislav Farago

LADISLAV FARAGO was born in Hungary thirty years ago. After finishing school he had a try at journalism, first in Hungary, then in the Berlin office of the Associated Press and the *New York Times*. In 1935 he was sent to Abyssinia as special correspondent for the A. P. to look over the ground before the war broke out. Then he returned to England to write a book, *Abyssinia on the Eve* which was a best seller in England, and did very well in America. He returned to Abyssinia to cover the war. Afterward he wrote another book, *Palestine at the Cross-Roads*, which also enjoyed considerable success. At the moment he is at work on two more books—one on "the riddle of Arabia," which deals with Italy and the Red Sea and another on Soviet Russia, an attempt to explain the mass executions which have become such a feature of the Stalin regime.

LLOYD STONE was born twenty-five years ago on a California desert. He went to school like all good children, eventually graduating from the University of Southern California as a music major. He was supposed to be a teacher, but joined a circus band for Honolulu instead. He quit the cir-



Lloyd Stone

cus to work in a jewelry shoppee and quit the jewelry shoppee to join the staff at Kulamanu Studios as pianist-composer. He hopes to go to China next year if there's anything left of it. *Seven Days* is his second published poem.

Children at Play is JO SINCLAIR's second published story. He is 24, has been writing for about six years and once made the *New Masses*.

FRANK BERGMAN was born and educated in Vienna. In 1915 he went, in high patriotic spirit, out to fight für Herrn Kaiser Franz Josef. As second lieutenant he faced Russians, Roumanians and Italians. Surviving this, got back to feather beds and learning in 1918. He studied at the National Art Academy in Vienna and had a couple of years in philosophy in the University. He received two honors at the Academy, but his entire class was thrown out as revolutionary and insubordinate. He made some trips to Italy, heard Mussolini and laughed at the Black Shirts but retired hastily before brute force.

Then he spent his vacations in Sweden which became his second home. He also toured there with a lute singer—but he says his concert career can be ignored. He painted much in Sweden, and exhibited there and in Vienna. He came to Chicago in 1925, armed with a lot of recommendations but he found all portrait sitters either down with the flu or in Europe. He did some murals for theatres that were being built, and exhibited at the Art Institute. When he received no honors—just a check—he left in a huff, naïve fellow that he was. He went to Montreal, found nothing going on up there, and sailed for the 1,000 islands. Having exhausted his funds, after half a year, he went to New York. There he worked with Willy Pogany and in Joseph Urban's studio. After two years he got restless again, and headed for San Francisco. He did murals for some Dollar Line boats out there. Then he won a competition for a mural awarded by the government (post office at Stockton, California) and had himself a year in Arizona and New Mexico. That was when he worked on *Uriel*. He decided to write a children's book that would also appeal to adults. So he wrote and illustrated the story of the Austrian dragon, *Schnauzenblauzen*.



Frank Bergman

JOSEPH FULLING FISHMAN (*Novel Divorce*, page 92) boasts that he's been in more prisons than any man in the world. In an official capacity, he hastens to add. He's been Federal Inspector of Prisons and he's also been penal consultant for state and municipal governments. He claims a bowing acquaintance with around fifty thousand criminals (in and out). He has written on this subject *Crucibles of Crime* and *Sex Problems in American Prisons*. With his left hand he writes humor. His pet peeve is the "Living Thrifty on Seven-Fifty" people who pass out menus showing how a family of five can get by on \$7.50 a week. He once wrote a satire called *It's Still Baloney*, kidding the various how-to-succeed books.

The author of *Peaceful Death*, LEN ZINBERG, is twenty-six years old and has had the usual run of odd jobs, but he says: "I am not one of your discouraged young men—I believe quite definitely in a better order to come, whether we young men of today will survive

the change or not is another matter. I have published over seventy stories in magazines from *Story*, *College Humor*, *Stag*, little magazines, sex magazines, down to the *American Mercury* before it became such a reactionary mess."

THOMAS NEWMAN only hopes none of his Kentucky friends read

The Folk Of Bloody Mountain because they're liable to decide he's a sort of snooper and accord him the treatment snoopers traditionally receive in the Kentucky hills. He isn't too worried though, because (1) most of the gentry can't read, (2) the others don't make a practice of it and (3) he's the owner of the biggest .45 in Bloody Mountain. Incidentally, he is a well wizard, which means he can locate water by means of a peach wand.

RUSSELL ANNABEL writes from Healy, Alaska: "Your letter, with check for *River of Whales* caught me here at the mouth of the Big Nenana river at the close of a hunting trip, and en route to the Tochat country to photograph grizzly bear and the autumn caribou migration. As for the facts, I ran away from home at fifteen and headed north into Alaska to become a big game hunter. Had some success in this connection.



Joseph Fulling Fishman

Been a professional guide since 1928, hunting in Alaska and in Old Mexico. The usual amount of trapping and trading thrown in. Learned to write (?) during slack seasons when I worked on daily newspapers as a general reporter. I'm thirty-two. Come up some time and we'll knock off a Kodiak or two."

FREEMAN TUCK coyly refused to send us his picture, explaining that clocks, telephones and cameras are among his phobias.

We got this letter from JOHN E. DRIEMEN's wife, who waits in Winnipeg while John goes gallivanting "on the annual inspection tour of all the Hudson's Bay posts. Mr. Driemen is 27, was born in Montreal. He is a graduate of the University of Minnesota. For two summers he held writing and painting scholarships at the Playhouse-in-the-Hills, at Cummington, Massachusetts. For a couple of years he was on the Art Department of the *New York Sun*. And for the past year he has been free-lancing. He has contributed to *Liberty*, the *Christian Science Monitor* and the *American Home*, under the name of Domina Driemen. He has been married seven years and has a dog."



John E. Driemen

*Designed for a
Cheerier Christmas*

**MIR. HAROLD SANDS'
PERSONAL RECIPE FOR
CHRISTMAS PUNCH**



Strain juice 10 lemons, 6 limes into 2-qt. pitcher, add $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup grape juice, 4 tablespoons grenadine, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup jamaica rum, 1 qt. Seagram's "V.O.", stir well. Before serving, pour over ice in punch bowl. Add 2 large bottles club soda. Serve very cold (for 20 people).

HOW MR. HENDRICK VANDERBILT DURVEA MAKES A TON and JERRY

Beat up white and yolk of one egg separately. Then mix together. Add a tablespoon of sugar, 1 dash vanilla. Put tablespoon of mixture in to mug, add 2 ounces Seagram's "V.O." Fill with hot water; serve.



THIS IS HOW MR. OLIVER HARRIMAN MAKES HIS FAMOUS Christmas Egg Nog . . .

This is the recipe Mr. Oliver Harriman, the distinguished New York banker and clubman, has used for many years to make his famous Christmas Egg Nog.

For as many as 10 guests, separate the whites and yolks of 6 eggs. Beat the whites stiff, gradually shaking in a level cup of powdered sugar. Beat the yolks, add them to the whites, then beat them both

well together. Stir in *very gradually* $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of jamaica rum, 1 to $1\frac{1}{2}$ pints (depending on strength desired) of Seagram's "V.O." Slowly add 1 pint of rich milk, and stir in 1 pint of heavy cream.

"No other whisky in my experience is nearly so suitable as Seagram's 'V.O.' for egg nog," says Mr. Harriman. "It blends perfectly with the other ingredients."

IT'S SMART TO SAY "V.O."
Seagram's **V.O.**
a Distinctive Canadian Whisky

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PAINTING THE TOWN WITH ESQUIRE



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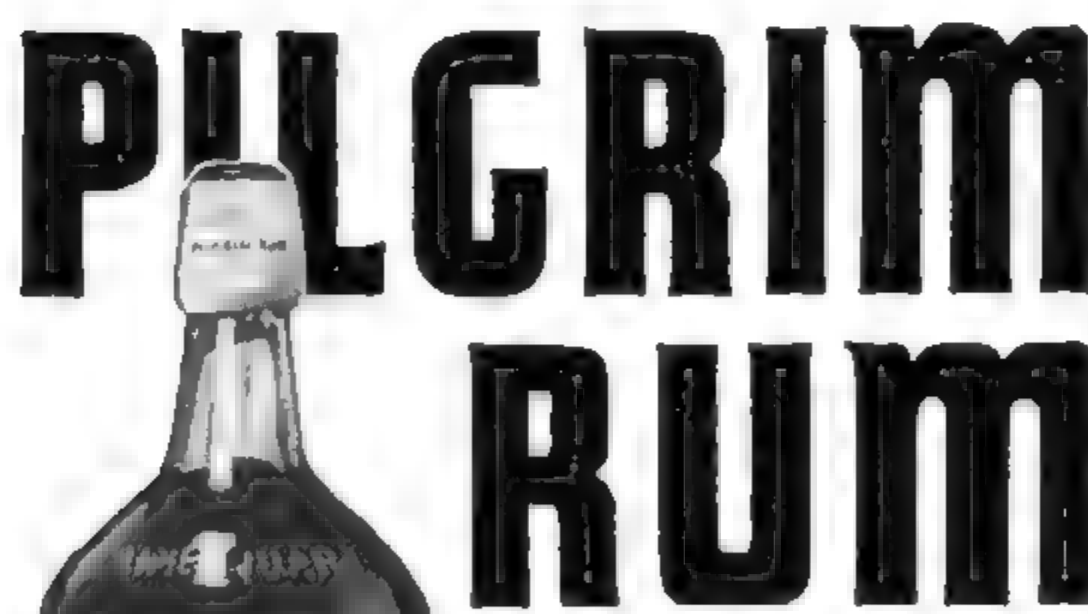


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The Eastern Slope Inn in North Conway, New Hampshire, has the enviable position of being on the snowy side of the Presidential range, which makes a great many skiers happy. Thanks to the beneficence of a banker who remembered his old home town, the Inn is becoming the St. Moritz of the eastern slope. Along with the excellent ski runs there are the usual ice sports, toboggan slides and a feature of lighted runs for night skiing. The Inn is under the management of Ralph Hitz, famous for his hotel operations. North Conway is an overnight train trip from New York and four hours from Boston.

Jack White seems to be the sole upholder of that sort of zany humor that was in its hey-day with Clayton, Jackson and Durante. In his Eighteen Club, of that number on West Fifty-second Street, White goes through his antics twice nightly to the hysterical delight of the devotees crowded around the little squares serving as tables, and to the mystification of medical men. We don't see how he does it. It is a thing you can't describe and if you are on to all the nooks and crannies of the town, you are doubtless a follower of White. If not, it should be on your list as one more item in the case history of a mad, imponderable age. Go early and sit close to Pat Harrington, the drummer and end man, so that you do not miss any of the wit. It is pretty fly, at times.

The Warwick Hotel has realized the value of humanizing a hotel bar and restaurant in its Raleigh Room. In addition to Dean Cornwell's murals and escutcheons of the local great, the hotel has added the handsome Joseph Pine as a sort of friendly host. Mr. Pine is immaculate in the correct attire for the hour and has as many names on his mental pages as the Social Register. Any day now we expect to hear some lovely whisper: "Waiter, please give me one Rum Collins with Joe Pine on the side."



If there was a prize for one-man entertaining, we imagine it would go to Eddie Davis. As Eddie ruefully remarks, he spent twenty-five thousand dollars to put up split bamboo and palms in redecorating the place, and the customers all call for the old leering murals and Eddie to sing "She Came Rollin' Down the Mountain." So Eddie sings the song until he is hoarse and contemplates restoring the murals, at least on rollers so that they can be rung down upon request. Leon and Eddie's, 33 West Fifty-second Street, is another phenomenon of the town. Mixed strata of the social order sit around the little dance floor and call for the immortal ballads. Beside his earnestness in his art, Eddie is fortunate in having some slick lyric writers. His songs are always fresh and well turned.



The Hotel Lexington has opened its Revere Room, an enlarged drinking spot for the Grand Central district. The murals are on the brighter side of art with a tongue in the cheek slyness that will doubtless be lost on those who followed the easier patriotism of Paul—his endeavors to outdrink the redcoats of the country.

The St. Regis Iridium Room is still one of the handsomest places in town. Emil Coleman and his orchestra have a clientele that makes things easy for the management. Their band problems seem to have been solved for years. Another social amateur has entered the lists of the working girl: Miss Lois Elliman sings with the orchestra at dinner and supper. In the Maisonette Russe, below stairs, the current apple dance is flossed up as a Polish apple-polka. As this Chinese philosopher says, the end of all apples is sauce.



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LEO REISMAN

and His Famous Orchestra

Songs by

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THE HARTMANS

Satirists of the Dance

XAVIER CUGAT

The Tango-Rumba King

Two Performances Nightly

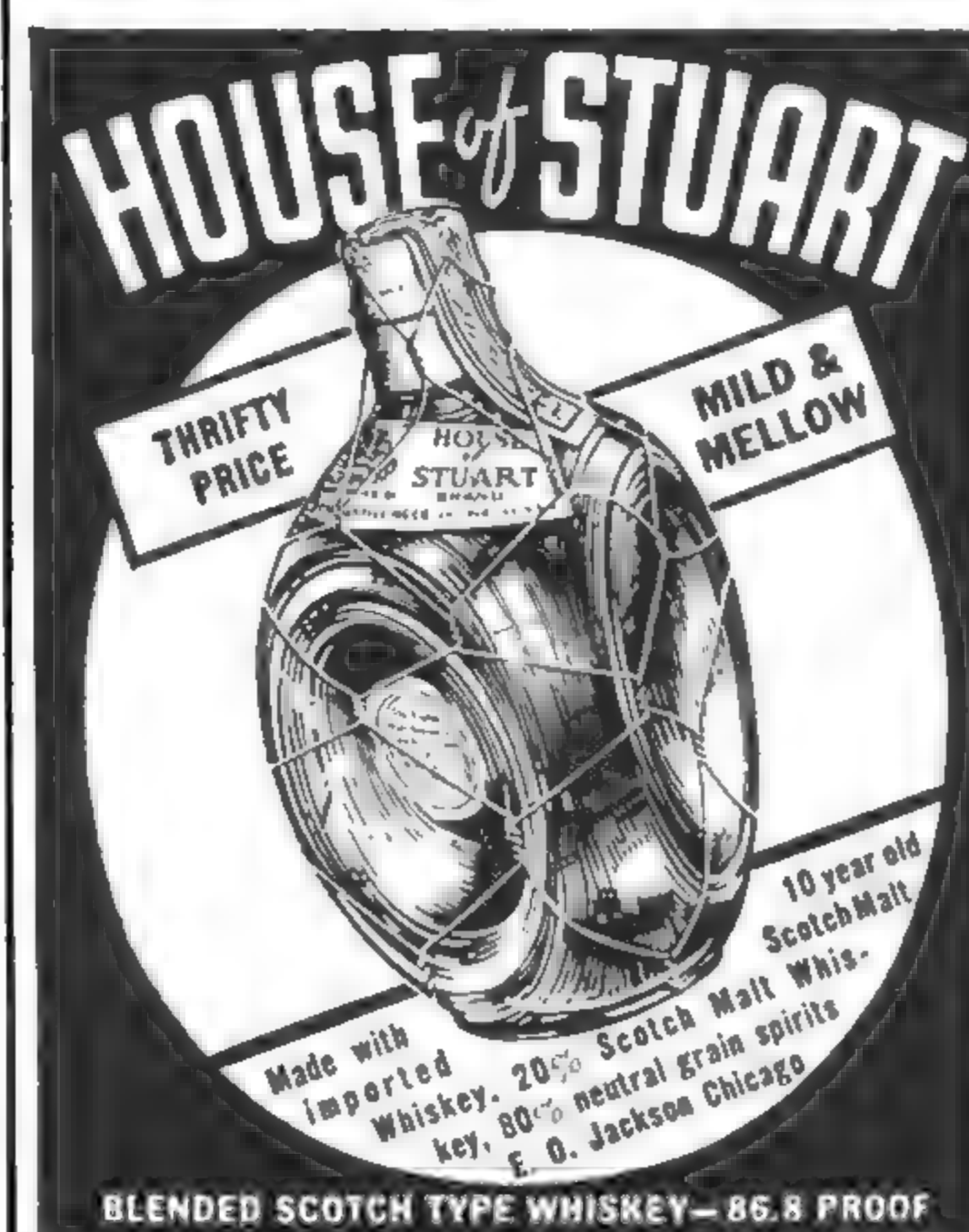
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"Gee, kid! You were right!"



PACKARD. LEKTRO-SHAVER

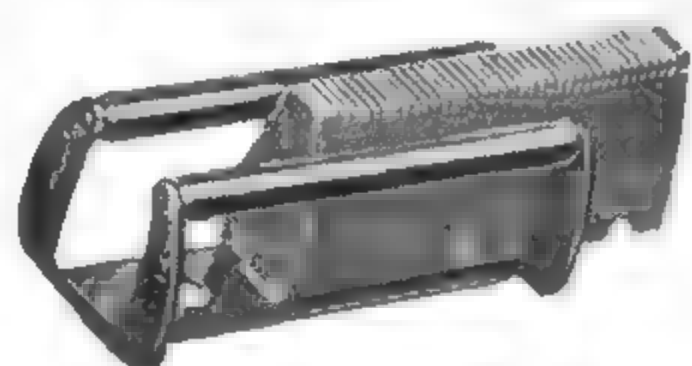


Standard Packard Lektro-Shaver in black \$15; in gray and colors \$16.50; de luxe and gift models to \$35. See the full line at your dealer. A catalog in full color will be sent on request. Packard Lektro-Shaver is made by Dictograph Products Co., Inc., manufacturers of precision equipment for more than 30 years and nationally distributed by The Progress Corporation, 521 Fifth Avenue, New York City; in Canada, Progress Corporation (Can.) Ltd., 34 Adelaide St. W., Toronto; in England, Platinum Products Company, Ltd., Astor House, 26 Aldych Street, London W. 2.

This scene of parental piracy will be repeated in thousands of homes this Christmas. Someone gives son a Packard Lektro-Shaver. Dad, who has nursed a secret yen for one all year, regards it covetously, finally grabs. Result—see above (son's look of pride gives way to one of worry a minute later).

Don't discriminate. Get Packard Lektro-Shavers for all of your masculine kinfolk and friends this Christmas—and help keep the peace. It's the gift most men want most—because it gives a satiny shave every time, without water, lather, blades or bother. Only Packard Lektro-Shaver has the smooth, round head whose touch is feather light. And none but Packard has the four-way shearing action that never gives a whisker an even break.

There's still time to be a Yuletide Yogi and read minds. Get out your Christmas list and go Packard Lektro-Shaver shopping today.



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MERRY-GO-ROUND GRILL

Benito Collada, who imports most of the Spanish talent coming into this town, sometimes has better luck than at other times. Perhaps it depends on the swing of the Spanish battle line. Anyway, whatever he gets is authentic and he uses his restaurant, El Chico, at 80 Grove Street, Sheridan Square, as a proving ground. This year's importations include the Nuri Sisters, Flamingo dancers from Seville, Fausto Alvarez, a singer from Gijon, Asturias, with others from Mexico and Cuba. Senor Collada tells us families on opposite sides in the old country mean nothing to Spanish entertainers over here. They go right along swinging each other around without trying to break the other's neck. The food, as always, is of a high standard with a good wine list veering toward the native.



That city within a city, the Waldorf Astoria, goes along its accustomed splendid way. Leo Reisman has become a fixture due to unanimous vote of the patrons. The handsome Sert Room changes its entertainment from time to time, but always the top-notchers. We are glad to note that the men's bar is still the men's bar and no exceptions. Recently the hotel gave a banquet for Oscar Tschirky, a grand and glowing affair. Oscar holds the long-distance record for hotel management in this country and when a noted hotel man bites his own sandwich, that is news.

Undoubtedly the handsomest bar in town among the late arrivals is The Glass Hat, newest offspring of the Belmont Plaza. In case you've forgotten, that hotel is the one that once was the Montclair and is located at Lexington and Fiftieth. Under the magic wand of Ralph Hitz it has changed more than its name and Annie doesn't live there any more. With a restraint rare in bar circles, the architects have confined their aluminum and glass to the needs of decoration with the result that the place is restful as well as splendid. We confess when we first heard the name, it conjured up all sorts of decorator's nightmares. But the title holder is a mild bit of decoration over the bar, just to hold the franchise. The lighting is especially efficient and startling. During the hours when entertainment is indicated, Ethel Shutta is featured with Val Olman and his orchestra. The Belmont Balladeers, a group of the waiters who take time off from serving you drinks, furnish some first class spiritual singing.

Under the clock at the Biltmore has been a motto of the young things of the town for a generation. Their sons and daughters have taken over by now but the canary birds and the old glamour remain. Nostalgia hound that we are, we still like to sit in the cocktail lounge and listen to the birds trill, imagining that some young lovely will rush in any minute for tea and cinnamon toast. Thus it was the other evening that with a sigh we gave up and moved into the Bowman room for more substantial fare than our meager reverie afforded. For the quick diner who is bent on the theatre, the regular dinner is the thing but for the leisurely folk or for the amateur gourmet, we find that a good stunt is to challenge the cook, via the head waiter, and see what he can produce from the to-order side of the card. We liked very much the crab meat cocktail with special sauce and the breast of pheasant was excellent, aided by a bottle of Clos de Vougeot, '23. We felt like a bit of rare cheese after that, that is, like eating it. Horace Heidt, who has been one of the town's favorites for years, has some new tricks to entertain between the dance numbers. Heidt always has fresh material and is one of the few who does not depend on playing "Venie Venie" every other number.



YOU MUST HAVE
 A CAST-IRON
 STOMACH TO
 EAT THE
 RICH FOODS
 YOU DO.

NOT AT ALL. I EAT
 THINGS I LIKE.
 THEN IF I GET ACID
 INDIGESTION, I CHEW
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½ Lump Sugar
1 Teaspoon Water
1 Dash Bitters

Muddle well in Old Fashioned glass. Add cubes of ice, ½ slice of orange, 1 piece pineapple, 1 Maraschino cherry, piece lemon peel, 1 jigger Golden Wedding.



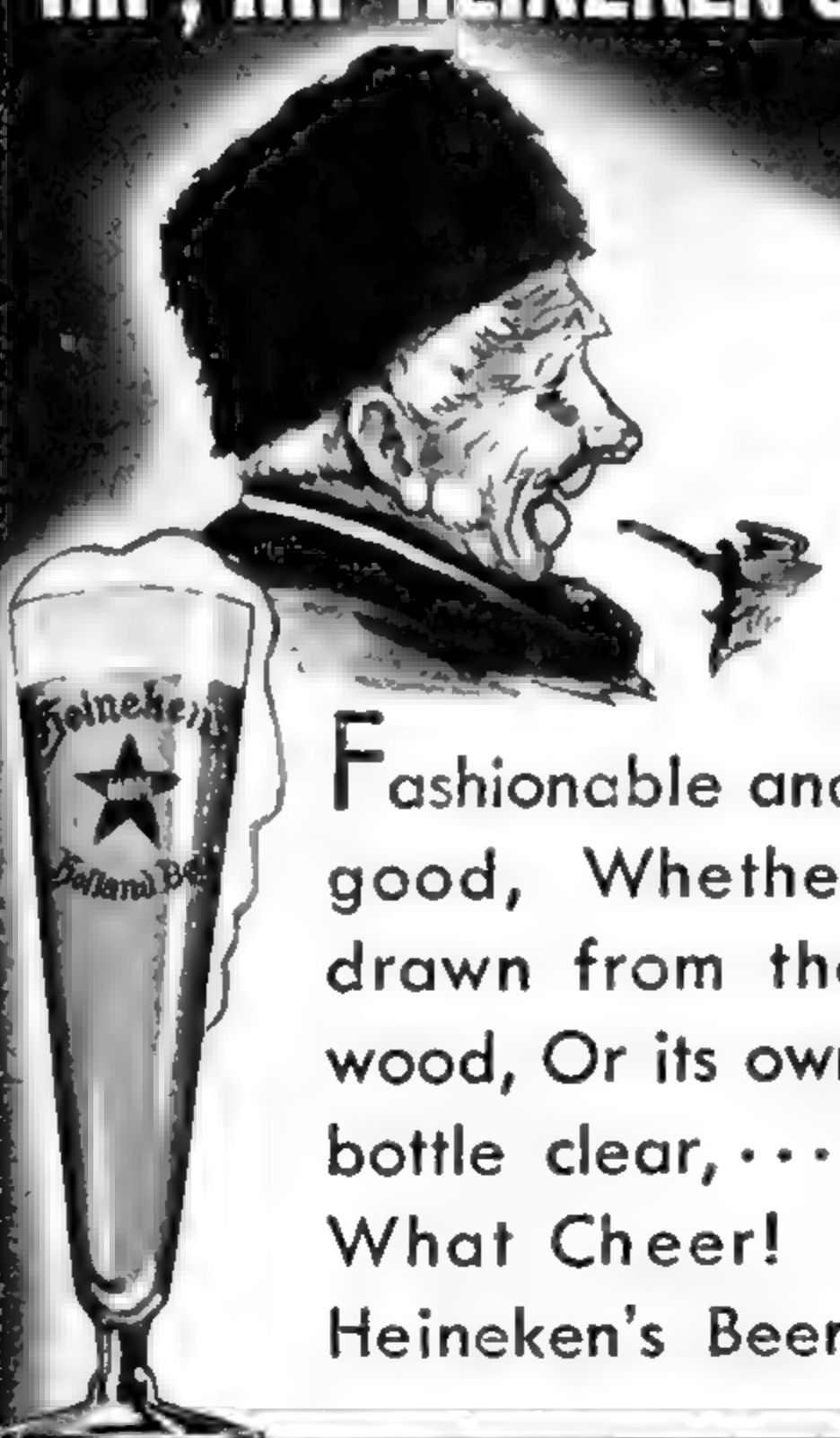
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Fashionable and good, Whether drawn from the wood, Or its own bottle clear, ... What Cheer! Heineken's Beer!

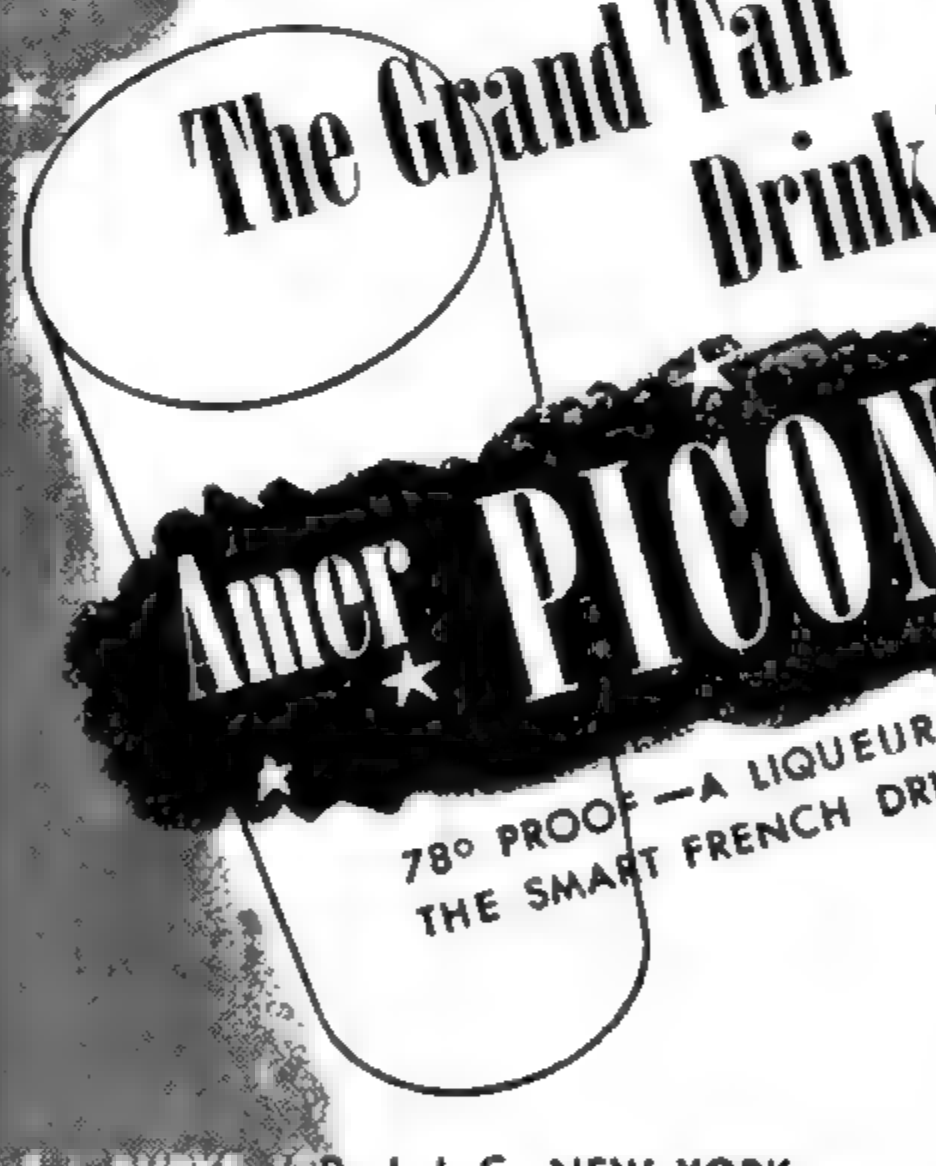
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MIKE FRITZEL AND JOE JACOBSON'S
CHEZ PAREE
CHICAGO
The Home of the Stars

The slight tremors that pass over the land now and then are probably the old inn keepers turning in their graves. Nowadays, after the myriad details of service, food and character have been attended to, the hotel manager must think up a name band that every one will like. Leading the list of the fortunates is the Hotel Pennsylvania. If you want to see a cult at its height, go down to the Madhattan Room any night and watch the watchers watch Benny Goodman, god of swing. While the ordinary layman and his girl may be dining or trying to dance, the fanatics hang around the stand, eyes aglitter, mouths open, awaiting the next screech to be drawn out of the magic clarinet. If you are of the deluded who have been content to think that any drum beat was like the next, watch the callow youths crowd around the trap drummer. Swing evidently still is in the ascendant.

The Coconut Grove of the Park Central Hotel was really the papa of all this palm leaf stuff. Now that it is in favor again, the hotel has opened up with a floor show calculated to snare the Broadway trade, following the pattern most in use and not trying to compete with the gargantuan affairs further down the sector. The show contains dancers and fully clothed girls and an excellent mind-reading act.

When the St. Moritz Hotel opens one of its rooms, or makes a bow to this or that season, we prefer to duck the floor show and seek out S. Gregory Taylor, the benign benedict whose spirit moves the colossal place. For S. Gregory talks anything but business. Just now, it is his island where he is growing grouse, quail and pheasant, not to mention wild ducks. All of these in time will fly to the mainland and benefit the dwellers on the North Shore, but Mr. Taylor doesn't seem to mind. The Taylor yacht is up for the winter but the Captain rows over and communes with nature, his two rabbits and his fireplace every time he gets a chance. Oh yes, the ever popular Cafe De La Paix has been repainted for the winter and Erwin Kent and his orchestra supply the rhythms.

We are glad to note that the dining habits of those favoring the Sherry-Netherlands have shifted to the handsome terrace on Fifth overlooking the park. We still hold to this spot as one of the serene places of town and now that you can sip your onion soup there before the theatre, it is even more so. The soup is one of the house specialties, so don't miss it. Recently we went American and after the smoked salmon and soup, dipped into a delicious duck, merely stuffed and with apple sauce, without even a French name. For dessert we had a pumpkin pie that equals the old home brand, a rare thing, as it is one of the most difficult confections to capture. With the duck we chose a Chambertin '26; we doubt if there are many finer wines.

The Lincoln Hotel has shanghaied a cook from over the Avenue and do not rely entirely on Isham Jones' rhythms in the Blue Room. Recently we let him do some of his stuff and among other things found out he could turn out a souffle as choice as anything in town. Perhaps it is a good thing that hotels are going back to chefs in the kitchens.

The falling leaves drove the patrons from the Essex House Casino On The Park indoors. And for their reward the management has splurged itself to a new coat of red and silver paint. The winter season is now on and it is well to avoid Saturday nights as you probably can't get a seat in the place. Richard Himber and his orchestra furnish the tangoes and rumbas.

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Blue Room
HOTEL LINCOLN
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Another new development in correct evening wear this season is the double breasted dinner jacket. This Nite Club model by Hart Schaffner & Marx reflects the drape tendency strongly in its broad-shouldered, trim-waisted lines and has managed to capture an ease in evening clothes that heretofore hasn't existed.

There is something about correct evening wear that flatters every man and every figure—and the result is perfect poise and distinction. You'll get the maximum in topnotch appearance in these clothes designed by Robert Surrey and tailored by Hart Schaffner & Marx.

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

THE TRUMPETER LABEL



A SMALL THING TO LOOK FOR... A BIG THING TO FIND

Room and Bath at the Hotel Florida

When the shells keep coming in, a man somehow feels safer to be shaving, and sniffing the familiar odor of the soap

by JOHN DOS PASSOS

• ARTICLE •

I WAKE up suddenly with my throat stiff. It's not quite day. I am lying in a comfortable bed, in a clean well-arranged hotel room staring at the light indigo oblong of the window opposite. I sit up in bed. Again there's the hasty loudening shriek, the crackling roar, the rattle of tiles and a tinkling shatter of glass and granite fragments. Must have been near because the hotel shook. My room is seven or eight stories up. The hotel is on a hill. From the window I can look out at all the old part of Madrid over the crowded tiled roofs, soot-color flecked with pale yellow and red under the metal blue before dawn gloaming. The packed city stretches out sharp and still as far as I can see, narrow roofs, smokeless chimney-pots, buff-colored towers with cupolas and the pointed slate spires of seventeenth-century Castile. Everything is cut out of metal in the steely brightening light. Again the shriek, the roar, rattle, tinkle of a shell bursting somewhere. Then silence again, cut only by the thin yelps of a hurt dog, and very slowly from one of the roofs below a smudge of dirty yellow smoke forms, rises, thickens and spreads out in the still air under the low indigo sky. The yelping goes weakly on and on.

It's too early to get up. I try going to bed again, fall asleep to wake almost immediately with the same tight throat, the same heavy feeling in my chest. The shells keep coming in. They are small but they are damn close. Better get dressed. The water's running in the bathroom, though the hot's not on yet. A man feels safe shaving, sniffing the little customary odor of the usual shaving soap in the clean bathroom. After a bath and a shave I put on my bathrobe, thinking after all this is what the Madrileños have been having instead of an alarmclock for five months now, and walk downstairs to see what the boys are up to. The shells keep coming in. The hotel, usually so quiet at this time, is full of scamper and confusion.

Everywhere doors fly open onto the balconies round the central glassed over well. Men and women in various stages of undress are scuttling out of front rooms, dragging suitcases and mattresses into back rooms. There's a curlyhaired waiter from the restaurant who comes out of several different doors in succession each time with his arm round a different giggling or sniveling young woman. Great exhibitions of dishevelment and lingerie.

Downstairs the correspondents are stirring about sleepily. An Englishman is making coffee on an electric coffeepot that speedily

blows out the fuse at the same time melting the plug. A Frenchman in pajamas is distributing grapefruit to all and sundry from the door of his room.

The shells keep coming in. Nobody seems to know how to get at the coffee until a completely dressed woman novelist from Iowa takes charge of it and distributes it around in glasses with some scorched toast and halves of the Frenchman's grapefruit. Everybody gets lively and talkative until there's no more coffee left. By that time the shelling has died down a little and I go back to bed to sleep for an hour.

When I woke up again everything was quiet. There was hot water in the bathroom.



From somewhere among the closepacked roofs under the window there drifted up a faint taste of sizzling olive oil. Round the balconies in the hotel everything was quiet and normal. The pleasantfaced middleaged chambermaids were there in their neat aprons, quietly cleaning. On the lower floor the waiters were serving the morning coffee. Outside on the Plaza de Callao there were some new dents in the pavement that hadn't been there the night before. Somebody said an old newsvendor at the corner had been killed. Yesterday the doorman at the hotel got a spent machinegun bullet in the thigh.

The midmorning sunlight was hot on the Gran Via in spite of the frigid dry wind of Castilian springtime. Stepping out of doors

into the bustling jangle of the city I couldn't help thinking of other Madrids I'd known, twenty years ago, eighteen years ago, four years ago. The streetcars are the same, the longnose sallow Madrileño faces are the same, with the same mixture of brown bullet-headed countrymen, the women in the dark-colored shawls don't look very different. Of course you don't see the Best People any more. They are in Portugal and Seville or in their graves. Never did see many this early anyway. The shellholes and the scars made by flying fragments and shrapnel have not changed the general look of the street, nor have the political posters pasted up on every bare piece of wall, or the fact that people are so scrappily dressed and that there's a predominance of uniforms in khaki and blue denim. It's the usualness of it that gives it this feeling of nightmare. I happen to look up at the hotel my wife and I stayed in the last time we were here. The entrance on the street looks normal and so does the departmentstore next door, but the upper stories of the building, and the story where our room was, are shot as full of holes as a Swiss cheese.

Nobody hurries so fast along the street, and hardly anybody passes along the Gran Via these days without speeding his pace a little because it's the street where most shells fall, without pausing to glance up at the tall NewYorkish telephone building to look for new shellholes. It's funny how the least Spanish building in Madrid, the baroque tower of Wall Street's International Tel and Tel, the symbol of the colonizing power of the dollar, has become in the minds of the Madrileños the symbol of the defense of the city. Five months of intermittent shellfire have done remarkably little damage. There are a few holes and dents but nothing that couldn't be repaired in two weeks. On the side the shelling comes from the windows of several

stories have been bricked up. The pompous period ornamentation has hardly been chipped.

Inside you feel remarkably safe. The whole apparatus of the telephone service still goes on in the darkened offices. The elevators run. There's a feeling like Sunday in a NewYork downtown building. In their big quiet office you find the press censors, a cadaverous Spaniard and a plump little pleasant voiced Austrian woman. They say they are going to move their office to another building. It's too much to ask the newspapermen on the regular services to duck through a barrage every time they have to file a story, and the censors are beginning to feel that Franco's gunners are out after them personally. Only yesterday the Austrian woman came back to find that

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What Is a Miracle?

For nineteen years old Rufus had been the friend and trusted confidant of the boys and girls who rode to school in his bus

by MANUEL KOMROFF

• FICTION •

THE little tiny one had a Christmas card for old Rufus who drove the school bus. She held it tightly in her hand as she hurried with her sister across the village square. The school bus was waiting, as it always did, in front of Doctor Wilson's house and beside the grocery. The beautiful great elms of the old sleepy village of Meadows spread their graceful black arms upward toward a bleak winter sky.

Four children with gay woolen caps and mufflers were already in the bus when the tiny one, Dolly, and her sister Alice mounted the step and climbed in. Old Rufus closed the door with the jointed lever handle beside the steering wheel and started the motor. The little tiny one held the card in her red mitten.

"What is it?" asked the old bus driver.

"For you, Uncle Rufus."

"Oh my. For me?"

She nodded her head as he took the card.

"Oh, that's a very nice Christmas card," said old Rufus. "Thank you very much. It's a pretty picture."

Her eyes were wide open and earnest as she nodded her head again.

Rufus placed the card over the windshield of the bus. The children crowded about to look at the colored picture which showed the Christ Child in the manger with a golden halo over the Child's head.

"Yes, it's a very nice picture," Rufus repeated.

"It's a picture of the miracle," one of the bright children mentioned.

"It's not," said Dolly. "It's the birth of our Lord."

And the children laughed for the little tiny one did not understand and she stood there and looked at them earnestly with wide open eyes. "It's not what you say. It's the birth of the Lord in the stable."

The children laughed again. The bus started and the tiny one began to cry. Great tears came to her eyes and rolled down her cheeks.

Alice mopped up the tears with her red mitten and consoled her sister by saying: "Now don't cry. 'Cause you don't understand. It is a miracle."

Dolly looked up at the little picture over Rufus' head and stopped crying. The bus rolled on.

For a whole long week the children had been making preparations for Christmas. They came to school in the morning with bright smiles, their faces glistening, their hair neat, shoes shined and even their hands were clean. They sang their morning song earnestly

and loud. Arithmetic, geography and spelling were neglected. The extra time was devoted to recitations, rehearsals for the play that was always given in the assembly hall on the last day before Christmas vacation, and art work in colored crayon. These masterpieces were hung on the class-room walls and then when all was over the children would be allowed to take them home and present them to their parents.

And also, each class made bright paper chains that they strung from wall to wall just to make the whole school look gay and Christmasy. All worked very hard, but it was real



DRAWINGS BY GEORGE GROSZ

fun. At three o'clock all hands were sticky with paste.

Most of the children lived close to the school and only twenty-one came in the bus which was driven by old Rufus. For many years he had been chauffeur, nursemaid, smother-down of youthful sorrows, arbiter of disputes, critic of homework and trusted companion. For nineteen years this old bachelor watched over the children in his bus and daily, in any kind of weather, his bus traveled the twelve miles of winding road up to Highridge and then back in the afternoon to Meadows. Some years there were more children to bring to school. Once he had as many as twenty-seven and one year only fourteen. But this year it was twenty-one. The oldest was a farmer's boy, Buzzie Clark, who was over fourteen and would soon be going to the county high school. And the youngest was

Dolly Pierson who was only four but she came along with her sister Alice who was six-and-a-half.

The bus rolled on. About a mile down the road Buzzie Clark and two other children were waiting.

"Oh, look at the Christmas card!" exclaimed one who had just come in.

"She gave it to him," said another pointing to the tiny one.

"I said it was a miracle picture and she began to cry," another called out.

"It is a miracle picture," another shouted.

"Now quiet children," spoke Rufus as the bus went up the country road.

The tiny one kept looking at the picture and after a while she turned and asked her sister: "What is a miracle?"

"You are too young to understand."

"Look," called one. "She don't even know what a miracle is."

And others joined in to make fun of the tiny one until tears again filled her eyes and when the bus stopped to take on several more children Rufus took the tiny one and placed her on the driver's seat beside himself.

"You children need not be so smart," he remarked. "I bet none of you know what a miracle is."

"We do," several called out at once.

"Very well, but you need not tease the little one." And with this he started the bus again.

"Mamma's pet!" someone whispered. And the bus rolled on.

In this way, on the day before Christmas, all twenty-one children arrived safely, as they always did, at the schoolhouse in Highridge. And here on this last day before the Christmas vacation everything was most happy and gay.

Rufus sat in a chair in the rear of the assembly hall and listened to the young voices singing old English songs. Then the story of the Three Wise Kings and the Star of Bethlehem was read aloud.

For nineteen years at Christmas time old Rufus had come into the assembly hall and listened to the singing and festival readings. They brought to his mind memories of events long long ago.

And now as they were reading about the Three Wise Kings, he thought of the time when he was a boy on the farm with his mother and father. And how large the farm seemed to him then. And how much snow they used to have in the old days and how clean and white it all seemed.

And while someone was reading this story of the Three Magi he saw fragments of his whole life pass before him in quick vivid snatches like a jerky moving picture.

"Come Rufus. Get the axe, it is time." His father's voice was clear and distinct and he stood in the yard with his old brown jacket and fur cap. His father had a short bushy beard as was the custom of men long ago. "No son, not the little hatchet. Bring the big axe."

The big long-handled axe seemed very heavy to him as they walked across the frozen field and the crust of the snow crunched beneath their boots. And then in the woods they saw the tracks of little animals and they heard the breaking of branches. But it was far off and they could not see the cause of this disturbance. "Must be a bear."

"No son. Bears are all asleep at this season."

"How can they sleep all winter, Daddy, without eating?"

"Yes son. That is one of the wonderful mysteries of nature."

"And do they dream, Daddy?"

"Perhaps."

"And do they know what Christmas is?"

"No, son. They are but animals and cannot understand such things."

"And all their lives they live without once having a single Christmas?"

"Without once."

Oh, this was so sad. To think that all the creatures of the fields and forests were born and lived and died without once knowing the full-flowing joy of Christmas. And why did the Lord in heaven deny them?

Soon they stood before a green spruce tree. Father and boy.

"Not this one Daddy. It's too small."

"Well, stand up beside it son and we will measure it."

He stood beside the tree and his father stepped back a pace or two and eyed the boy and tree together. And he smiled. There was a hidden joy in that smile.

"Yes," he said. "It will do. A larger one would touch the ceiling. Your grandfather used to say that the tree should be twice the height of the boy. Here, give me the axe."

And when the tree was falling over, just toppling, he had a strange feeling in his heart because it made a low cracking sound as though it were someone crying . . . crying alone and secretly. Crying like a woman at night in bed . . .

The reader's voice was loud and clear.

"In the blue heaven a star shined brightly and this star was the fulfillment of a prophecy."

"Mother is that you," he called. "Mother!"

She did not answer. He came to the head of the stair. He heard her crying alone and secretly.

"Mother!"

"Yes, son," she finally replied. "Go to bed."

"I thought I heard . . ."

"It's nothing son. Go to bed."

But the sound continued night after night and the doctor came twice each day until she died.

In the school assembly hall the reader had just pronounced the words: "And the Three Kings with valuable gifts in their hands journeyed forth. And the star in heaven glistened brightly and guided them safely across the wide desert."

The children sat spellbound and the tiny one saw it all before her most clearly in

jewel-like colors. It was so beautiful; and even if she did not understand what a miracle was, still, even then it was beautiful anyway. Her large eyes were open and she could see the deep blue of the sky and the star that shone to guide the kings. And they were dressed in gorgeous robes.

Rufus closed his eyes. He saw one star in a vast blue sky.

Alone on the farm. All alone. The tree is twice the size of the boy. The bears sleep all winter. Creatures are born and die without once feeling the thing that . . . And seeds are frozen in the ground all winter long and in the spring they swell up and burst through the soft soil. They, they, they—hundreds of them—but

not all. Here and there one is frozen and does not burst out into life. The shell rots away and soon it becomes part of the earth. And the whole world is earth and water. The ocean is filled with salt waves that are dark green, the color of the branches of the tree that is twice the height of the boy. And there are rocks cold and grey that form a mineral winter and pepper the surface of the vast world.

"And they did not know the meaning of stone that He gave them. For it meant that so firm as the stone should they hold the faith. And they

threw the stone into a well in the desert and, Lo behold! it burst into flames."

Rufus heard these words of the reader and closing his eyes he saw the great burst of flame against the heaven of a dark night. And the fire was also part of flesh and blood.

Oh how different it might have been! She was the only one and there could be no other. And for two years the nights were lit by a magic flame. And the fresh wallpaper that we bought together had large red roses. And I wanted only what she wanted. And then it was on a cold night before Christmas. "No Rufus. It can never be. I know you love me but try as I may, I am unable to return this love. The heart has reasons that reason itself cannot know."

"But perhaps later on. Perhaps in time."

And time brought the letter that was folded in the magazine that had a colored cover of a man on a horse high on a sun-lit cliff. And when he read the letter the roses on the wall lost all meaning. And it took so many kettles of water to wash off that pulpy paper. And now even the ink in the letter is faded. Twenty years. And what is it that makes things fade? Is it only the bright flow of time? Or is it more? Does not nature heal her wounds by a slow fading and does she not build up a new color before the old has been washed clean? Nineteen years of children—twice a day, counting them over in the bus—the small voices, the small hands and feet, the front teeth missing from all seven-year olds, the clear eyes searching

to understand a world slowly unfolding. Eyes seeking wonder. Yes, a new color arrives when the old begins to dim. Surely this is also a miracle that should be noted down in a book. And the colored picture of the man on the horse, that I hung in the kitchen, that too has faded and should be thrown away. It has lived out its life.

When the reading was over and it was time for the children's play to begin Rufus looked out of the window at the dark slate sky and saw tiny flakes of wet snow falling. It was necessary to put the chains on the bus tires for the winding road from Highridge to Meadows was a slippery one when wet. He left the assembly room just as the improvised curtain parted and he heard a small voice pipe; "The evil king has enchanted us and the white lovely princess is asleep."

The light snow was hardly more than a wet drizzle. He got out the chains and stretched them on the ground and as he bent down to clamp the links together a strange sensation came over him. He felt a quick thumping of his heart and his head seemed to feel queer. He stood up and leaned against the fender of the bus but soon finished the job of clamping on the chains. Then he climbed into his seat and started up the motor so that the car heater would warm up the bus before the children were out of school.

He sat there before the wheel and looked up at the colored card that the tiny one had given him that morning. His lips smiled and he closed his eyes.

How pretty it would be if it turned colder and a white blanket of snow covered the whole country as it so often did in the days of long ago. And then tonight I might take the long-handled axe and walk out on the hill—the same hill—and find a little tree. A small one would be big enough. And suddenly he saw himself walking across the soft flaky snow and he stood before a small tree but he could not raise the axe. How strange to feel so powerless. "Yes, I know, I know. You want to cry out when the wood cracks and I have no right to

make anything cry like that because . . . But the tree is not for me. It is for the tiny one. The one who brought me the card. And you could not cry out like that because she is innocent . . . So innocent." But no. He could not raise the axe. "Yes, I know. It could not fall without crying and nature is so full and so understanding she does not want me to hear that voice. Because . . . because we live by forgetting."

The night is so still and the air so gentle that you can walk with-

out hardly breathing. And he let the axe fall in the snow and walked away between the trees on the soft white pathless carpet. And the strange and wonderful thing about it all was that his feet left no footprints in the snow. He marveled at this and he paused once or twice to reflect. He could not explain why his feet left no tracks in the snow. This was just another thing that was wonderful. Nature was filled with wonders. He walked on and on.

"Open the door Uncle Rufus," called some

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“Lem Hawkins fetched it back tother day—but one of his kinfolk is still in it. Ah reckon Gran’pappy’s tryin’ to smoke him out”

The Radio General

**Queipo de Llano turned Republican
because he hated Alfonso and then
Rebel because he hated Azaña more**

by FRANK C. HANIGHEN

• ARTICLE •

IF THE rebels win the Spanish war, they'll have to render thanks to General Queipo de Llano, next to Franco the rebels' most important leader. Or his microphone—or both. Anyway, military historians must record the fact that this screaming old cockatoo of the Spanish military caste fought a battle on the ether which had more to do with advancing the rebel cause than the capture of Malaga, or Bilbao, or the siege of Madrid.

If you have a strong short-wave set that can tune in Seville-Radio and you can understand Spanish, listen to General Queipo de Llano's evening harangue. You'll agree that no more amazing farrago of vituperation, boastfulness, misinformation and obscenity—with all the four-letter words—has ever been offered to a radio audience. You may not be able to decide whether he's a garrulous fool or a Rabelaisian genius, but at least you'll understand why a handful of reckless Spanish generals have brought the world to the edge of war.

"Well, compañeros, I don't know just what I'll talk to you about this evening. Let me see—(pause—Queipo pays nothing for his radio time).—Oh yes, I want to tell you that all I need is a few days of good weather and a great many more Marxist captives to execute. Listen you———communist dogs. You have a chance now to shorten the war. Here's what I propose. I announce myself hereby ready to fight alone—alone, mind you—with whatever arms you choose—pistol, sword or hand-grenade in a duel with that "Ay Mama" (sissy) of an Azaña (the President of Spain). If he kills me, you can have Seville. If I kill him, you'll give me Barcelona. Do you accept this challenge, Senor Azaña?"

It is said that he seemed surprised when he got no answer. As a true Spanish officer, he has long been accustomed to settling matters by duels. In his early days in the military academy of Valladolid, he wanted to enter the field of honor against one of his fellow scholars on account of a little brunette—with a machine gun! The school principal had to put him under arrest to prevent a tragedy.

Gonzalo Queipo de Llano was born in Valladolid, Castile, 62 years ago. In appearance he has that air of dignified distinction which is inseparable from a Castilian. He maintains it on parade and indeed on all occasions when he does not open his mouth.

Then he becomes more garrulous than an Andalusian. For the rest, he is tall, erect, sharp-featured with a black toothbrush mustache.

After graduation from the military academy, he climbed up the hierarchy of military rank in a quite undistinguished manner.

Apart from his idiosyncrasies, he was a typical member of the officer caste. The caste, however, was hardly typical among the armies of Europe. The Spanish army at that time and indeed up until the revolt was something like the Mexican army, without the latter's virility. There was one officer to every four men and the officers enjoyed a privileged and corrupt position.

That day in 1921 in Morocco, when 20,000 men commanded by General Berenguer were routed by 3,000 turbaned Moors, brought

the picture of the Spanish army to a sharp focus. It did not, however, bring reform. Officers continued to make fortunes selling supplies to their regiments. They rigged the payroll sheets, they took bribes from contractors and they grafted constantly on the conscripts. Poor parents who could not afford to grease the palm of a subaltern had to see their boys drafted for 2 years. Those with a little money, by "seeing" the right officer got the term reduced to 9 months. By special "favor," these recruits were enabled to live at home during their service and were required only to report for the strenuous duty of morning roll call. But the officers were willing to fix even that. The price for getting excused from roll call ran from about 50 cents to \$1.50 depending on the avarice of the officer and how much cut the commanding general demanded. It's not difficult in view of this corruption to understand why Franco had to fight with Moors.

After many years of this environment, Queipo was finally elevated to an important position, aide to King Alfonso. Aide and sovereign, however, lost no time in not getting along. Queipo did not attempt to conceal his attitude—which was that of all his brother officers—that the King kept his throne only through courtesy of the military. Alfonso had encountered this attitude before and found it convenient to tolerate Queipo.

But when Queipo was found one day irascibly chipping holes in the marble floor of the palace to keep his boots from slipping, the King had enough. Queipo was dismissed.

On that day, Queipo became a republican. Sitting in a café on the Gran Via surrounded by republican politicians and journalists, he informed them that the monarchy must be overthrown and told many appalling stories about what went on in the Palace. "Even the Queen does not respect him. She says, 'Alfonso, shut up, you never know what you're talking about.'" This was mild stuff, however. Terms like that which Marshal Cambonne shouted at the British during the Battle of Waterloo embellished some rather amazing anecdotes. So amazing that even the most zealous of his republican auditors offered protest.

"But in reality, general, what did happen, when you entered the royal bedroom?"

"Reality? Reality doesn't exist," he replied.

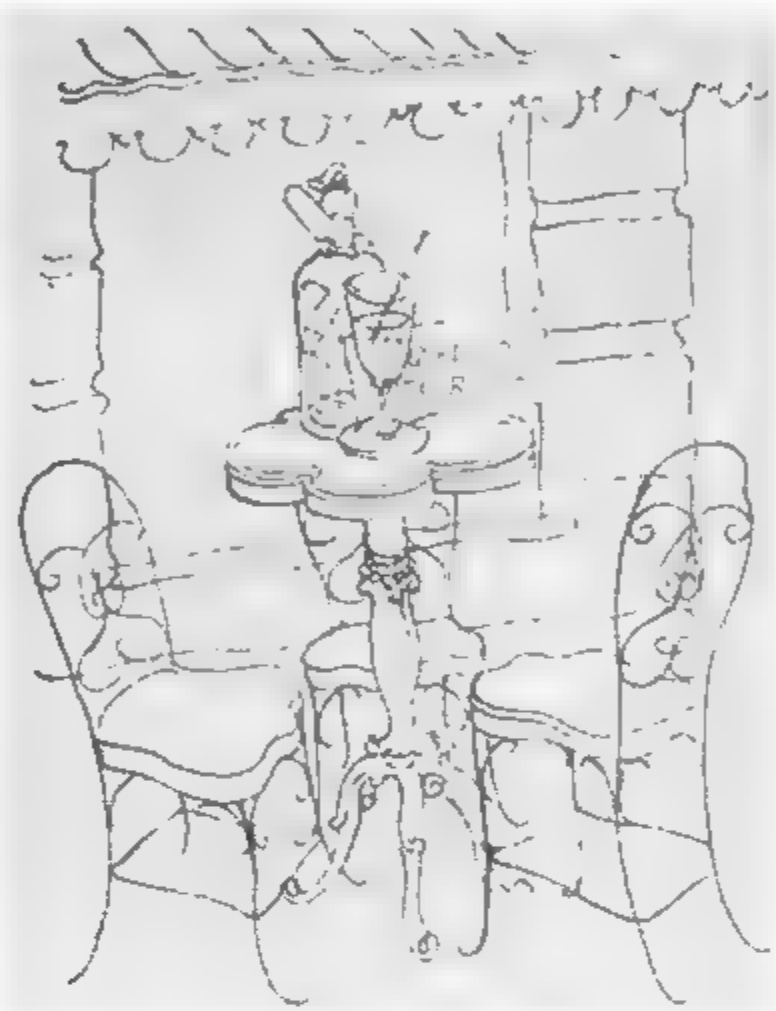
It would not take a psychiatrist to be surprised to learn that a persecution complex now captured Queipo. He published a book entitled *Gonzalo Queipo de Llano Persecuted By The Dictatorship*. Then from literature he turned to action.

He engaged in a plot with Major Ramon Franco, famous aviator and brother of General Franco, to overthrow Alfonso and his government. Primo de Rivera, the strong man, had been forced out by Alfonso and General Berenguer had taken his place. Berenguer was an old friend of Queipo but Queipo refused to let this stand in the way. He said that the hour had struck to "set up a parliamentary regime."

Some weeks of this sort of conversation culminated in the famous Cuatro Vientos aerodrome putsch. It required some courage—several officers had been executed for a similar putsch not long before. But Queipo was

no coward. The conspirators had made arrangements with republican and trade-union elements in Madrid to call a general strike when they gave the signal. The two leaders went aloft in two planes and dropped leaflets on Madrid streets urging the people to revolt. After a quarter of an hour, when they saw the yellow trams were still running, they knew that a serious hitch had occurred. If

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DRAWINGS BY GEORGE GROSZ



DRAWING BY ERIC LUNDGREN

Seven Days *by* LLOYD STONE

Before he was old enough
To know what God meant
He began pestering Him.

On the First Day
He asked Him for something, praying:
"Dear God,
I'll never ask for anything again
As long as I live
If only this once . . ."
He was a child then
Wanting a bicycle for Christmas.

On the Second Day
He prayed, saying:
"Dear God,
Never again will I ask . . .
But this time . . .
Please . . ."
He was a student
Asking for a passing grade
In Higher Mathematics.

On the Third Day
He prayed the prayer again
But without realizing what he said
Because he was thinking
Of Her.
"All I'll ever ask of you
Is Her,"
He begged.
So God gave Her to him.

On the Fourth Day
He became a father
And God was once more requested
To guarantee the results.
". . . Though never again a favor,"
He promised.
But God was a little skeptical by now.

On the Fifth Day
It was at a business conference
When he felt another moment of inadequacy
And called upon God
To carry him through the crisis.
"Is this the last time?"
Asked God.
"Oh yes," was the answer.
"Very well," said God
And performed another miracle.

On the Sixth Day
He was an old man
Very old and very senile
But he still clung to Life
And was afraid of Death
And he began:
"Dear God,
I'll never ask for anything again
As long as I live . . ."
"That's true,"
Said God.
And he died.

And on the Seventh Day
God rested.

Financing Finnegan

They all agreed in the publishing house he was terrific and that he was sure to snap out of his slump

by F. SCOTT FITZGERALD

• FICTION •

FINNEGAN and I have the same literary agent to sell our writings for us but though I'd often been in Mr. Cannon's office just before and just after Finnegan's visits, I had never met him. Likewise we had the same publisher and often when I arrived there Finnegan had just departed. I gathered from a thoughtful sighing way in which they spoke of him—

"Ah—Finnegan—"

"Oh yes, Finnegan was here."

—that the distinguished author's visit had been not uneventful. Certain remarks implied that he had taken something with him when he went—manuscripts I supposed, one of those great successful novels of his. He had taken "it" off for a final revision, a last draft, of which he was rumored to make ten in order to achieve that facile flow, that ready wit, which distinguished his work. I discovered only gradually that most of Finnegan's visits had to do with money.

"I'm sorry you're leaving," Mr. Cannon would tell me. "Finnegan will be here tomorrow." Then after a thoughtful pause, "I'll probably have to spend some time with him."

I don't know what note in his voice reminded me of a talk with a nervous bank president when Dillinger was reported in the vicinity. His eyes looked out into the distance and he spoke as to himself:

"Of course he may be bringing a manuscript. He has a novel he's working on, you know. And a play too."

He spoke as though he were talking about some interesting but remote events of the cinquecento; but his eye became more hopeful as he added: "Or maybe a short story."

"He's very versatile, isn't he?" I said.

"Oh yes," Mr. Cannon perked up. "He can do anything—anything when he puts his mind to it. There's never been such a talent."

"I haven't seen much of his work lately."

"Oh, but he's working hard. Some of the magazines have stories of his that they're holding."

"Holding for what?"

"Oh for a more appropriate time—an upswing. They like to think they have something of Finnegan's."

His was indeed a name with ingots in it. His career had started brilliantly and if it had not kept up to its first exalted level, at least it started brilliantly all over again every few years. He

was the perennial man of promise in American letters—what he could actually do with words was astounding, they glowed and coruscated—he wrote sentences, paragraphs, chapters that were masterpieces of fine weaving and spinning. It was only when I met some poor devil of a screen writer who had been trying to make a logical story out of one of his books that I realized he had his enemies.

"It's all beautiful when you read it," this man said disgustedly, "but when you write it down plain it's like a week in the nuthouse."

From Mr. Cannon's office I went over to my publishers on Fifth Avenue and there too I learned in no time that Finnegan was expected tomorrow.

Indeed he had thrown such a long shadow before him that the luncheon where I expected to discuss my own work was largely devoted to Finnegan. Again I had the feeling that my host, Mr. George Jagers, was talking not to me but to himself.

"Finnegan's a great writer," he said.

"Undoubtedly."

"And he's really quite all right you know."

As I hadn't questioned the fact I inquired whether there was any doubt about it.

"Oh no," he said hurriedly. "It's just that he's had such a run of hard luck lately—"

I shook my head sympathetically. "I know. That diving into a half empty pool was a tough break."

"Oh, it wasn't half empty. It was full of water. Full to the brim. You ought to hear Finnegan on the subject—he makes a side-splitting story of it. It seems he was in a run-

down condition and just diving from the side of the pool you know—" Mr. Jagers pointed his knife and fork at the table, "and he saw some young girls diving from the fifteen-foot board. He says he thought of his lost youth and went up to do the same and made a beautiful swan dive—but his shoulder broke while he was still in the air." He looked at me rather anxiously, "Haven't you heard of cases like that—a ball player throwing his arm out of joint?"

I couldn't think of any orthopedic parallels at the moment.

"And then," he continued dreamily, "Finnegan had to write on the ceiling."

"On the ceiling?"

"Practically. He didn't give up writing—he has plenty of guts, that fellow, though you may not believe it. He had some sort of arrangement built that was suspended from the ceiling and he lay on his back and wrote in the air."

I had to grant that it was a courageous arrangement.

"Did it affect his work?" I inquired. "Did you have to read his stories backward—like Chinese?"

"They were rather confused for a while," he admitted, "but he's all right now. I got several letters from him that sounded more like the old Finnegan—full of life and hope and plans for the future—" The faraway look came into his face and I turned the discussion to affairs closer to my heart. Only when we were back in his office did the subject recur—and I blush as I write this because it includes confessing something I seldom do—reading another man's telegram. It happened

because Mr. Jagers was intercepted in the hall and when I went into his office and sat down it was stretched out open before me.

With fifty I could at least pay typist and get haircut and pencils life has become impossible and I exist on dream of good news desperately Finnegan.

I couldn't believe my eyes—fifty dollars, and I happened to know that Finnegan's price for short stories was somewhere around three thousand. George Jagers found me still staring dazedly at the telegram. After he read it he stared at me with stricken eyes.

"I don't see how I can conscientiously do it," he said.

I started and glanced around just to make sure

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The World and Mr. Nathan

**He cannot abide anyone who pretends,
and would rather spend his time with
sharp pencils and clean white paper**

by JIM TULLY

• ARTICLE •

HE HAS the manner of a man too bored to flick the ashes from a cigarette. Above middle height, he is dark, with quick brown eyes. Well tailored, immaculate, he is fully conscious that he is George Jean Nathan. His voice is deep and pleasing. Though forced to study piano for eight of his formative years, he still loves good music.

He wears his opinions with nonchalance, and talks neither loud nor long. No man I have ever known has a greater power of attention. It is respectful, intense.

Born with money, he has not been twisted by violent economic storms. He can make allowances, however, for the gales through which his friends have passed.

As a critic, even of that which a friend has written, he is impersonal as the weather. Polite, urbane, he has courage without beligerence, and tact without deceit. He has lived for twenty-five years in a small apartment on a busy New York street. It is within walking distance of the theatre, which makes up half his life. Somber, it fits his brooding temperament. In one room is a large desk. Strewn upon it are many pencils and fountain pens. He writes slowly, laboriously, in longhand. Words his painful medium, his finished work has often the effect of being welded at white heat. Unusual among critics, he can create a mood.

Called a snob by many, his aloofness is a wall built to fortify himself against boredom. Not a lover of people in the mass, he has a horror of those who pretend. This keeps his circle small. Those in the enclosure remain for years.

He speaks of Theodore Dreiser, Eugene O'Neill, Sinclair Lewis and H. L. Mencken with affection. They have "size." It is a word he uses for those who have deep compassion and understanding.

The greatest dramatic critic in the world, he has none of the mob's diversions. He does not believe in exercise after one is forty. "If you walk you get cinders in your eyes."

When pretty young women talk of art, literature, philosophy or the drama, he listens politely, the cigarette upward, with an inch of ashes. Overjoyed, they watch the interest in his eyes. He hears not a word they say. It is vibrancy, beauty, the rare sheen on the growing flower that attracts him.

If with de Maupassant he might ask—what can women say to God—he is aware of their charm and beauty.

His idea of a perfect wife is Mrs. Eugene O'Neill. For Sara Haardt, the charming and talented girl who married H. L. Mencken, he had affection and admiration.

Intelligently sad, a lover of laughter, the sparkle of rare wine, and the curves of a youthful lady, it is often dark weather in the heart of Nathan. As the years verge beyond fifty, his melancholy deepens. When Percy Hammond, his friend and fellow critic, died, he said, "One by one the old parade is passing."

He was born in Fort Wayne, Indiana. His father was Charles Naret Nathan, the owner of vineyards in France and coffee plantations in Brazil. A world rover, he spoke eight languages, having spent a great deal of time in China, India, France, America and the Argentine.

His grandfather was a well-known Parisian lawyer. An uncle was a professor in the University of Brussels. His mother, Ella Nirdlinger, was born in Fort Wayne, and educated at a Notre Dame convent.

The greater part of his boyhood was spent in Cleveland, Ohio.

His uncle, Charles Frederic Nirdlinger, a dramatic critic, the author of forgotten plays, and the translator of Echegaray's drama made popular in America by William Faversham under the title of *The World and His Wife*, was a deciding influence in his career.

At fifteen, he studied Elizabethan and Greek drama under his uncle's tutelage. He was in Europe three times as a student before entering Cornell.

When it was planned to send him to Harvard, as a matter of family pride, his uncle having been graduated there, Nathan decided on Cornell. "I never could bring myself to view Harvard as the right place for me," he said. "I did not like what it stood for—its English imitativeness was offensive to me. I chose Cornell for the simple reason that it seemed to me of all the Eastern American universities to approach the German university most closely. I still believe that it does. Various eminent German scholars, incidentally, agree in this. In addition, it is a charming and beautiful place."

Specializing for four years in literature, drama, language and psychology, he obtained a Bachelor's degree. His interests were many in college. Editor of *The Cornell Widow*, he was a member of the Kappa Sigma Fraternity, Senior Honorary Society, the

Quill and Dagger, the Savage Club, the Sunday Night Club and the Masque.

He was even chairman of Cornell Spring Day, the annual circus and jamboree of the institution.

He was not impressed by professors. "Some boys go to college and eventually succeed in getting out. Others go to college and never succeed in getting out. The latter are called professors."

He further asked, "Is there a college or university in America whose professors of English composition would have given a mark higher than minus one to George Ade, Helen Green, Ring Lardner, Kin Hubbard, Edgar Lee Masters and Walter Hasenclever had they come before them as young, unknown men and women?"

He graduated from Cornell at twenty-two. A year later he was given a diploma by the University of Bologna in Italy.

His uncle then secured him a position on the New York *Herald* at fifteen dollars a week.

Within a year he wrote a three-column story of a race he did not see. It was listed on the bulletin board of the editorial room as an object in vivid writing.

Promoted to the Sunday department, his work consisted in writing two feature stories a week. They averaged three and four thousand words in length. His weekly salary was thirty dollars. He soon began to write dramatic criticism. The first play he reviewed was by Lincoln J. Carter.

When the city editor asked him to cover police stations, Nathan refused on the ground that his talents had grown beyond such work. He was told that it would be a great experience. Nathan considered the editor's viewpoint as "one of the schnitzels of buncombe with which newspaper men delude themselves."

After resigning from the *Herald* he met Lynn G. Wright. Like Nathan he had been an editor at Cornell. Wright employed Nathan as dramatic critic on two magazines he was editing.

He next joined H. L. Mencken as editor of the *Smart Set*. It soon became one of the most brilliant magazines ever published in America.

Lampooning the old standards of expression, they became famous. Editorials were written about them.

A well-known jingle by Berton Braley went across the nation:

There were three that sailed away one night
Far from the madding throng,
And two of the three were always right
And everyone else was wrong.
But they took another along, these two,

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“I forgot to buy him a present and I had to show my appreciation some way!”



"—But you didn't tell me to stay in the children's department!"

Children at Play

They stopped the game to watch the airplanes swooping overhead, but it did not occur to them to be afraid

by JO SINCLAIR

• FICTION •

IT WAS market day; and Ramon was free until three o'clock. Until three, he could do as he liked, go where he liked; but at three o'clock he must be here, in this same kitchen, for the making of soup. He made beautiful soup, his father said; and his mother said, "You are only eight, my little one, but how you help us!"

He opened his square, wooden treasure-box. There, on the very surface, floating on top of his three soldier buttons and the pressed leaves, already thin as spider webs, was the letter from America. It was a beautiful, long envelope of an orange shade; and in the center of it was his name. It was his letter. His cousin, Manuel, had sent it to him from America, from the large state of Ohio, in which he lived. There it was, his name, written in black ink upon the envelope:

SR. RAMON GOMEZ V.

His first letter; Ramon took it very carefully from the box. His heart pounded. How good it was to be alive! To receive letters from far countries, to be able to make beautiful soup for one's dear mother and father, who worked.

Whistling gaily, he ran from the house. He held the letter high in the air, like a banner. When he had come to his favorite playing corner, which was close to the smells and rush and people of the marketplace, he found all his friends there.

Juan saw the letter immediately; his eyes were sharp as knives. "What have you there?" he called to Ramon; and all the others crowded close.

Ramon continued to whistle. Then he said carelessly, "It is nothing. A letter from America. My cousin, Manuel, sent it to me." His

heart was almost bursting with pride and happiness. How good it was to be alive! How nice, *nice* to see his friends' eyes widening with curiosity and excitement.

"Manuel writes that all is well in America," Ramon said, holding the long envelope like a jewel before their eyes. "He is going to school. He has many friends. It is beginning to be warm there, and they play games in the street. The snow is gone for another season."

"Games," Elena said. "What kind of games? Like ours?"

"Ah," Ramon said, hardly able to speak for excitement, "I have here, in this letter, very careful instructions in the playing of a game. Shall we play it now?" He looked carelessly down, but he was trembling with happiness. This moment belonged only to him, and so, too, would the day be his, as he taught them the American game. He would be the leader.

"Yes, yes," they shouted. The letter had excited them, too, and they were wild to taste of its contents.

Ramon carefully took the letter from its envelope; the long, orange envelope he tucked into his open blouse, the letter he unfolded and held up for them to see. The twins, Jacinto and Jacinta, sat at his feet and stared solemnly at the letter, their eyes very big and black and round. Ramon smiled at them; they looked like two fat, little dolls, stuffed with sweet straw and sunshine and milk. He had often wished they were his brother and sister, the little dolls!

"Well," he said, reading snatches of the letter, "this game is called The Farmer In The Dell."

Isabela said, "But what is a dell, Ramon?"

"A dell is a little valley, all grassy and nice. That is what the books say."

"We have stone here," Isabela said. "How can we play then?"

They were silent. Then Ramon smiled. "We must pretend," he said. "That is what a game is anyway. We will pretend that this street is full of grass and is therefore a dell. I will be the farmer. Are we ready?"

"Let us begin," the boys cried. "Be still, Isabela. Begin. Ramon, begin!"

"All right. Now, I am the farmer. I stand in the dell, alone, and all of you form a ring about me. You must all join hands. From your midst I choose a wife. We all sing . . ."

The stalls of the market were blazing with every conceivable color. In the warm sun, fruits and vegetables lay in orderly rows of concentrated sun, green and red and yellow. The fragrances, mixed in mid-air, made of the entire street a garden. There were tables of meat, red and firm and fresh blooded, and nearby were the hard, fresh-caught fish, looking almost alive. There were tables heaped high with loaves of bread, still warm; and there were the cheeses and the oils.

Between the tables and all around the stalls was the constant ebb and flow of people. Men and women buying, looking, touching to see if the product was worthy, smelling to see if the product was fresh, and sometimes actually tasting, for what is better than taste?

Today, the people seemed different. They clung, in small, compact groups to the walks, and spoke in low voices. Many of them did not even look in the direction of the foods. Their faces were tense and tight; the flesh seemed withdrawn into itself, and darkened, so

that the faces appeared secretive and yet anxious at the same time. There were small, thick clumps of men, and there were women-clumps, too; and the women faces were more secretive than the men faces, withdrawn more deeply into their own flesh and pain and fear. The men were speaking freely, and gesticulating, their hands fast, and sometimes a ring flashing in the sunlight. But the women spoke in hushed voices, and sometimes an entire tight little group of women was dead silent, just the faces turned up a bit, and secret.

"Now that you know, let us begin," said Ramon. He was standing alone in the center of the ring of boys and girls.

He started, singing in his rather sweet, high voice: "The farmer in the dell . . ."

Then the other voices joined his:

"The farmer in the dell,
Hi-o-the-merrio,
The farmer in the dell."

"Sing, sing," Ramon commanded.

The young voices, fresh as the morning, sang gaily. The voices of the twins were heard a little late, two tiny, frail sounds breaking with giggles.

"The farmer takes a wife," they all sang. (Ramon said, "Elena, I pick you." The little, dark girl, her curls shaking as she tossed her

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A Lucky Day for Private Smoot

Like he said, there wasn't hardly
no sense in him gettin' paid with
all them guys waitin' to collect

by LOUIS PAUL

• SATIRE •

PRIVATE Smoot whisked his shoes to a glistening tan, this once in the month from preference rather than duty, as one who was impressing one's girl instead of one's superior officer. The staccato notes of pay-call seemed still to echo and reverberate through the post. A warm hum of excitement accompanied the routine shuffling of the men as they occupied themselves variously in the interim before the paymaster arrived.

"If somebody will get me in a crap game today it will be a miracle around here," said Corky to nobody in particular. Corky was a member of Corporal Edwards' squad and had his nickname for his ability to extract corks from bottles with his teeth. "Yes, sir," he continued. "Last month I am drawing eleven bucks after deductions, and in less than a half an hour I am bust. Crap is dynamite. No more crap for me."

Smoot glanced up. "That reminds me. I think somebody owes me two berries."

The corporal grunted. "You've got that a little mixed up, Smooty, my son," he said. "It's you which owes me two berries."

"That's what I meant," said Smoot.

"And if I don't get it pronto there will be a nice military funeral tomorrow mornin'."

"You owe me a buck and a half, don't forget that," said Private Cleasby.

"Did I say I didn't?" said Smoot, a little hurt at whatever implication the remark might contain. "Well, all I got to say, it is mighty damn funny nobody don't owe me no money."

"There is four-bits comin' to me, too," said Private Ortwhingle.

"Say," said Smoot, "I don't remember borryin' no four-bits offn you!"

"But I remember loaning it to you."

"All right," Smoot shrugged resignedly as he spiraled his puttees for the fourth time, seeking perfection. "All right. You people around here is like a bunch of virtues waitin' to swamp down on somebody. It ain't hardly no sense of me signin' the payroll no more the twentieth. When I am through payin' off you guys I am cleaner than a hound's tooth. All anybody's got to do around here payday if they needs money is come over and say, 'Smoot, remember them two bucks you borried offn me?' and I gotta shell out

whether I do or don't. From now onward I think I will keep a bookkeepin' system in a little notebook so everything will go down in black and white."

"I bet if you start such a system," Corporal Edwards laughed, "you'll have to borrow the jack to buy the notebook with."

Private Cleasby said, "How's about usin' a drop of that Presto-Shino, Corp?"

"Positively," said the corporal. "Just as soon as Smoot and Ortwhingle and Jones, there, and Red Murphy is through with it. Some day one of you birds is goin' to buy something of your own and I'll be so surprised I will knock myself over with a feather."

"If it wasn't I woulda drew them canteen checks I'd of had enough dough comin' to get my picture taken," Private Smoot sighed. "My girl back home wants my picture all in uniform. I figgered I would ask the sergeant for a loan of his campaign badges and shootin' medals to look like something hot in the picture, but I went and run outa smokin's and drew them canteen checks. I guess she will haft to wait till next month."

"Why don't you do this system I have got?" said Corky. "I

wait around till after the twentieth and the payroll is all made up and signed and then I draw my canteen checks and they hafta go on next month's, see."

"Did I ever tell you this time I am winnin' one hundred bucks in a stud game?" said Smoot. "It is the time before I'm transferred over here from E Company. All I draw at the pay table is two dollars and eighty cents after deductions, and some guy says I owe him two and a half, which leaves me thirty cents. So I astes can I get in this game with thirty cents and everybody laughs and one bird says sure if somebody don't take them thirty cents away from Smoot he is gonna hang around and spoil every game in the barracks. So the first cards outa the box is aces backed up, and I sets in the thirty cents and comes out with three bucks because everybody stays no matter what their cards on account of tryin' to run me out. So the next hand I get is three kings and I sets in the three bucks and everybody stays again so

somebody will outdraw me, and there is twenty bucks in the pot. Was them people sore! So up comes a little straight which everybody thinks I must be bluffin'. The windup was everybody set in all they had and I am winnin' one hundred bucks."

"What did you go and do with them one hundred bucks?" asked Cleasby.

"Naturally, I figger it is my lucky day, so I goes over to B Company and gets it all faded in a crap game and rolls a snake-eyes and that is the end of my one hundred bucks."

"Sure," said Corky. "Crap is dynamite. It is either you have not got enough science with dice or you have got too much. If you have not got enough it is too bad for your jack, and if you have got too much somebody is liable to poke you in the ear."

"Some day," said Private Smoot dreamily, "I will keep away from borryin' money here and there and on payday I will own them whole twenty-one bucks personally. And I will dress up and go downtown with all that money in my pocket and I will not come back until every cent of it is spent even if I have got to go around wastin' it on women or something."

"Well, if anybody figgers they will get me in no crap game he is crazy, that's one thing," said Corky. "I would like to have enough jack left over to go to this show, I forget the name, with William Powell. Boy, is he an actor. He can take off anything. I seen him last month in this gold rush movie, he is one of them English lords, they think he's a sissy or something, and before it's over he kills damn near everybody in the picture. All except the heroine. They gets married."

"Such movies is sappy," said Smoot disdainfully. "They always gets married in the end. They don't never show you no married couples beanin' each other with soup plates after the picture is over. I don't care for

no movies ony comedies. Give me a laugh every time."

"That is where you lose the whole good of it," said Corky. "Serious pictures is liable to teach you education sometimes, like these here travel arcs."

"What is the good of seein' some place which ain't where you will ever have a chance to go?"

"On account how it teaches education and all," Corky thought about it a moment. "Well, like take this here travel arc they had after William Powell kilt these guys was

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Petticoat Arabian Knights

Arabian wives are superstitious, they cannot read or write and what is worst of all, they use the *zar* for a weapon

by LADISLAS FARAGO

• ARTICLE •

WHEN Ali Hassan Ibn Mohamed came into my room, I—dressed in a solitary towel—was enjoying my usual after lunch siesta. It was a hellishly hot day, about 140 in the shade, one of the hottest days of the year.

Ali was sweating heavily, and I attributed to the heat the fact that his voice was dim and gloomy. He was like a diffident schoolboy.

"Do you mind, sahib," he asked me, "if I have a bath in your bathroom?"

"Not a bit, Ali," I answered, awakened suddenly from a somewhat confused dream, "go and have it!"

Whilst Ali was having his bath, I pondered over his most unusual request. His bathing he always considered a strictly private affair, not merely a hygienic act, but somehow a holy ceremony, according to the Muslim rituals.

He spent the days with me, but he never mingled with us when religious matters were affected. I did not know what to think of Ali's sudden fit of exaggerated confidence. I waited, however, until he finished the ceremony and stopped him when he left the bathroom.

"I believe you have got a bathroom in your house, Ali," I asked him. "I don't mind, I only wondered why you wanted to use mine."

Ali blushed and started stuttering about some sudden shortage of his own water supply. But his embarrassment was too obvious, so I guessed correctly, he had a special reason. I asked him into my room, gave him a lemon squash and insisted on sincerity. Ali hesitated for a while and explained things in a roundabout way.

"It is frightfully hot these days, sahib, and I need more than one bath a day." But finally he changed his mind and became frankly talkative: "You see, sahib, we Muslims usually have a bath after having a woman. I have been married two months, and stoning is the punishment of adulterers, from which Allah protect me, but..." He stopped, and I, interested in the story, encouraged him with a magnified question mark:

"But???"

"If I go home now and my wife sees me having a bath, she will think I come from another woman. She always does, sahib, when I have a bath during the day!"

I'd spent seven weeks with Ali Hassan-Ibn

Mohamed, who was my secretary and interpreter, but this was the first time he mentioned his wife. I did not even know that he was married. These people veil their wives, and they veil their married life too. I knew that Ali would have been hurt if I should try to lift the veil.

Now this was a different thing. Ali seemed to be grateful that I started an inquiry, because his heart was full.

"You see, sahib," this was how he always started, "you see, I am a man of the world. I used to sail in the Red Sea, and even visited Port Said and Suez. The girls of Egypt are different. They do not wear veils, They are pretty, use lipstick and powder, and collect pictures of Clark Gable. I liked to go to Port Said, because I had a girl there. She was a waitress in one of the cafés, and I wanted to marry her. I spoke to my mother about the affair,

and she became furious. She protested, and cried, and made plenty of trouble. It is very bad, sahib, when a Muslim mother makes trouble. She saw that I was looking for a girl, so she did it for me. My mother bought me the girl who is today my wife."

"I thought you were a happy man, Ali," I said with sympathy.

"I am, sahib, of course I am happy," he protested because Arabs hate to admit their private troubles to a foreigner, "but you see, the Egyptian girls are so much better. My wife is just as the girls here are. She has no interests, she cannot write or read, she is superstitious, and she likes making trouble."

"But Ali," I interrupted, "I always thought that you Muslim husbands are the masters of the home."

He smiled with a somewhat grim face.

"You don't know the Muslim's home, sahib. You only see that men and women live apart, that the men move around free, and the women are veiled and seldom leave their houses. In fact, we men have nothing to say at home. Until we get married, our mothers decide our likes and dislikes. And after the wedding there are two more women to command us: our wife and—may Allah protect you—the mother-in-law."

Ali became silently pensive, and so did I.

The Westerners who visit the East often envy the Muslim husbands for their pasha-like passions, for the secret intimacy and eternal orgies of the harems, for the wealth of joy, which awaits them after sunset. We all envied the Muslim law which permits four wives and makes divorce so easy. But Ali had shown me a different picture of the Harem, a petticoat Arabian Nights.

He seemed to guess my thoughts, because he began speaking where I ceased thinking.

"Only one out of a hundred Arabs has more than one wife. There is trouble enough with a single wife, and after all, married life is too expensive nowadays. As a rule there are but a few happy marriages in Arabia. Woman's influence dominates our lives, you only cannot see it because we seldom speak of our wives, and never of our troubles. But believe me, sahib, we don't find much pleasure in going to our own wives. They are always grumbling, always in bad mood, always full of desires.

"They want new dresses, more perfumes, plenty of jewelry. The only things they don't want are children. And if you try to be the master, they have a weapon which is good enough to make your mind change."

"What is it?"—I asked.

"The zar, sahib," and he repeated it with horror, "the zar!"

"What is the zar? I never heard of it."

"In Egypt they call it hysteria. If you dare to refuse anything your wife may demand, she simulates fits, she laughs and cries and shouts, so loud that the neighbors can hear it. There is a solidarity between the

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“Don’t feel so bad, Santa Claus—you’re still mentally alert”



*“Look, Mr. Stephens—we’re going to have a white Christmas after all—
it’s been snowing all night”*

The Alumni Discover Education

**Old grads are giving young punks
such fine sales talk on learning,
they've fallen for it themselves**

by HERB GRAFFIS

• SPORTS •

IF a high school boy can make a better varsity team, alumni will beat a path to his door, though the kid may reside in the heart of the wilderness. That solemn truth was uttered by a distinguished alumnus, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Harvard, 1812.

Perhaps you suspected there had been energetic path-beating done when you heard normally despondent football coaches talking brightly last fall about the talent in their freshman squads.

As you noticed a larger than average number of sophomores on varsity football and basketball teams of recent vintage, you also probably had more than a hunch of a revival in alumni recruiting.

You were right!

The universities' alumni, once almost crushed to earth by the ribbing of critical slickies, have arisen full of high purposes and gingery glands. The alumni several years ago took from the bright meanies a lacing of much the same type the meanies had administered to the Rotarians. That assault sent the surprised progeny of Alma Mater temporarily to the dugouts. There was very little whoop-de-do from the grads during the distressing period when the old boys fondled pawn tickets for their overcoats instead of tickets for two on the 50-yard line.

Everything in 1930 to 1934, inclusive, was different for the alumni from the time when they had signed up to pay for a piece of the new stadium, built as a blend of the Pantheon and Grauman's Chinese theater. Wistfully they thought of those prohibition time private car trips to the old campus when the baggage car ahead was stocked with ginger ale and ice. Then scouting for athletic material had been the job of coaching staffs and a few cruising alumni with a yen for roping, throwing and branding adolescent Tarzans. All the alumnus had to do during the departed boom days was to throw his check into the holy cause in event of competition for a young star bulling the market.

That was a dreary period, but with signs of a general improvement in the affairs of the

nation, the alumni bounced back vigorously.

Now the alumni again must be considered an active factor in the varsity's matters of moment and especially in its athletics.

Alumni activity has changed from its previous status of being mainly the source of the recruiting cash and the foundation of college athletic box offices. The new arrangement calls upon the alumni to contribute kids together with cash.

In securing the kids, shanghaiing of youngsters to be shipped before the goalposts is no longer done by sinister characters lurking in dark alleys by high schools or uncorking knock-out drops in the shadows of soda fountains. These days the alumni beat drums, rattle tambourines and sing the old hymns in the godly college spirit to bring young souls to scholastic salvation.

Current college athletic recruiting has a camp meeting technique. Very little remains of the old melodrama of the innocent youth being taken into one of the cozy, dimly-lit chambers of a Uni-

versity club and coming out of his coma with the piteous realization that he might have been seduced onto the varsity squad for more money if he'd held out longer. There's barely enough of that sort of business going on (according to the confession of expert veteran despoilers of athletic virginity) to give critics even a tenuous basis of literary viewing with alarm.

The Salvation Army method of recruiting is getting so much more and better talent than the C.O.D. practices, reform may be considered to have scored the winning touchdown. Only the sucker alumni get into deals for automobiles, remote control campus jobs, and cash bonuses under the prevailing conditions.

You would be amazed to learn what the most successful bait was in 1937 athletic recruiting for colleges.

The No. 1, Five Star, Grade A lure to which the most promising high school athletes jumped in 1936, and in a larger number in 1937, was Education.

That stops you, doesn't it? Athletes going to college to learn! Preposterous! But true.

But the dope on Education's charm has been made definite by an extensive job of research—some of it scientific, some just snooping—done by alumni of the University of Illinois. The Illini alumni again began to stir after the storm that had subdued alumni finally abated. They pondered on the somewhat dreary spell that had fallen over the varsity's former athletic glory. They were living in religion but going hungry for the manna of victory whilst evil-doers feasted on the deeds of fleet backs and adamant line-men. There is only one out for a religious guy under such circumstances and that is to form a sect of his own. The Illinois alumni did that.

The University of Illinois could look for no contributions in the form of state jobs, which is one lip-service relief for the state universities wanting good athletic material that requires financial assistance. Giving an athlete a statehouse job is good Christian practice at state universities located in the capital city of the state. As the deep students among *ESQUIRE's* readers know, the University of Illinois is in Champaign and the state capital is at Springfield, 100 miles away.

So the Illini alumni couldn't even keep in religion with its fingers crossed and let the state politicians finance the kids and put in the fix with conscience, Allah, and the Big Ten conference authorities.

Times weren't good enough for passing the hat for athletes, and the Illinois alumni didn't include enough affluent philanthropists to adopt the old policy that was in vogue when a valuable alumnus of a good school was a guy who kept a blonde broad, a yacht, a private wire to his broker's office, and two able halfbacks.

In desperation, then, for recruiting material to restore its former athletic standing, Illinois alumni went on the hunt for something to snare the young sportsman and discovered Education.

The Illini group had to work out something new so they formulated a "Co-ordination" plan, each one of its ten chief features presenting Education as an attraction for the high school athlete.

An alumni official who analyzed the survey also found to his surprise that professional football was of definite value in enabling a university to get athletic material without cash down. A high school star in a mid-western metropolis was responsible for that alumni discovery.

The youngster was a stand-out in his junior and senior years at high school. By the brilliance of his performance the boy naturally became the target of importunities from the alumni of many schools. Alumni of a southern school offered the boy all university expenses including a military uniform, and \$10 a

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How to Play Two-Handed Piano

Streamline notation clears up a lot of mysteries that used to baffle you, like where Middle C has been hiding

by GEORGE ANTHEIL

• EDUCATIONAL •

CAN you still wiggle your fingers a little? Stretch out your hand and try it. If all of them do not still stick together you can positively play anything that was ever written for pianoforte. Not quickly at first, perhaps, *but you can play it.*

Don't get us wrong—we don't claim that you can play Liszt at high speed the very first whack out of the box. But we do claim that you can—and at this very first lesson, too—play most two-handed music slowly but surely enough to convince you that if you would only keep on trying, those fingers of yours would soon be able to play almost anything.

Concisely put, our system needs no brain-work; eventually, however, it will need a little finger-easing-up; there's no use our starting all this under false pretensions. But who minds a little exercise? It shouldn't take anything more out of you than your breathing exercises every morning. The big jump that our system has over any other system so far invented is this:—you can now *instantly* use *both* hands at the piano; not only that, but you can play harmonies, counterpoints, or practically anything that was ever written for the piano if you are willing first to play it slowly enough, at least the *first several times*.

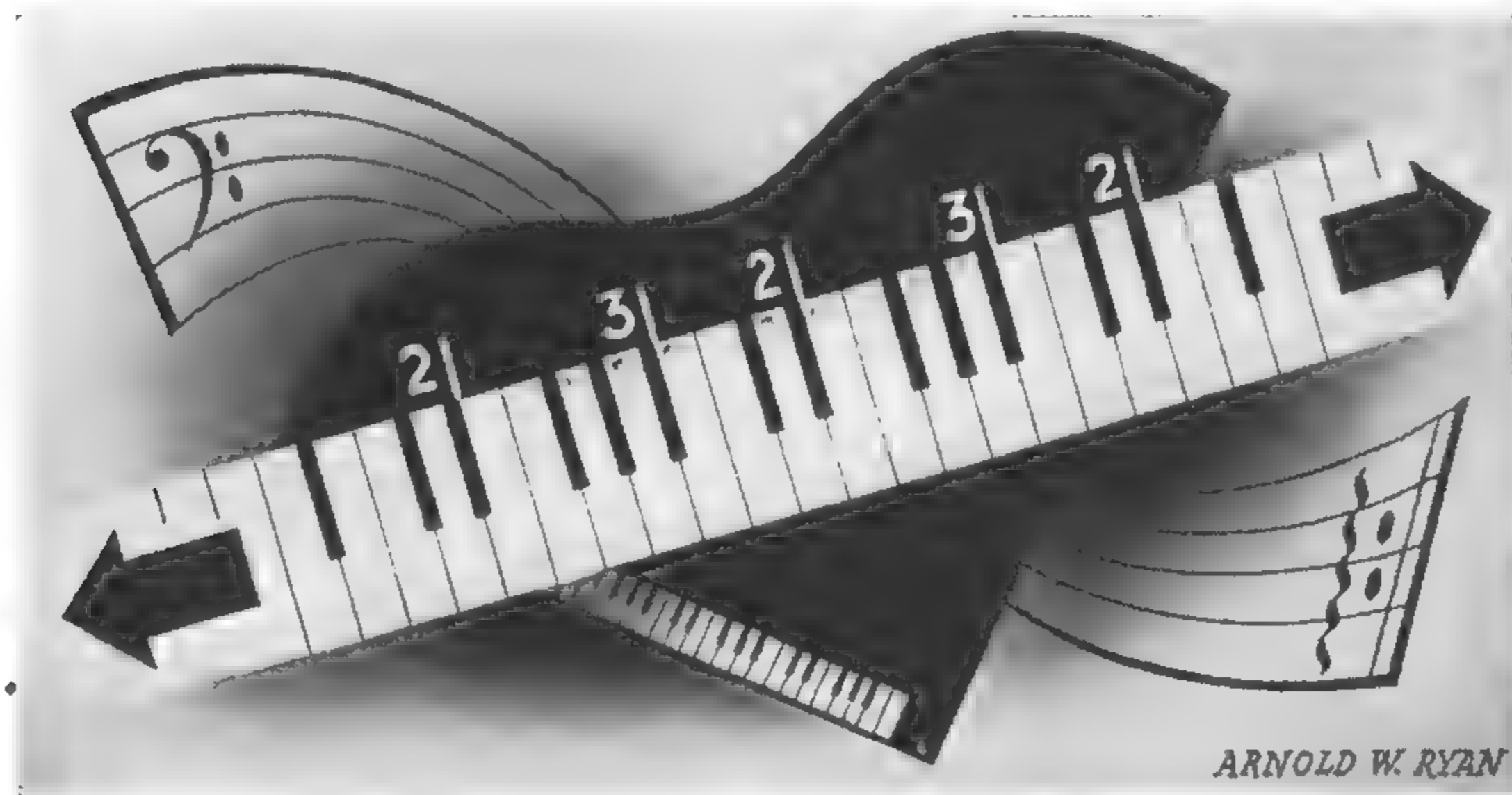
In other words this is *real* piano playing.

Don't you believe it? Just give our system a try.

Go to your piano and sit right at the middle of the keyboard. Then continue reading this article.

The first thing you will notice about the piano keyboard is that it is divided up into black and white keys. The black keys are the higher keys and the white keys are the lower keys.

The lower white keys are distributed *equally* along the entire piano keyboard; the black keys, however, *are not*. They are distributed as follows:

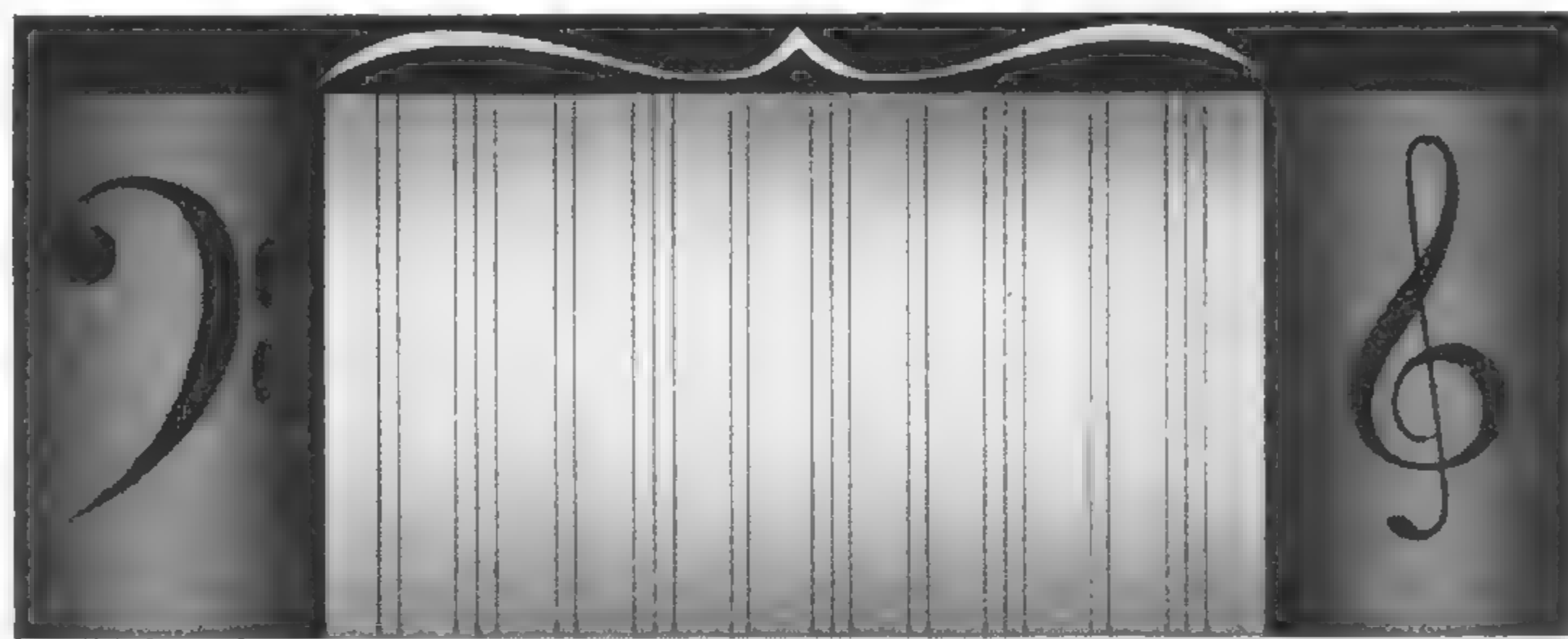


The fact that the upper black keys run along in alternate groups of two's and three's is a terrific break for you. It makes it possible for you to know always just where to put your fingers. In other words our *Streamline Notation* utilizes this difference and presents, simultaneously, a kind of exact musical moving picture of piano playing. You do not need to learn a thousand old-fashioned musical rules to learn this notation. *Streamline Notation* is based upon a constant and never-ending immediate picture of where exactly to put your fingers upon or in between these easily distinguishable two-three-two-three alternating black note groups.

Very simply put, *Streamline Notation* is almost exactly like the old pianola roll, but with these two exceptions (1) it is read downwards instead of upwards, and (2) pianola rolls are not marked with lines in order to show the exact position of the notes, and their durations. (Neither do we puncture our music paper with holes.)

In order to show what notes are to be struck we will employ a line moving downwards. This line is very similar to the long cut hole in pianola rolls. But pianola rolls do not show you where this cut hole is played upon the piano keyboard. You cannot know where this hole

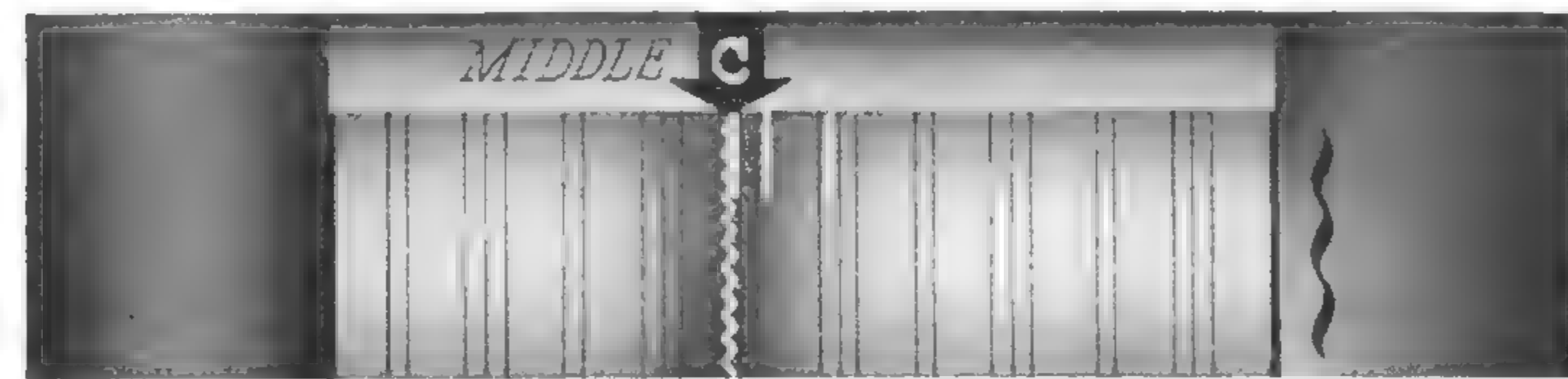
plays until you pump your pianola. We get around this by marking our "pianola" system with lines—these lines represent the two black, and the three black, keys of the pianoforte.



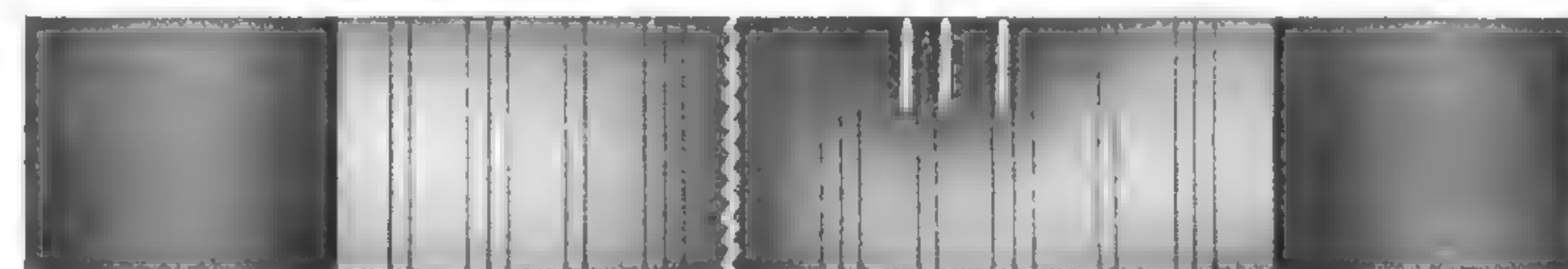
The above black lines represent all the black keys upon the piano. You must remember, however, that the very top keys and the very bottom keys of the piano *are used but very seldom*. We do not wish to clutter up our new "stave" by adding the extra lines necessary to get in the bottom octave and the top octave of the piano. This would be constantly carrying a lot of dead weight, page after page, and composition after composition. Therefore upon those very rare occasions when we might need those extreme lower and upper octaves we will notate them thus:



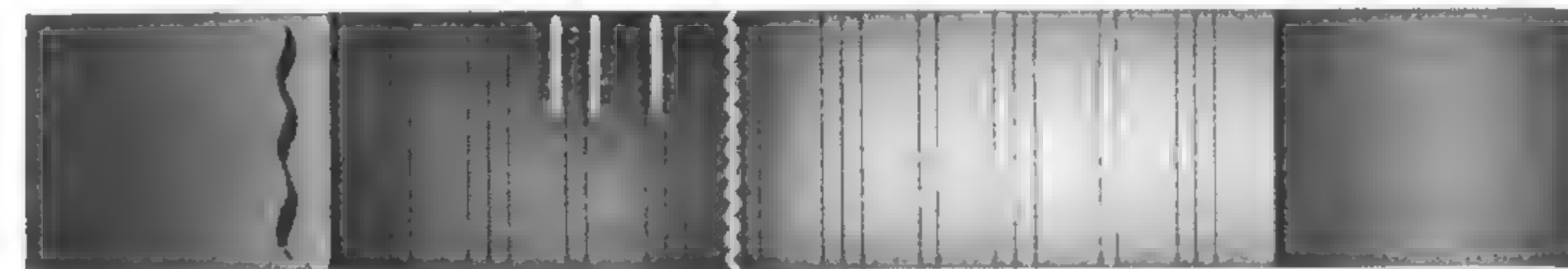
This will mean that whenever these wavy lines occur upon either side of the staff that one will need to read the entire notes above or below "Middle C" as if they were in the two-three-black-note combination immediately higher or lower, as the case may be. For example these notes



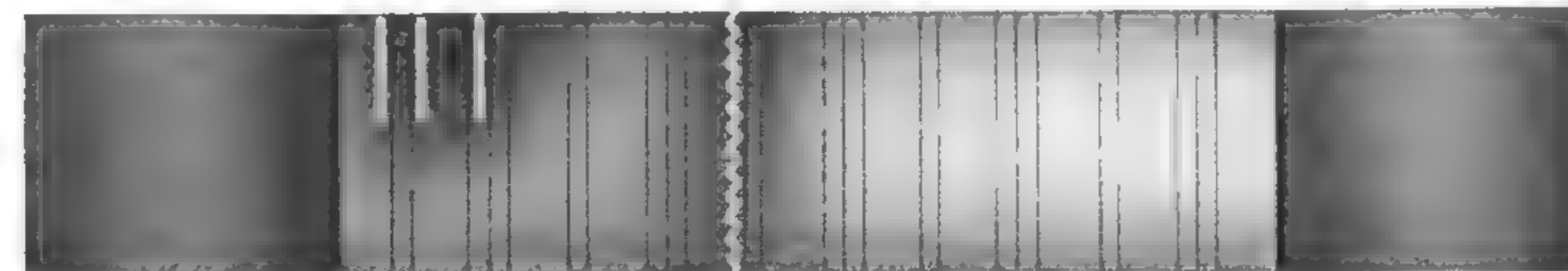
will be read and played thus



and these notes



will be played thus



Please note that upper register wavy-lines hold their jurisdiction only over the upper half of the piano (reckoning from the space directly in the center of our "stave," the right half of which is the famous "Middle C" which you've heard so long about) and that the lower register wavy-lines hold their jurisdiction only over the lower half of the piano (again reckoning from this space plumb in the middle of our Streamline Notation Stave; in other words we part our piano's hair right in the middle; the left-hand side of the space, right next to "Middle C" is known as "B"; this is the beginning of the lower register's jurisdiction).

We wouldn't bother you with this detail right in the beginning but we want you to count the lines upon our stave and the black notes on your piano; we insist on your seeing that we're not holding out.

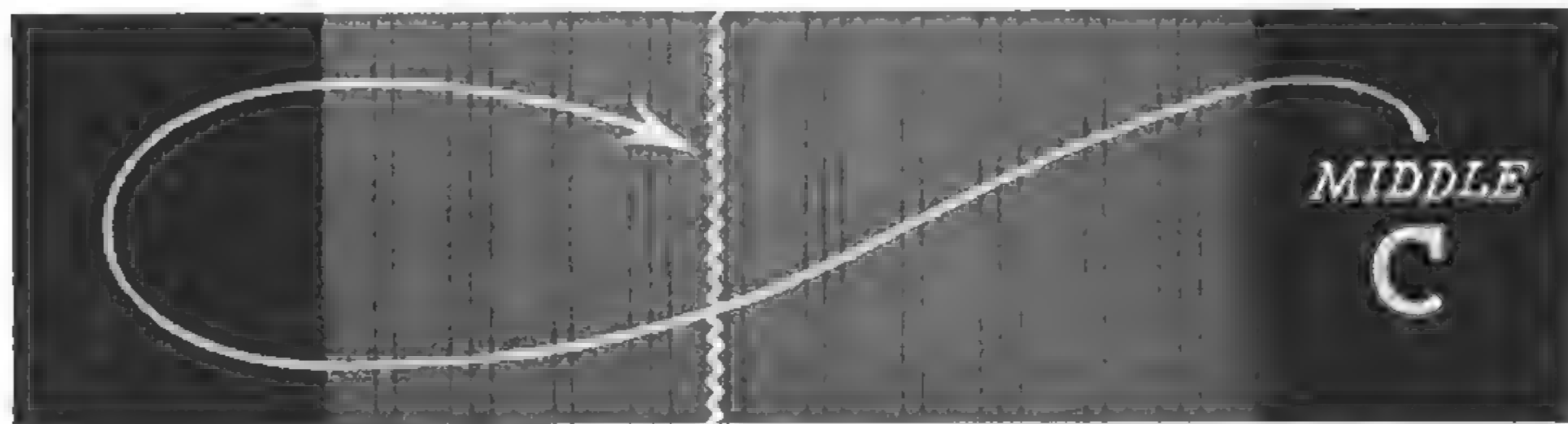
In other words upon those special and rare occasions that you will be required to use the extreme upper or lower registers of the piano we'll spring those wavy side lines at you; until then just forget about them. *But we want you to know now that every single key of the pianoforte can easily be notated upon this stave.*

* * * * *

Now for the business.

Our intention, as stated before, is to make *Streamline Notation* as accurate a picture as possible of actual piano playing. In other words if you had a *very slow* motion picture of a pianist's hands playing right before you and you put your fingers right down upon the keys that he hits you will have a very accurate and simplified idea of what we are trying to do with *Streamline Notation*.

You are now, we hope, sitting at the very middle of your keyboard. If, from the following notation, you can hit our celebrated note "Middle C" you've got the whole system licked. Try it. ("Middle C" is always a little to the left of the piano-maker's trade mark.)



(Of course the first thing you're going to say is "what the deuce is that heavy wavy line doing there anyway?" That heavy wavy line, mister, *is your finger*; for the moment it doesn't matter which one. This wavy line is not *upon* one of the lighter vertical lines that comprise our new style stave, but it is *alongside* of it. It is on a *white* key, "Middle C.")

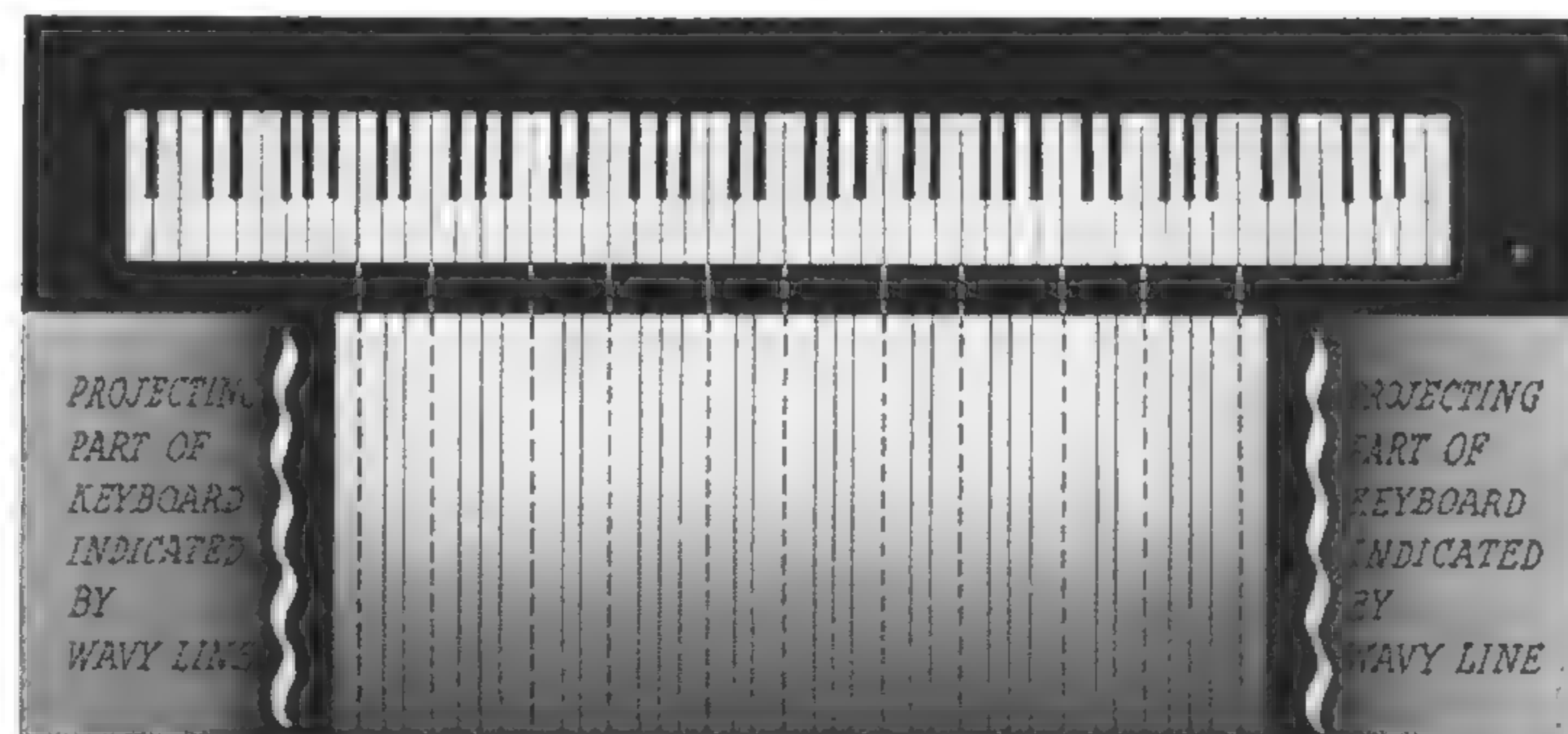
This wavy line means that you are to hit the white note alongside of the light black line. (And if you can't tell two black notes from three black notes just make believe that we never started this system in the first place.) Of course we could have gone to obvious extremes and made our new notation a series of *prettier* pictures, thus: *My Country 'Tis Of Thee* or *God Save The King*.



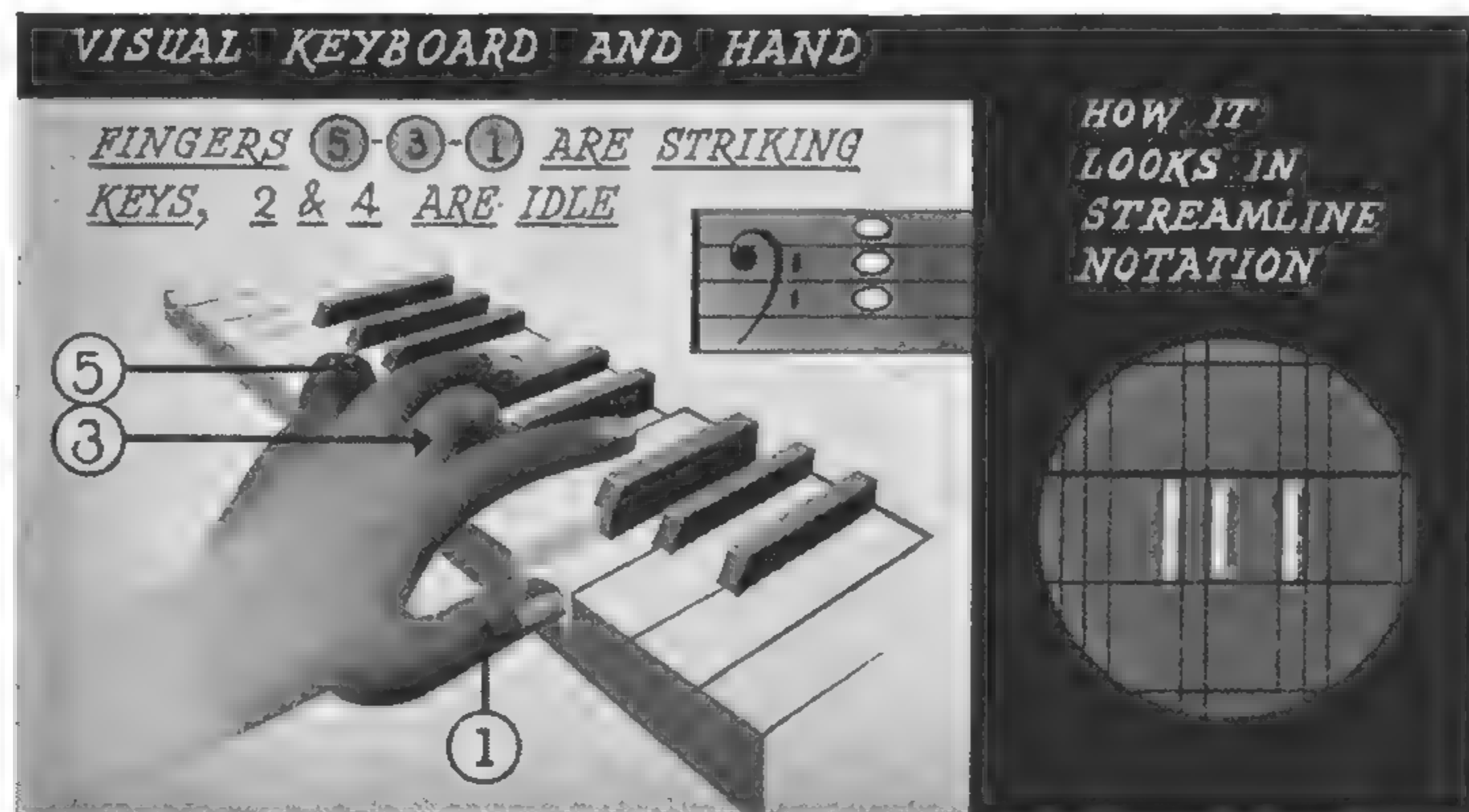
but we thought you'd rather get the idea in simplified form; it won't clutter our pages later on. After all, the only mental stunt that we ask of you is simply to divide the larger white space into *two* white keys instead of reading this space, as might first seem obvious, as *one* white key.



With the large white space mentally divided into two keys, you will see that you now have a picture of the entire piano keyboard.



In the future we will mark white lines upon this *Streamline Notation* Stave to show you exactly where to put your fingers. Please remember, always, that the big white lines are your fingers; the lighter black lines are the groups of two-three black keys upon which or alongside of which your fingers are placed.



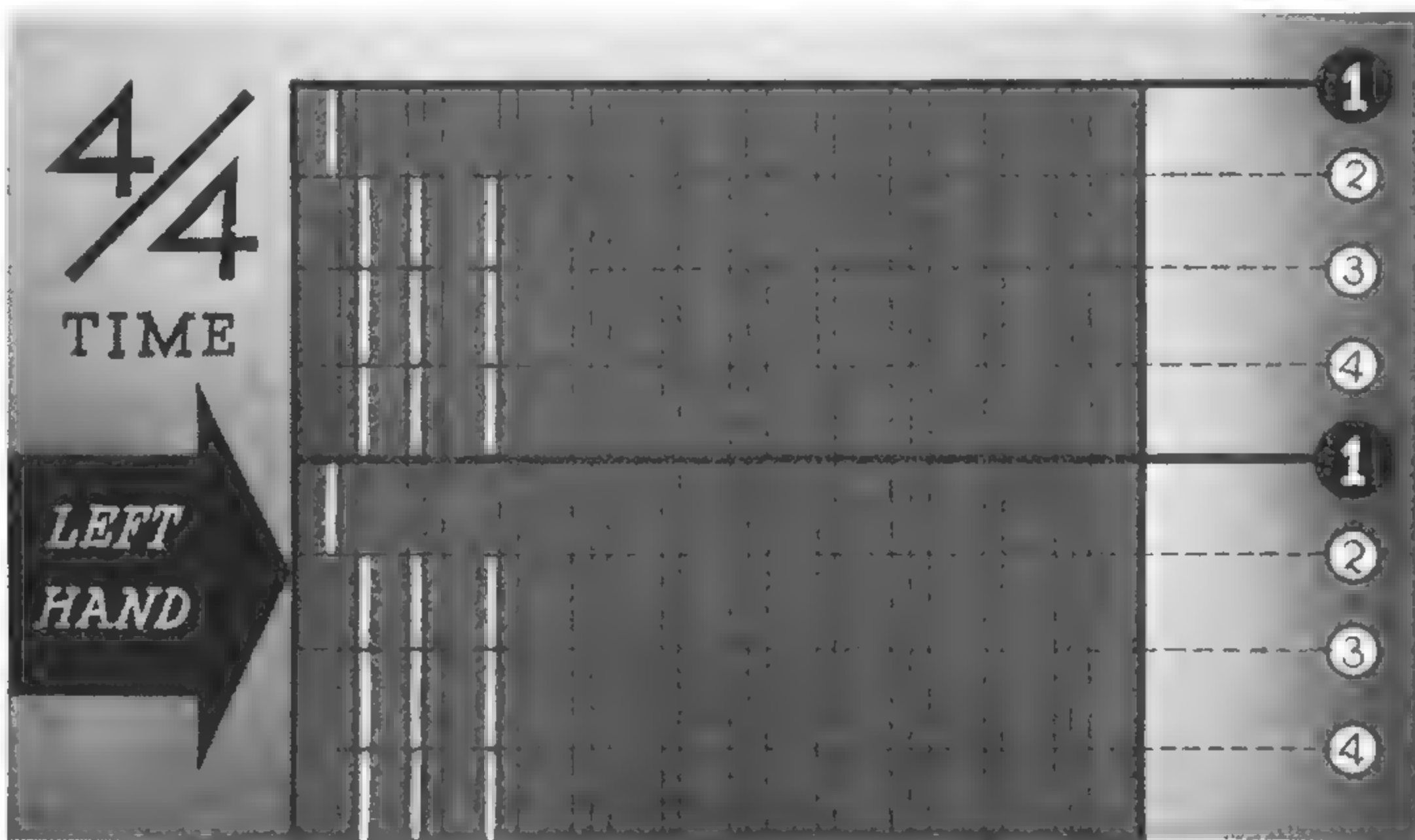
Also remember, please, always to read the stave downwards. We must do this in order to get our rhythm, or the length of time which our fingers hold each individual note. Music cannot exist without rhythm. Therefore we must intrude the following complication:—if, for instance, a piece is written in $\frac{3}{4}$ time (which means, merely, that there are three beats in a measure—surely you've danced waltzes!) we'll divide off our new stave with *heavy horizontal lines* for *every first beat*, and with lighter horizontal lines for the second and third beats. The big white *vertical* lines (which mean your fingers) will stay put upon each note as long as the beat lasts.

My Country 'Tis Of Thee



Just think of a pianola roll with plenty of guide posts, and you'll get the idea. Here are some other horizontal markings of other rhythms:

March rhythm in "4/4" time (4 beats to the measure).



Continued on page 120

The Five-Pengö Girl

**He had lost enough money at cards
the night before to support this
little proletarian for six months**

by **SÁNDOR HUNYADY**

• FICTION •



ONE wintry day, about two o'clock in the afternoon, a girl came up to see me in my hotel room. She wanted me to give her some kind of help because she was destitute. She was a very common-looking brunette, dressed in

plain clothes. But penury was written on her face. I could tell that she was scared to death by the step she was taking. She sat terrified on the edge of her chair, clutching desperately the worn-out purse in her lap.

She wasn't an ugly girl; a nineteen-year-old girl can never be ugly. She had open, dark eyes. But poverty had left its stamp on her hands and on her complexion. The daughters of village storekeepers, who work from daybreak until midnight in the cold store, have such frozen, swollen-red hands.

She stammered out that she was a Transylvanian girl. She had been advised by someone who knew someone who knew me to come to me, since I, too, was from Transylvania. Perhaps I might be able to help her. She would stop after every third word, stand up, apologize, start leaving, like one who had exhausted her courage.

"Are you sick?" she asked me worriedly.

I assured her that I was not sick, only an inveterate night-owl. The reason that I was still in bed at two o'clock in the afternoon was that I went to bed late in the morning, having spent the previous night playing cards.

This confession made the girl blush, just as if I had told her something risqué about myself. Generally speaking, everything embarrassed and disturbed her. Especially the furniture of the hotel room, which apparently seemed elegant to her. Covertly, with deep respect, she stroked the plush covering of her chair. Her eyes were full of amazement. This in spite of the fact that I live in a very simple room. Then, in addition, I had just had lunch: a few slices of bologna and an apple. In the plate on the night table she could still see the bologna-rinds and the apple core. This refuse certainly did not lend my milieu a ducal appearance.

But to the frozen-handed girl even this was too much. She seemed to fear and respect me. Seeing this, I resorted to an old trick to make her feel more at ease. I asked her to do me a favor:

"Look here, my girl, I don't want to get up from this bed: there's a glass on the bowl. Would you mind giving me some water?"

The girl was imbued with celestial happiness. It was heartbreaking to see how readily she ran to the faucet, how she rinsed the glass, how she brought the water to my bed.

"Would you like another glass?" she asked in raptures.

I wasn't thirsty any more, but, just to please her, I drank down another glass of water. To let her feel the importance of her assistance.

This way we got to be quite friendly. She became bolder and more loquacious. Within a few minutes her whole life was opened up before me. The remembrance of the tenelements. Her father's death. The utter financial ruin of her relatives. Now she was all alone. No relatives; hardly any friends. She had tried everything to earn a living. She had made paper bags. She had waited on tables in cheap restaurants. She had worked in a wholesale cheese store. She had sewn, washed, run errands.

But now she had nothing. It was terrible! She had no idea what was going to happen next week if there wasn't a turn in her affairs. Already she owed a week's bed-money in the flophouse, and they were pressing her for it.

I was wracking my brains to find some means of helping her. In my final desperation it even occurred to me that the poor wench could perhaps get a job in a theatre as an extra.

But when I looked at her, I gave up. This starved little proletarian was a long way off from that world, with her thin silver ring imbedded in her swollen index finger.

I lighted a cigarette and began coughing. I usually cough like bloody hell after awakening, just as if I were going insane. The girl watched in the blackest despair how I writhed and bored my head in the pillow. She ran for water. Then, when a little relieved, I began

breathing, she valiantly offered to go down to the pharmacy to get me some cough drops. "They are very good for the chest!" she informed me.

I explained to her that no cough drops could help me any more, that I was way beyond the limits of their feeble efficacy.

This developed into a longer discussion on the subject of coughing. Our parts were being more and more exchanged. It was I who was doing the complaining, and she who was trying to cheer me up.

By half past two we were such good friends that, after we had discussed a variety of different jobs, she blurted out the confession: she was still a virgin, but she had come to the point where she wouldn't mind if she could find a steady friend who would be willing to keep her . . .

I looked at her in amazement. There was silence.

The girl's face turned crab-red. She pulled out from her purse her painfully crumpled handkerchief. She turned aside and blew her nose in embarrassment.

The strange part of it was that I found nothing frivolous in what she had said. The girl had referred to the possibility of having a "friend" who "would be willing to keep her" as if it had been just another job that might be considered. Worse than being a seamstress, but still a job. A final refuge.

Even I got a little embarrassed.

"You don't mean me, by any chance?" I asked her, sour and teasing.

The girl became even redder. She tortured the handkerchief in her hands, and looked at her shoes:

"Oh, no! . . . I really didn't mean that . . . I just thought that you might know somebody . . . That you would mention it to some of your friends . . .

This offer, to put it plainly and briefly, contained the following proposition: I should act for her as a pimp, or at least as a go-between. I should sell her, just as a favor one countryman would do another. And I couldn't even feel insulted.

Apparently this unsophisticated girl didn't have a clear idea of what she had said, what kind of offer she had made. Her muddled speech was a result of her hopeless situation. She was at the point where one makes one's last attempt before picking a convenient

Continued on page 191





"Somebody in this car has cold hands!"



"I've got a surprise for you, Santa Claus!"

A Smiling Matter

Except for that remark of Eve's about changing the doorbell, she might have seemed invulnerable

ANONYMOUS

• FICTION •

HILDA Weston is a delightful woman. I know it, even though she frequently makes me aware of it, which annoys me. She is an American of the James tradition, which means that a good deal of life has been driven away—rather than out of—her. Driven isn't the word either, "kept" would be better, if it did not imply some outside agency. Perhaps it would be best to say that she has removed certain bits of life, as a cook removes some realistic head or eyes from an animal, in order that we should have no hesitation about eating it.

Hilda loves books and music and pictures—genuinely. I sometimes think that she gives more to them than they give to her, but I may be unjust. I feel it most strongly about her attitude towards music. The absolute austerity of her attention belongs rather to a donor than to a recipient. When we go to a concert together, her silence seems to keep the sounds away from us, they recede and never advance, whereas when I am alone the pauses are only there to receive my overflow—which might otherwise make a mess—and at the end of the evening I am always breathless. There is something ironclad about the fastidiousness of American women. There are no chinks in their armor, none of the gaping holes through which, unchosen and unchecked, the turbulence of our being pours into Heaven and Hell. Perhaps we are wrong not to see a reward in each rejection, perhaps we should be more frightened of being vulgar, more chary of being natural, less blind to moderation, more suspicious of fervor. Perhaps, but perhaps not.

I am misleading you. I detest loud voices and bad manners, slang and sprawling, children of nature and people who "lead their own lives."

Hilda, on the other hand, makes a point of detesting nothing. She likes people with unfettered personality—or rather, she thinks that she likes them. What she really enjoys is to see the fetters taken off in her drawing-room and put on again with furs and gloves as the guest leaves the house. She likes to think—who wouldn't?—that her room is some quiet harbor where battered ships can take refuge. Very often it is. Hilda is really sympathetic, and she genuinely loves to help. She listens and she cares. All Americans are generous, but Hilda is exquisitely generous. There is a deprecatory accompaniment of

reticence to her gifts, which is altogether charming. The only return she ever wants is acceptance without acknowledgment.

But there is one deplorable characteristic that she shares with her compatriots: she is unborable. It really is impossible to bring other people's tediousness home to her. Her graciousness is impartial and invulnerable. Naturally, her friends dislike her other friends. At almost every meal we find her with a neighbor who shatters our self-respect. Have we not also been her neighbor, shall we not be her neighbor again? If she does not know one person from another, can she know

parties in order to please her, but I know in my heart that I go in order to have something to grumble about.

As I entered the drawing-room, I saw one of my pet aversions, Assheton-Abbott. "Pet aversion" is a silly phrase. I am not gregarious, and therefore never make pets of my aversions. He is a clever, cultivated, old maid of a man, whose wit has run down to loquacity and whose erudition has given way to information. Quoted, he is often entertaining, listened to, he is invariably tedious. Hilda has a pretty, low voice, a voice with a lamp shade over it, and she produces a word

here and there as if it were a comma. He hardly needed even that amount of punctuation, as he was nearing the climax of a carefully elaborated dissertation on the attitude of women towards their lovers. "And what would each of you do if your lover deserted you? I mean a lover you really cared about."

Everyone shuffled a little, trying to think of something intelligent to say. Then a voice rang—rang is the only word, for though it was a quiet, still voice, you could not imagine it without its echo. "I should change my front doorbell."

It came from the depth of an armchair, and I couldn't see the woman who had spoken.

"Your front doorbell?"

Hilda prompted gently.

"You see, it would have meant so much happiness and disappointment in the past, so many things it couldn't mean any more—"

The voice trailed away.

Someone had thought out loud and forgotten where she was.

"And you, Lady Clare?"

Assheton-Abbott's idea of general conversation is a monologue followed by a questionnaire.

Hilda had been a little startled by the doorbell, or rather she had hoped that it would lead to a discussion fraught with significance, but apparently it had not been a motif which appealed to Assheton-Abbott, and the conductor was calling upon his instruments singly and severally to embroider a theme of his own.

She herself wasn't listening. Seeing my eyes blindly exploring the shadow from which the voice had come. "Luke," she said, "Mrs. Charlton wanted to meet you."

I found myself in a chair, plunged into an even deeper shade than my companion, for



one book from another, where is her scale of values, what is her range of colors? I myself (so do we all) answer these questions differently on different days.

Hilda has a salon. Obviously she is no lion hunter. The very word "hunt" would be extremely distasteful to her. It would have as little place in her life as in her vocabulary. But once a week her gaggles of geese and her prides of lions appreciate an undifferentiated courtesy. There again, we come to the charming lining of her unselectiveness. Her guests are neither exalted nor humiliated by the vulgarity of a hierarchy. She sometimes says: "So-and-so wants to meet you," but she never says: "So-and-so is coming." You are allowed to infer—naturally without being told it in so many words—that if bait there be, you are the bait.

She had said of that particular afternoon: "I specially want you to come." The "specially" might have hidden Einstein. She would, I knew, not have mentioned him by name. I tell myself that I go to Hilda's

Continued in center of page 159

What and Why Is a Polyp?

A scholarly discussion of man's worst enemy, including their very peculiar habits, and how you can run them down

by **DONALD HOUGH**

• ARTICLE •

FROM time to time I have been asked to describe a polyp. All I can do is shrug my shoulders. I come home at night, tired out, grumbling about polyps, complaining about them with emphatic gestures, and I even relate some of my experiences with them, but when asked what I mean by a polyp all I can do is mumble and wave my hands and subside. Everybody gets impatient.

I can tell you how a polyp acts, what a polyp does, how—if ever—a polyp thinks, and what makes a polyp go. But I cannot describe a polyp in so many words.

What, then, is a polyp? The dictionary says it is "a nutritive zooid of a coelenterate, as of a hydroid," but that isn't what I mean. No matter how many times I read it over, it sounds obscure.

This universal ignorance about polyps is, I feel, an unhealthy condition, and I would like to be the first to bring about a more widespread knowledge and understanding of the species. If I can do that, I will be content. If you are interested in polyps, but could not be termed an expert on the subject, I will do what I can to help.

The first thing to do, obviously, is to look for a polyp. The crowded city street is the best place, although they abound everywhere and can be found by the diligent searcher in any center of population. The trouble with hunting them in the smaller towns and in suburban developments is that they are not true polyps when found there. It would be foolish to look for polyps at, say, a meeting of the North Side Woman's Exchange, because (this is going to sound silly) that is a native lair of the species and when set against its home background the polyp is rendered invisible by protective coloring.

It is when they stray from their native haunts and venture into the open world that they can be seen with the naked eye at a distance of a city block. If you could keep on seeing them at a distance of a city block, it wouldn't be so bad. But the main trouble with polyps is that you so often see them much closer than that.

The polyp, of course, stems from the American woman. The woman, when encountered in the privacy of her home, is an exceptional creature. She is the epitome of graciousness and good sense. She is the acme of virtuous sacrifice to the common good; she is a bulwark of law and order and stands foursquare for proper procedure and against individual license in the conduct of the household—which, as we all know, would relapse into a state of sad chaos without her steadying influence. These facts complicate our present study.

It is in her public character that she becomes a polyp, and as such cannot be listed

among the brighter aspects of our civilization. In public, to be brief about it, she is a mess. Downtown (to put it in a few words) she is the most astonishing idiot. She is totally unable to cope with the broader manifestations of group relations. She is out of it, in a way of speaking—off the reservation, as the saying goes. In short—now we are getting some place—she is a polyp.

If her feeling for her immediate home group is one of earnest solicitation, her attitude toward the public is one of equally earnest contempt. She moves in solitary majesty through the crowd, sufficient unto herself, in everybody's way, under—or on—everybody's feet, in everybody's hair. The swift clicking of modern mass movement, essential to the operation of a city, becomes a soft muffled thud as the cog wheels of progress close on the ample body of the polyp.

The best place to study the species is in (or near) public conveyances of any kind. During the rush hour, when tired people are trying to get home to supper at the only hour they possibly can do so, she swings into action. She stands in the doorway of a bus and asks how close it goes to 1225 Lombard Avenue, and at the expense of a waiting public she discusses with the driver whether she ought to take this Number 16 bus and walk three blocks to 1225 Lombard Avenue or wait and take a Number 22 and transfer to a Number 56 and walk only one block. The suspicion arises that she really is not particular which bus she takes, but that she simply is waiting for the crowd behind her to get large enough so it will pay her to go into her act.

Her act consists of standing in the bus entrance while she goes after the dollar bill which is secreted in her purse—the third purse in, counting from the outer blimp, or master purse—with which to pay her fare.

You cannot get the full significance of this unless you close your eyes and visualize it as happening, not alone in your bus, but in buses, cars, and other modes of transportation all over the city. Only then can you realize what the polyp is doing to the machinery. In New York, where they have had to cling to the old plan of collecting the fares—entirely due to the polyp—the buses simply zip along.

It is in her relations with the transportation system that the polyp gives the finest play to her indignation—and a fine, white-hot indignation is one of the chief characteristics of all polyps. Nobody who has not seen a fine specimen standing on the curb vigorously hailing cabs already filled with paying guests, and muttering imprecations at the drivers for failure to stop, ever will get to first base in his study of the polyp. If you can't recog-

nize one when she comes right out in the open like that, you scarcely can expect to enjoy the thrill of discovering one all by yourself.

One of the finest pieces of indignation exhibited by the polyp is that which she lets go when she gets on a crowded bus or street car. Her obvious martyrdom thickens the air. She pushes past, through, or over everybody. Her set jaw is eloquent of her feeling in the matter. She doesn't understand where all these people came from, and why they are in her way. She should know that most of them are other polyps. This is proved by the fact that directly behind the conveyance is another, virtually empty, panting for customers. The polyp takes only full buses or cars, the first that come along. She gets on at all costs, bursting stay after stay as she pushes her large forequarters aboard. During the polyps' shopping hours it is nothing to see a streetcar, jammed with them, plodding patiently along while the empty cars that follow pick up those that are squeezed out of the one ahead.

The full-blooded polyp looks upon the public transportation system much as the Economic Royalist regards his car and chauffeur. She walks toward the waiting door with a calm superior tread. If boarding the bus with another of her kind, she finishes the conversation begun on the curb before languidly entering; once inside, the gossip continues while the dollar bill is fished out, and it goes on indefinitely, often across the heads and shoulders of the legitimate passengers who are trying to read the paper.

The "Limited" sign on a bus, as she figures it, means that the bus will stop for her, but not for the common people. The sign is intended, as she sees it, to keep the hoi polloi at a distance. She hails it with confidence, watches it go past her with amazement, and contemplates its progress up the street with an anger said to be peculiar to the woman scorned. A woman scorned, though, is nothing like a polyp scorned.

Her point is simplicity itself: the bus has people in it, they are no better than she is, manifestly the bus has stopped for them, therefore it should stop for her, and she stands there composing a vitriolic letter to the management.

Why, too, can't the bus stop in the middle of the block for her? Why must she go clear to the corner to board it? This is one situation never yet mastered by even one, single polyp. The bus on a crowded downtown street moves slowly through the rush-hour traffic toward the corner, where ten or fifteen people, solid citizens with rolled-up newspapers in their hands, are awaiting it. The bus is forced to stop in traffic before it gets there. A fine

big polyp on the curb sees this, and, her face aglow with the satisfaction of beating the crowd, a superior smile on her lips, she goes out among the automobiles and knocks on the door of the bus. The driver shakes his head, points to the regular loading place. The polyp looks at him with the amazement peculiar to her tribe. As the bus pulls past her she gives way to polyp-anger and talks aloud to the passing cars, to the whole city, to God.

She follows the bus along the curb, still muttering wickedly, and transfixing the driver. Again it stops. Aha, she thinks, the driver has realized his mistake! Again she goes out into the street, dodging automobiles, and raps on the door in manifest triumph. When the driver once more shakes her down she marches to the corner, stands in the center of the first row, gets on the bus first by main strength, and wants to know who the driver thinks he is. The driver explains it is against the city ordinance for him to stop between corners. She lifts her bosom in fine pigeon-wrath and points out, exultingly, that the bus already had stopped, that all he had to do was open the door. She looks around at the other passengers in high-minded triumph.

Now if you have followed me at all, you should be able to recognize a polyp next time you see one. With that hurdle behind us, we now are ready for a more intimate study. Let us put our subject on a pin and study her from all angles.

Perhaps we may yet discover why a polyp insists on getting into an elevator marked "up" when she wants to go down, why she will patronize only "down" elevators when she is on her way up, why she stands in the center of it and gets in everybody's way after she is in, why she thinks all streetcars going in the same direction arrive at the same ultimate destination, regardless of signs, and some other of her interesting characteristics.

First of all we must consider that in the daily contacts of her home neighborhood she is the Customer. She moves in state through the vegetable markets, her way cleared by obsequious clerks who understand her peculiar structure and pretend that the bunch of carrots she buys is the only bunch of carrots they have sold since Tuesday. When she enters any shop, the clock stops ticking. She is Madame. She is The Great Purchasing Agent. Her thin dime makes the world go around. When this solicitous air is temporarily suspended in the public interest, she simply can't take it. Her imagination fails her. She cannot adapt herself. The public cannot quite absorb her and there she remains: a bit of indigestible flotsam on the city street.

The second proposition we must consider is that the polyp thinks that the little rules by which the world moves were not made for polyps, but for persons who have no minds

of their own, cannot think for themselves. The thought that wisdom for people in the mass is made up of a lot of small stupidities forced upon the individual, never has entered her cranium. The polyp is a complete individual. She cannot project her actions, as the movement of a single person, into their significance as the movements of many persons.

Examples (for advanced students):

1. When the polyp who is driving a car parks double, her feeling in the matter is that since she is the only one in the whole block who is parked double, what possible difference can it make to other motorists? Why, she wants to know, can't just one car

car in the street. This is no pose on her part: she can grasp the reality of only one car at a time, and that one not very well. She thinks she is out on the desert. All budding polyp-experts must understand this, and it is up to you to appreciate it if you expect a good mark.

All students of the species get the hell out of the way when they see one coming. They do not argue, even under their breath. Only the layman assumes that she sees his car coming and will act accordingly. Laymen, by the way, are becoming scarcer each year.

While it is impossible to convince the polyp that other people also are driving cars in her vicinity, it has been proved feasible to teach her, much as you train a seal, to go through certain motions. She doesn't know why she goes through them, they leave her completely bewildered, but that's all right: she'll go through them if you shout at her long enough. The only thing to be careful about, in teaching a polyp anything, is never to explain the reason why she is supposed to do it.

For example, if subjected to long and persistent training a polyp will, when making a turn, drop a hand out the window. She hasn't the faintest idea why this is necessary, but it has been impressed upon her by the best authorities and she feels, vaguely, that it has something to do with the ignition. But suppose you tell her why she is supposed to do this. She nods understandingly, even brightly. She then proceeds to act on her knowledge. She drops her hand out the window and calmly turns her car into the sides of passing cars, into lampposts, department stores, pedestrians, livestock, or anything else handy. Her haughty righteousness after the collision is a beautiful sight. Careful questioning brings out that she understood dropping her hand out the window gave her a sort of blanket license to turn where and when she pleased, and everything and everybody had to get out of the way. So if you

ever try to train a polyp in driving a car, just tell her that if she doesn't put her hand out the window when she comes to a turn, the engine will stop.

However, we must not confine our study of the polyp to the transportation phase, important as that is in understanding her full nuisance value. For if she is no bargain on wheels, she is a complete throw-away when on foot. Speaking of feet, it is a characteristic of the polyp that when she gets home her feet hurt. Although this is partly due to the size of the polyp—they go in heavily for tonnage—the main reason for it is that polyps have a way of herding together, and when they do this they step on each other's feet, and when you do this long enough the feet begin to hurt.

One thing is certain: the polyp did not get her feet to hurting by standing in line. The polyp does not stand in line. This is an

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AQUATINT BY ERIC LUNDGREN

in the whole long block be parked double?

2. If no left turns are permitted, and because of this no cars are turning left, this is clearly, in polyp language, the best of all possible places for making a left turn. It gives her a chance to use what she so often refers to as her common sense. She considers she is rendering a distinct service to the community.

3. If no parking at the curb is allowed, and consequently no cars are parked there, the polyp considers this a fine regulation: if it were not for the no-parking signs, there wouldn't be room for her to park.

While we are on the subject of automobiles, we may as well follow the polyp further into this field. The poor polyp, God knows, cannot drive a car, but those of us who criticize do so without an adequate knowledge of her mental processes. We must realize that the creature really believes she is driving the only

Utopia in Arkansas

A young rebel decided his money should go to the support of unpopular causes, and the result was Commonwealth College

by VANCE RANDOLPH

• ARTICLE •

"YAS, sir, them boys an' gals jest runs around stark naked all th' time! They don't believe in no God, nor no law, nor no nothin'! A bunch o' gosh-danged Bolsheviks, a-tryin' t' upset th' Guv'ment! If I had *my* way, I'd tar-an'-feather th' hull lot, an' run 'em plumb out o' th' country!"

The speaker was a very old man who sat in a little grocery store at Mena, Arkansas, and he was talking about a local seat of learning known as Commonwealth College.

"Naw, sir, I ain't never been out t' th' dang place myse'f," the old fellow admitted in answer to my question, "but ever'body knows how things is run out thar. An' th' perfessors ain't no better than th' kids, neither!"

The next man I interviewed was the proprietor of a little restaurant, and he laughed heartily at the tale told by the old man in the grocery store.

"Oh, I reckon it ain't quite *that* bad," said he. "Some o' them kids may be a little 'red,' but they allus pay cash, and 'tend t' their own business. An' that's more'n I can say for a lot o' good churchgoin' Democrats right here in this town."

Commonwealth College is not far from Mena, and a local motorist said that the road was "purty fair," so I drove out to see the place for myself. A very pleasant drive it was, too. Off to the north stands Rich Mountain, which a gentleman told me was the highest point between the Allegheny Mountains and the Rockies. I am pretty certain that the gentleman was mistaken about this, but no matter—it's plenty high enough. And Cedar Mountain, whose vast bulk looms up in the west, is a very impressive-looking mountain too.

About twelve miles out of the village I saw a little sign nailed on a pine tree, directing prospective college students to a dim trail through the woods. A few minutes later I came out into a sort of clearing on a high bluff, with a pretty little mountain stream at the foot of it.

Half hidden in the woods at the edge of this campus were perhaps a dozen small wooden buildings. There was a good deal of noise in one of these structures, and I walked in to find the entire student body and faculty at dinner. They didn't ask me who I was or what I wanted, but they did invite me to eat with them, so I sat down at one of the tables.

There were about sixty persons in the room, perhaps twenty being women. Most of the students were in their twenties, and at least half of them seemed to be of foreign extraction—many German, Russian and Jewish faces. I learned later that several had hitch-hiked all the way from New York. On

the walls were bulletins and announcements concerning college affairs, and two large colored posters in Yiddish and Russian characters. In one corner a young girl sat down at a piano. I listened for the stirring *Internationale*, but she played some old jingle from *Blossom Time* instead.

The only unusual thing that I could see about the diners was that most of them wore shorts, or overalls cut off above the knee. I remember one extraordinarily pretty girl who had a large green patch on the seat of her blue overalls. The girls all wore blouses or



shirts of some kind, but many of the boys were naked from the waist up. A pair of tennis shoes and khaki trousers converted into shorts—that's all the wardrobe a young man needs at Commonwealth in the summer time.

The long tables and benches were of rough boards, and the dishes were of the plainest and cheapest sort. The food was cheap and coarse, too, but it was clean and well cooked, and there seemed to be plenty of it. We had a good thick soup with turnips in it, boiled potatoes, green beans, bread, butter and coffee, with a dish of cooked huckleberries by way of dessert. This food was all prepared by members of the college, who took their turns at kitchen work. There were no waiters, and each man carried his own grub to the table from a sort of counter, cafeteria fashion. The whole thing reminded me of my old mess hall at Camp Funston in 1917, except

that the coffee was rather better than that provided by Uncle Sam.

After dinner I talked awhile with Lucien Koch, the present head of the college. Koch is a short, blond, homely young chap, who travels about the country lecturing on labor education, and trying to raise money for the institution. I told him that I wanted to stay several days, and write a newspaper story about the place.

"Sure," said he, "we're glad to have you. You can eat here in the Commons, and sleep in the Guest House"—and he pointed to a neatly painted cabin. "It's the best building we've got. Kate Richards O'Hare used to live in it. Move right in, and make yourself at home."

The Guest House was a fine little bungalow, and very comfortable indeed, barring the total lack of plumbing and toilet facilities. After I had moved my bags into the house, and examined some very fine wood-cuts by Howard Simon which hung on the walls, I strolled over to the Library and chatted with some of the older teachers, in order to get a little dope on the history of the school.

According to these informants, Commonwealth was founded by Dr. William Edward Zeuch in 1925, with about \$30,000 donated by the American Fund for Public Service. This fund came into being when a young man named Charles Garland refused to accept a million-dollar inheritance, directing that the money be given away for the benefit of "unpopular causes." Zeuch's idea was to establish a proletarian school, where the children of the working class could earn a college education for themselves, without being contaminated by religious or capitalistic propaganda.

That this cause was unpopular became evident within the year, when the college was bitterly attacked by some high officials of the American Legion. Commonwealth was said to be "a hot-bed of Anarchism, Bolshevism, Sovietism and Free Love."

A State Commander of the Legion, according to the *College Fortnightly*, "charged that Commonwealth had received endowments of \$100,000 from the I.W.W., and \$50,000 from Soviet Russia. The irate Commander declared that he had received his information from a report of the United States Department of Justice, and a resolution was proposed demanding legislation to bar Commonwealth from the State of Arkansas. Rumors went about that infuriated Legionnaires were about to descend on the school and close its doors by force. The furor subsided, however, when the Department of Justice declared that it had issued no statement of any char-

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WISHING GATE

A Portfolio of Aquatints

by **GEORGE JO MESS**

His etching is chiefly remarkable for its arrangement of tones and for the strength of its composition. He is the master of his medium. He should be, having learned to handle an etcher's tool when he was a young lad in Indianapolis, and his father was a photo-engraver for the *News*. He prefers to work right on the spot, whether, as in *Wishing Gate*, it's a lonely farm in Southern Indiana, or, as in *Southern Bayou*, the tropics of Mississippi.



MY STUDIO



SHELTERED POOL



ED LUCKEY'S FARM



GARDEN OF EVE



MAGNITUDE

About George Jo Mess

GEORGE JO MESS has lately joined *ESQUIRE's* staff. His artistic career began when at fourteen he won a scholarship for the John Herron Art School in Indianapolis. He served in the World War, and, that finished, continued his schooling at Butler and Columbia University. Then he studied in France and Italy—landscape, fresco, figure drawing, and etching.

He admires the Old Masters—Giotto for style and Poussin for composition. His speed is incredible. He thinks nothing of knocking off thirty etchings in a year, whereas the average artist considers five a goodly number. While he likes to draw farm landscapes—not sweet pastorals but the grim kind shown in *Wishing Gate*—he has never lived in the country. He was born in Cincinnati and spent his boyhood in Indianapolis. His only model is his wife, the former Evelyn Bernloehr, whom he met at John Herron. He likes his pictures to speak for themselves. But his honors, to name a few, include selection for the Paris International Art Exposition, the Society of American Etchers and the Frank S. Cunningham Prize for etchings, and, most recently, the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts.



George Jo Mess



DREAMING



MOONLIGHT AND SHADOWS



END OF TRAIL



POSE



SOUTHERN BAYOU

Reproductions on these pages are one-half actual size. Queries about the original aquatints, which are available at nominal prices, may be addressed to our art department.

A Peaceful Death

He was just a young punk, and he didn't look hard-boiled, but the detective wasn't missing any bets

by LEN ZINBERG
• FICTION •

THE detective said: "What do you say, Doc, will he pull through?"

The intern shook his head. "He has a very slight chance. If he comes out of the coma, then he might pull through. That forty-five made quite a hole in his stomach."

"Yeah, ripped him wide open. Looks like just a kid, too. Maybe he was shot by mistake and then maybe he was one of these tough crazy kids that go in for stick-ups. But they wasn't taking no chances—letting him have it with a forty-five from a car, why it's a wonder there's anything left of him."

"Yes, it must have been fired from close range. Did you find out anything about him?"

The detective shrugged his thin shoulders. "Not much. He was working as a stock-boy somewheres. No record. His folks are on their way here. I hope he comes to and talks."

"About one chance in a hundred of his living. It all depends on whether or not he comes out of this coma."

The detective took out a cigarette. "That's what I'm hanging around for. Just that chance that he might talk for a few seconds and spill the dope."

The doctor said: "All right, wait, but you can't smoke in here. I'll be down the hall; if he comes to, press the button. And remember, be quiet . . . Don't start questioning him till I come."

The doctor went out and the detective sat down by the bed and picked up a magazine and read for a few minutes, then he took out a cigarette and walked over to the window. He lit the cigarette and stood there, carefully blowing the smoke out of the window. After a few minutes he threw the cigarette away and watched some nurses in the building across the courtyard washing medical instruments. He suddenly belched loudly, and then grinned with satisfaction and relief. The sound of his belching seemed to echo back across the still room and he turned around quickly to glance at the boy in the bed.

He thought he saw the lips move and he went over and sat by the bed and stared at the pale thin face. "Nothing but a young punk," he thought. "No hard-boiled baby here. Still you can never tell. And if I can crack this case they'll put me on top salary sure. And it's about time."

He read part of a story in the magazine and as he stood up to take another smoke, the boy said faintly: "At eighty-three, then."

The detective bent down and said: "What was that?"

The kid opened his eyes slowly and stared up at the dick's large face. The detective tried to smile and said: "I'm a detective, kid," and he took out his wallet and held up his badge. "Who shot you?"

"Shot me?" the boy whispered.

"Sure. Who tried to bump you off as you were crossing Seventh Ave.? Did you see any of the faces in the car? Come on, who was out to drill you?"

"Shot?" the kid whispered slowly. "I remember the car, a big car, and then . . . I thought it hit me."

"Listen, punk, don't try to stall me. The only thing that hit you was a big slug. You ain't got much time, who knocked you off?" the detective said coldly and not too loudly.

"I don't know."

"Come on."

"Honestly, I don't know."

For a second the detective stared at him, then he said in an almost gentle voice: "Look, kid, you're dying, done for. They can't do nothing to you anymore. Just tell me who done it and I'll see that they get the chair."

The kid's eyes opened wide and he tried to sit up and then he said faintly: "Dying?"

"Sure, they pumped a hole right through your belly, a big hole. Tell me who did it, kid? You're through, you ain't got a thing to lose."

The boy tried to say something, and his mouth opened and no sounds came out and he lay very still for a moment, then he said softly: "If I'm dying I want to see a girl. Please call my girl and . . ."

"A girl!" the detective said. "Say, what the hell do you think this is, a party? Listen, this means something to me. I was a harness bull for five years till I sweated a guy for thirty-six hours straight, and then he confessed. Come on, talk up, or I'll make you. I got to know who shot you. Come on, who was it? Who was after you?"



"Nobody was after me, nobody would want to shoot me. I want to speak to my girl. I've got to see her," the boy said, his voice rising a bit.

"Tell me who did it and I'll let you see your jane."

"I don't know who shot me!"

The dick looked at the kid. It wouldn't do to hit him, they would see the mark. But maybe an easy one would scare him. He said: "Come on, talk," and punched the kid lightly on the jaw. The kid shut his eyes and seemed to sink down into the bed and the detective wondered if he was dead. But in a few seconds the boy opened his eyes again and the dick said: "See, I mean business. Who did it?"

The kid didn't say anything and the detective suddenly reached down and pushed his thumb into the bandages over the boy's stomach. The kid's face went white and screwed up with pain. "Who did it?" the detective half yelled.

"I don't know!" the kid gasped, his voice shrill.

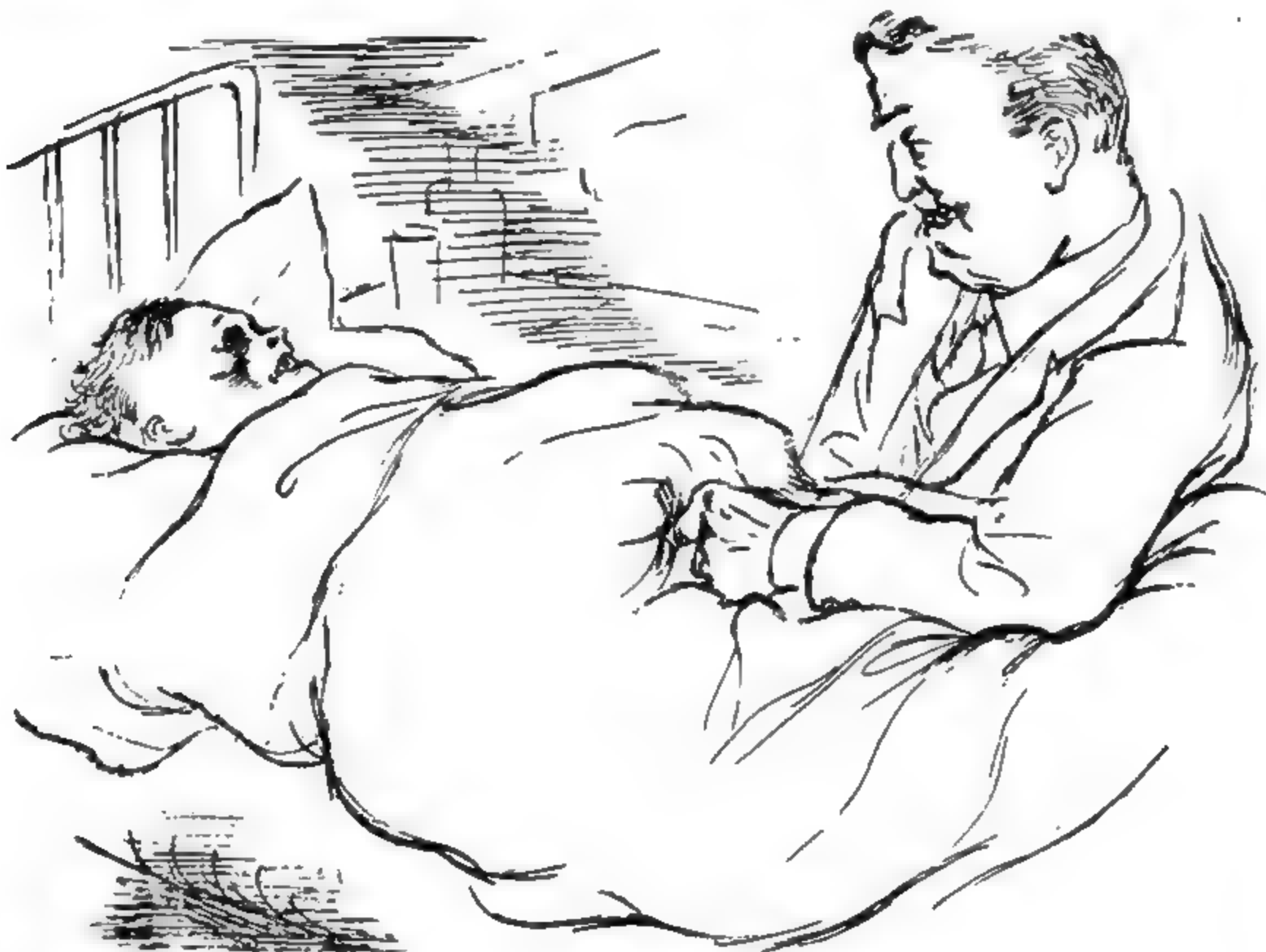
"Don't stall me, who did it?"

"I don't know. I told you I don't know," the boy said feebly.

"All right," the dick said, and pressed his thumb hard and deep into the soft white bandages. The boy squirmed violently for a moment, his face contorted and grotesque, his mouth open wide—as if fighting for air, and then he was still. The detective felt his thumb getting wet and he saw that there was a little blood on the end of his thumb and a dim small red spot on the bandages began to grow larger and brighter. The dick wiped his thumb with a handkerchief and looked at the kid. Then he pressed the button for the doctor.

In one corner of the anteroom, an old stout woman was sobbing hysterically while a worn gray-haired man stroked her shoulder and tried to comfort her. The intern said: "Perhaps you had better let me take your wife into the other room and give her something to quiet her nerves. A little sleep, after this shock, would be good for her." The old man nodded and the detective helped the doctor half-walk, half-carry the mother into the next room and sit her on a bed. Then the detective went back and sat down next

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DRAWINGS BY GEORGE GROSZ



“Well, if it IS Santa Claus, Miss DeVere, have him come down and register”



"Now with two razors, Dad, how about using this for sharpening only?"

When I Build a House

**Any sound, practical fellow prefers
to keep his clothes on the closet
floor, where it's easy to find them**

by PARKE CUMMINGS

• SATIRE •

IT IS, of course, trite to state that anyone who builds a house should make sure that it fits his own personal needs and preferences, but, trite or not, it strikes me as an excellent rule—a rule all too seldom followed. When I build my house, I intend to take this maxim seriously—really seriously. My domicile—if it ever gets built—is going to suit my yearnings and idiosyncrasies and obsessions even if it kills the architects who build it, and drives the other members of my family and guests crazy. After all, who's going to pay for this house? The Federal Housing Project, probably.

One of the things on which every house-builder goes wrong—I say *every*, and I'll prove it—is the matter of closet room. Everyone you ever heard of invariably says: "The closets in my house are going to be really huge," but are they? Never. Now I have figured this thing out mathematically, and my conclusion is that any closet, however large, which is still smaller than the room or hall it opens on, isn't large enough. It's very simple when you stop to think about it. Closets, after all, are to put things in.

Now it is a matter of elementary geometry that it is easier to make a given object occupy a large space than a small space. Accordingly if I build a bedroom that is three times bigger than its closet, it is going to be three times easier for me to throw my discarded shirts, and suits and sweaters in the bedroom than in the closet. And such things are supposed to be put in closets when I'm not wearing them. I never exactly understood why, but my mother always said so, and now my wife does, and what does arguing get a fellow?

Accordingly the closets in my house are going to be *bigger* than its rooms and halls, and hence enable me to insert objects in them with absolutely no effort, mental or physical. But that won't be the only radical feature about them. These closets are going to have no hooks and no shelves—nothing but floor space. This, remember, is because they are going to be *my* closets, and I like to throw things on the floor. And here let me remark that one of the queerest aspects of so-called chivalry is the tradition that a man should pick up things for a woman when she drops them. It is queer because there is nothing women delight in as much as picking things up and putting them somewhere else. They

like to pick up pillows from one chair and put them on another. They like to pick up papers from the left side of a man's desk and put them on the right side. And above everything else they like to pick up things from the floor.

Now it so happens that the one thing I delight in is throwing things on the floor. I like to throw them there, like to see them there, and, above all, I like to have them stay there. And that is why the closets—at least my own

personal ones in my house—will have no hooks or shelves. They will be my own private sanctuaries, under my lock and key, and any woman who so much as sticks her nose into them is going to get just what Bluebeard's wives got.

The floors of these closets will be littered with hats, dirty tennis shirts, empty cigarette packs, unpaid bills, shoes, hockey sticks, socks, garden tools, books, handkerchiefs, road maps, magazines, Sunday papers, tobacco tins, gloves and all the

countless other objects that all healthy, normal, right-thinking men like to throw on the floor. They will remain exactly where I throw them, and this will mean that I'll always be able to put my hands on them at a moment's notice, because, contrary to a widespread feminine delusion, a man can always find things he has thrown about carelessly, but is helpless when his wife or a maid has picked them up and deposited them in some fantastic place like a bureau drawer, a closet shelf, or a tool shed.

Another problem which I am going to attempt to solve—attempt is the best I can promise—is the pencil problem. By that I mean that problem of having pencils at hand when I or any other members of my household want to get hold of one. I have given some attention to the puzzle of why pencils unaccountably disappear, and have even listed my findings and theories. Space only permits me to say that the answer appears to lie in the domain of Black Magic and cannot be explained by science as we understand the term. Some pencils, of course, are stolen, and others wear out, but this still doesn't account for the ones that are attached to strings or chains and simply vanish into thin air.

Accordingly, since pencils *will* vanish, I have decided that the only solution to the problem is sheer force of numbers. My house

is simply going to have so many pencils within its confines that they can't disappear fast enough. I intend to have oil heat, and so in the place of the old-fashioned coal bin in my cellar will be a pencil bin from which disappearing desk, telephone and card-table pencils will be replaced daily by my servants. They will see that when the day starts, every room in my house contains at least two dozen. My plan still may not work, but I have hopes.

Rivalling the closets and the pencil bin in my edifice will be the party room. The chief feature of this won't be a bar, a dance floor, a grand piano or a complete gambling outfit. It will be sound-proofing. If I want to throw a late party, no neighbors of mine will complain of the noise, because they won't hear any. The room, being air conditioned, will have no windows, and its acoustics, like that of a modern broadcasting studio, will be such that, with all the bands in Harlem blasting away in it, a person could play chess in the adjoining room.

It should hardly be necessary for me to state, in view of the above, that the nursery will likewise be sound-proofed. No child of mine is ever going to reproach me, on the morning after, with: "Daddy, why were you making those funny noises and pretending you were a race horse last night? I couldn't get to sleep until you went to bed." And, conversely, I don't propose to have to listen to the wails of any of my offspring in the nursery unless I'm up there for the express purpose of hearing them wail. Of course I grant you that it may be necessary for somebody to hear them when something is really the matter. This, of course, will be taken care of by microphones, installed in the nursery, which will lead to loud-speakers in the nursemaid's quarters. Need I add that the nursemaid's quarters will be sound-proofed too?

Another personal idiosyncrasy to which my house is going to be fitted is my fondness for

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The Folk of Bloody Mountain

**These people of our oldest families
are reserved, finding emotional out-
let in music and religious revivals**

by THOMAS NEWMAN

• ARTICLE •

PERHAPS it is the present agitation over child brides, perhaps the sudden popularity of hillbilly songs, but the hill people have certainly come into prominence. Their beards and bare feet have become famous in the comic sheets. Shotgun wedding jokes are crowding out the traveling salesman. Feuds are a matter of Sunday Supplement concern, gossip for housewives as well as hillwives. I only hope that the mountaineers have been in some way compensated for their news value, the harvesting of their lives. I hope that at least the sale of moonshine has increased. It would seem only fair.

Now, I don't pretend to know anything about the hill folk of Tennessee, Arkansas, or Missouri, but about Kentucky I know all there is to say. I've lived several months out of every year in Pistol, Kentucky, where there are no roads fit for automobiles and where rattlesnakes have been known to sleep upon your porch. Pistol is possibly the smallest town in the United States and undoubtedly it is the most backward—it never even had a sign declaring its name until I painted one for the post office. It has no stores and only twelve inhabitants but it is in the center of the loveliest country I have ever seen. The hills and meadows outdo Vermont in lushness and, not content with this, go on to beat Colorado for sheer excellence of line and pattern. It is a cream-centered undulous land.

The people who live in Pistol and in its neighboring larger town, Bloody Mountain, can be used to illustrate the life and customs of the Kentucky hill folk. To begin with, I am not going to call them hillbillies, the word is never used in Kentucky and I have an idea my friends might object to the appellation. I also shall not speak of hillbilly songs. Mountain music is very fine and there is no resemblance between the songs of Bloody Mountain and the abortive efforts of Tin Pan Alley. I am sure that the mountain people of other states would show equal unfamiliarity with these radio favorites. I think they would become angry if they heard them termed as mountain music. Fortunately, no one in Bloody Mountain has a radio.

We will consider the Whitewalls, the Goes, the Edds, the Hammetts, the Treatsons, the Ladybees. The first three families originally got their land as grants from the King of England. These grants were so large that they sometimes covered several states. When the country became more solidly populated, they were nullified by the legislative bodies of those states. The second three families were trappers whose sons and daughters married the offspring of the Whitewalls, the Goes, and the Edds. Consequently almost

every person in Bloody Mountain is kin to almost every other person. Along with the aristocrats of Back Bay Boston these folk have the distinction of being America's Oldest Families.

Let's see how these Oldest Families live. I'm afraid they haven't advanced much since the days when their ancestors were pioneers. Many of them haven't even built outhouses and of course nowhere in this region will you find brick buildings, running water, or electric lights. They still make their own clothes, raise their own food and tobacco, and for many years there wasn't a general store in Bloody Mountain. They get married young, have children young, and die young. The reason for their early marriages is, of course, their early maturity: a girl of thirteen looks as old as a twenty-year-old city girl. She also has the same wishes and that is why there are so many child brides. As an obvious sequel, these mountain girls lose their bloom very quickly, like the rhododendron which is one of the principal flowers of Kentucky. At forty a mountain woman looks old and is old, this because of the hard work she has done all her life and her constantly unbalanced diet. Too much fats and grits, too little greens and fruits. They eat only what they like and they happen to like grease.

Johnny Goe, his wife, and three children can live on two hundred dollars a year. Their house isn't painted and the children haven't shoes but that isn't because they haven't enough money to buy shoes—it's just their mountain improvidence. If I pay Johnny for a cord of wood, he'll go to the general store and order not three pairs of shoes but a music box. Maybe his children will get hookworm but he'll wait until then before he buys them shoes.

I rent my house from Edd Whitewall. It has ten tremendous rooms with a fireplace in every room except the kitchen, but my rent is only seven dollars and fifty cents a month. Yet my neighbors claim that I am paying too much, they say that Edd is "lancing" me. Edd's wife, Medina Whitewall, comes every morning at five o'clock and cleans the house, cooks the meals, does the laundry. She has to walk six miles to our house and then six miles back. Two dollars a week is the tune of this. If we paid her more, the neighbors would regard us as dupes.

We have furnished our house with mountain furniture, which means that good maple, pine, and oak have been skillfully carved and most lovingly stained. If you could buy such furniture in the city the prices would be exorbitant, but let me tell you that none of our chairs cost more than a dollar-fifty and none of our beds more than three dollars. Our huge dining room table is made of oak

but it was bought for three-fifty. Our linen, toweling, and quilts are also mountain-made and their workmanship is painstaking and artistic, their prices ridiculous.

These people are very poor but one does not think of them as being poor because they themselves are not aware of it. Even though impoverished, they are proud and independent. Medina Whitewall invariably eats at the same table with us. If we suggested that she eat in the kitchen, as is the custom with servants, she would undoubtedly be hurt and quit her job. These folk are even sensitive about being paid for work and they refuse to discuss price. If I want a well drilled and I ask Hammett Ladybee how much he will charge, the answer is, "Hit won't break you, mister."

I insist, "But what will it cost?"

"Wal, I don't reckon as I could rightly say. Hit's whatever you want to pay me."

And he refuses to be more specific. When the work is completed he will tentatively name a price and always it is more than reasonable.

Our neighbors think of us as "quare" people. We arise at six and retire at midnight whereas their day begins at two a.m. and ends at sunset. By eight o'clock at night, all Pistol and Bloody Mountain are asleep.

I'm also sure that they regard my wife as a bad woman. She smokes in public; goes horseback riding without having any destination, just for the sake of riding or to watch a sunset; drinks cocktails instead of corn liquor; and shows that she loves her husband. These are the attributes of a bad woman. If she had three lovers no one would criticize her, that is, as long as she was not in love with any of the three but only accepted them as stallions. Mountain code decrees that a woman must love her husband but that she must never give evidence of affection, neither in public nor in the privacy of their home. The same rule applies to the husband and, as I have said, both of them may have as many lovers as they wish.

There is very little law in this section of Kentucky. There is a sheriff and two deputies but since everybody is kin, arrests are too embarrassing to occur often. People are usually left to settle their own disputes. Hatcher Hammett makes a "slip gap" in Jude Treatson's fence in order to allow his horse to graze in Jude's pasture which is richer than his own. Jude retaliates by tossing a piece of poisoned meat into Hatcher's yard, thus effectively killing all of Hatcher's hounds. Both of these hill men are proud and impetuous and there will probably be some shooting, but if the sheriff should intercede he would be despised by both parties. Two days later Hatcher Hammett hides behind a

rock, fires his shotgun at Jude as he is leaving his house, then flees for refuge to the swamps of Little Treacle. Jude dies and his sons go out gunning for Hatcher. And thus is started a feud which may last for many generations. The sheriff does not interfere, he would be killed if he tried to do his duty.

But feuds are not as common as they used to be. There was a time when Bloody Mountain well deserved its name but now it has an almost peaceable community. Very gradually the hill people have learned the uselessness of wiping out each other's families. Nowadays, if your neighbor's pig wanders into your garden, you don't start oiling your shotgun but instead you return the pig and ask for reparation. Feuds are usually started by a trifling action being taken too seriously, therefore if the two parties can be made to control themselves, the altercation can be settled by arbitration. No blood need be shed.

Still, if there is an unwritten law forbidding the sheriff to arrest any of his kin who are busy killing one another, there is plenty of fuss made should any newcomer commit the slightest transgression. When my wife and I first moved into the community our first visitor was the sheriff who demanded to see our marriage certificate. I think he was a trifle disappointed when we produced it. However, there was one fateful summer when I invited some college boys to stay with us. They were three good-looking young men and the hill girls were obviously interested. My friends returned the interest with interest and they asked me about the mountain belles. I said, "They are very promiscuous but if you should attempt to fool with them, you would either be arrested by the sheriff or shot by their fathers. Their favors belong only to the mountain boys. Their parents know that they are carrying on affairs with most of their cousins but somehow they don't object, that is, as long as the girl doesn't become pregnant. If she does and if her father can determine which boy was responsible, he goes to the culprit's father and demands as retribution either a cow, several sheep, or an immediate wedding—they are all equally satisfactory. Sometimes the girl's father cannot be sure of the miscreant and he attempts to bluff it out with the fathers of all the suspects . . . However, outsiders are treated very differently. I warn you."

But my friends were not convinced and they took advantage of the bold overtures of the village maidens. They pooh-poohed my fears and told me that they were prepared to meet any trouble that might arise—until one morning we saw Miles Ladybee, Edd Hammett, and Star Whitewall walk up our road with shotguns under their arms. The all-knowing college boys fled to the barn, where they covered themselves with hay and trembled mightily. I went out on the porch, greeted the hill men, and told them that the boys were off on a hunting

trip and I didn't know just when they would return. The men said they'd drop in some time during the evening and that I "shouldn't take this ill, t'aint no peeve agin you." Then they left with a promise to return "come dusky dark." My friends, of course, took the next train back to New York and I do not think they will visit me again. The hill fathers, when they came back that evening, suspected what I had done and demanded money. I gave each of them fifteen dollars and they went away satisfied.

These hill folk retain a great many of the pioneer customs and still adhere to much of the ideology. They believe a stranger should be shot on sight or, if left unshot, treated with border hospitality. They are tremendously curious about all details of the stranger's life and, with the utmost brashness, they will pump him until their curiosity is satisfied. Even I am asked, whenever I go for a



TEMPERA PAINTING BY ERIC LUNDGREN

walk, where I am going and why and when I expect to return. They would become very indignant if I told them to mind their own business, and of course I never do, am never brusque with them—because each man carries a pistol in his shirt and a rifle easily slid from the holster on his saddle. Even the young boys bring their pistols to the neighborhood parties. But as I said before, there is little shooting nowadays, and since ammunition is too expensive for them to indulge in mere practice, the average pistol-toting hill man is anything but a good shot. At the "turkey shoot" each November, farmers bring their turkeys and place them on a hillside for the inhabitants to fire at; you pay ten cents a shot and if you draw blood the gobbler is yours. The distance is never more than a hundred yards but there is not a mountaineer who does not pay more for his turkey than if he had bought it in the usual manner.

You have gathered, I hope, that these folk are austere, reserved, and yet emotional. You will ask, "Do their emotions ever have outlet or is the routine of their lives always hard and unbending?" I will answer that the silence of their lives is broken by their music and by religion. Almost everyone plays the guitar, accordion, or banjo and many of these instruments are homemade. The music consists of ballads set to simple tunes. Some of them are of Old English origin, some Early American, and many of the best were written by Willie Whitewall's father or by Willie himself. Everybody composes songs but nobody takes the trouble to write them down or to claim authorship. It is easy to see why these songs are so different from such radio-conscious efforts as *I Like Mountain Music*. Contemplative, sorrowful, or gay, the true mountain music has a traditional artistry that the popular composers don't even try to catch. When it is sad, there is a poignant dignity about the tune and words that does not admit of sentimentality. If you have heard such songs as *Down in the Valley*, *Red River Valley*, and *Barb'ry Allen*, you will understand what I mean. When the music is gay it is irrepressibly loony, as illustrated by such titles as: *The Cow*, *The Whistle*, *And The Catfish Face*, *My Gal Is Billy-Be-Damned* and *Pa's Done Et the Shotgun*.

Their religion may be Methodist or Episcopalian but their attendance is always more regular at the Holy Roller meetings. Theirs is essentially a religion without a theology, a revivalist religion, which gives them the opportunity to let loose surplus emotions. An itinerant revivalist is a welcome visitor to Bloody Mountain and the inhabitants lose no time in making him perform. In Holy Roller ecstasy the curfew is forgotten. Late at night I have seen wild dancing atop Finger Hill, Medina Whitewall with rolling eyes, Arch Edd with convulsions. Father Divine's adherents could not respond more vociferously than these mountain folk.

It is natural that the hill folk should be provincial but their narrowness is almost inconceivable. One man said to me, "My son's a-workin' out in Jackson County, clear out in the United States." They don't seem to realize that Bloody Mountain is a part of the United States, that they and their kin are American citizens. They recognize no bounds and bonds other than their county and their kin. Another proof of this is the story of Jack Jew. Jack came to Bloody Mountain and opened its first store, a general store. Jack was a Hebrew and he told his neighbors of this common phenomenon. They wouldn't believe him because somehow they had gotten the idea that all Jews had horns. Some one of them might have seen a picture of Michelangelo's statue of Moses but it seems very doubtful. Anyway, they refuse to believe Jack but just to appease him they call him Jack Jew.

Their hostility to strangers cannot be em-

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Gabby, the Work Horse

Gabby Hartnett, after sixteen years of big-league catching, still gets the biggest hand from the bleachers

by RALPH CANNON

• SPORTS •

"I'D LIKE to live to be a hundred and play a game of baseball every day."

That's the way big, ebullient, red-faced, laughing Gabby Hartnett, hero of millions, looks at his day's work. And therein lies the secret of his remarkable play after sixteen years of major league service at the hard-working job on the team—catching. The catcher is up and down on every pitch every day, while the pitchers perform only once or twice a week in these times. In addition to all the physical effort, the catcher has the signaling and inside ball to look after.

One of the reasons for Hartnett's great popularity with the fans is that he seems to enjoy his work. He is a great showman, but his joy in baseball is genuine. "I really enjoy my work. I really do," he will tell you. "I always say a man who doesn't like his work is just beating himself. I've been in the big league for sixteen years now, and I still have a couple of more ambitions I'd like to fulfill." These are to manage successfully a big league team, and to catch more games than any other catcher. He may attain both ambitions next season.

Perhaps Gabby refuses to make baseball laborious because he has a natural aversion to work. He relates this early aversion to work, as follows: "Back in 1921 I was living in Millville, Massachusetts, and working as a rubber in the American Steel and Wire mill at Worcester, twenty-six miles away. I had to arise at 5:30 in the morning to get to my job, and I never got home for supper until 7:30 at night. One morning it was twenty below when I set out for work. When I got into the plant I discovered that both of my ears had been frozen, causing me the greatest pain I have ever known. It felt like they were going to explode. The situation startled and angered me. Right then and there I denounced work in all its branches and vowed I'd never work again. And I never have."

Although his exuberant temperament enables him to avoid making baseball work, his great stamina has made him the "work horse" of the majors. The record he is most proud of is that of catching more than a hundred games a season for eleven seasons. His total games at the start of this season was 1594, well ahead of the 1330 National League record set by Bob O'Farrell in nine seasons. Gabby now wants to top Ray Schalk's

American League total of 1721 games in twelve years.

With all the grind of his long career of activity, he has never lost even a portion of his outward joviality. Experience has never tintured him. His bubbling vitality, his love of the game has carried him along. The boy has never left him.

Nobody can laugh to equal Gabby. He simply winds up and lets go. He laughs all over, reverberatingly. His face boils up as red as a lobster, and he simply shakes the house like a triumphant Roman emperor in the luxury of the Baths completely overwhelmed by great shouting outbursts.

But there are two sides to Gabby—the outward laughing boy shell which he wears with the superb carriage of a West Point cadet (that is the Irish blarney in him); and the inner pride and baseball courage of a man who ranks beside Babe Ruth and John McGraw in the annals of the game, the pride in his work as a craftsman and his base-

ball achievements that make him granite in a tough ball game.

He never says much that is profound or revealing; he protects his inner self with platitudes. "That's right. That's right," is perhaps his most-used expression. He never lets himself go, revealing his real feelings even in the rabid excitement of baseball warfare. That's control.

He speaks his pieces with his bat and mitt on the ball field—not in the back-office. That shell of commonplace gentility he has worn like a new suit of clothes would have equipped him ideally for a politician, but he has never let himself descend to the level of that species.

He has believed that his work on the field should speak his piece, and in carrying the Cubs year after year he has played a rôle, including a share of disappointed frustration, with the glamor and finesse of Richard Harding Davis' Van Bibber.

Increasing in value with the years, he virtually won the pennant for his team in '35 when he was put into the clean-up position, and the present season found him once more on the peaks, with consequent value to his club. The value of a catcher to a team is inestimable—as Mickey Cochrane showed at Detroit.

There is a funny reaction to Hartnett's

great work, however. He has established such a high standard that it is merely taken for granted, instead of being applauded.

After pitching to him, in the 1936 all-star game at Boston, Dizzy Dean, who is not particularly strong on building up rival ball players, said he didn't believe he'd ever lose a game if he could pitch to "big Gabby" all the time. "When you're pitching to him," Dizzy said, "it's like throwing a ball into a funnel. He gives you that big a target."

While his hitting has been getting better with the years, Hartnett has long been pre-eminent as a backstop, and he probably has the best throwing arm of any catcher in baseball. Some of the credit for his throwing he gives to Jack Doyle, the scout who dug him out of the county fair circuit of Massachusetts. Doyle, an old catcher himself with a "handful of peanuts" from crumpled fingers, the result of foul tips, taught Gabby to make his throw with one continuous, flowing, rhythmic motion, instead of stopping the ball and then starting his throw. Gabby's throws go down to second straight as a clothes line, but they are also as soft and light as cotton for the baseman handling the ball down there.

Doyle says he picked out Hartnett when he was a kid because a big fellow knocked him about twenty feet at the plate one day, but Leo held onto the ball and got up with his now-famous smile, and never said a word.

Hartnett's baseball talent first caught the omnipresent eye of organized baseball at a county fair game between Rockdale and Uxbridge at the latter village in Massachusetts back in 1920. Jess Burkett, a scout for the New York Giants, was the lucky man to get the first glimpse of him, but he booted his chance. Jess spoke to Hartnett about his work after the game, saying he'd try to line him up with the Giants. Later, however, Burkett decided to take his own son south with the Giants, and told Hartnett that McGraw had decided not to bother with any young ball players that year.

However, Jack Mack, Worcester manager, also had liked Hartnett's work, and gave him a tryout. One day late the next summer Gabby went to Mack after the ball game and asked for a loan of two dollars because he was broke and hungry. Mack handed him a "fin" saying, "Send me some postcards next spring from California."

"California? What do you mean California?" asked Gabby.

"Why," said Mack, "you'll be out there for spring training. I've just sold you to Jack Doyle of the Cubs."

On the way out to spring camp Hartnett got his famous nickname, although he has several including Puffy, Dowdy (his home town nickname derived from his father), and

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“—And what do you boys want for Christmas?”



"Well, now we're both ruined"

The Loss of a Lady

The Broadway show girl, who won success by doing nothing in a big way, is gone with the boom

by BERNARD SOBEL

• ARTICLE •



NO FORMAL announcement has been made thus far of her demise, the loss having little to do with the destiny of nations. But for the sake of Americana, that cloak which covers a multitude of private purposes, it seems necessary to record that the Broadway show girl has finally passed out. She sustained fatal injuries when stocks crashed some years ago, her critical condition being aggravated soon thereafter by the partial eclipse of the annual revue.

But what a gal she was while she lasted! She lived in clover on a bed of roses. She won first honors, lying down, for exacting the highest price for the least service. Even her origin was the result of usurpation. For with her birth in the first Follies, in 1908, she displaced forever the only member of the chorus who had up to then received any attention, the anonymous "little girl on the end."

From that moment on, the amusement world boasted a new phenomenon—a chorus girl with a name and personality, a fresh type of stage attraction, especially adapted to exploitation and glorification.

In an incredibly short time, she became a news feature, a feature linked with stellar success, personal tragedy, social achievement and underworld scandal.

But no matter what happened to her, the show girl proved to be just what the public wanted, especially the male public—a dame with the glamour of a star, minus the responsibilities, theoretically accessible for a price.

And thanks to outstanding beauty, talent, ingenuity or circumstance, successive girls captured the attention of the public throughout the decades, girls like Mae Murray, Olive Thomas, Martha Mansfield, Kay Laurel, Billie Dove, Jessie Reed, Marion Davies and Dorothy Mackaill.

By the time the Boom was at its height, the show girl was practically queen of the world, sought after by all grades of society, her presence an automatic testimonial of what was meritorious and *de rigueur*.

Whenever a new night club opened, a picked number of show girls, tactfully mixed with society people, would occupy a ringside table. And the master of ceremonies—often Texas Guinan or N. T. G.—would commence the nocturnal festivities by

introducing them elaborately while such prominent guests as Lady Mountbatten would crane their necks, jump out of their chairs and fall over each other in order to get a glimpse of divinities like Jacqueline Logan, Gypsy Rose Lee (now Louise Hovick), Beryl Halley, Flo Leeds, and Helen Lee Worthing.

As the competition for their attendance increased, swanky clubs like the Napoleon, Mansion and Park Avenue began to give the girls complimentary invitations for meals and cocktails thus making certain that their dining rooms and bars were always seductive.

Even snobbish Palm Beach succumbed to the show girl's spell. For the Sunset Club, a group intine, was created in order that attractive young women like Helen Herenden and Evelyn Gregg might drink sparkling burgundy and eat caviar with prominent bath and tennis members like Ambassador Anthony Drexel Biddle, Jr., and James R. Cromwell.

Atlantic Beach, at the height of its early success, counted frequently among its guests prominent show girls, with the news photographers showing them preference over Mrs. Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte.

Foreign potentates also gave the show girl special attention. The Maharajah of Kapurthala, on one of his visits here, gave an elaborate cocktail party for a selected group of Ziegfeld girls.

The event had the color and freshness of a Diaghlieff ballet, with handsome, blonde-haired girls talking and dancing with dark-skinned Orientals, Oxford graduates with magnificent titles of Minister of War and Minister of Finance.

The circumstances were decorous and urbane, of course, the Orientals, under the guise of hospitality, studying the show girls with the same interest that they would give to a new animal in the zoo; and the show girls, equally curious, appraising rapidly their potentialities from the standpoint of marriage, liaison and pocketbook.

Big business also paid homage. A Wall Street broker was glad to put money into a show if a producer would place his girl in it; and the producer, eager to oblige, would have a one-line part written for her so that she might stand out prominently for a moment.

When Ruth Morgan had a birthday, a Paramount picture official gave a party for her in his apartment, a place designed to duplicate a banquet scene in a motion picture, with a floor built in ascending tiers and a circular bar which disappeared into the wall. Nino Martini, of the Metropolitan Opera, provided the musical program, and the distinguished guests included Gertrude Lawrence and Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Miller.

In order that several ambitious young girls might enjoy the distinction of authorship, one publisher of a big monthly magazine provided a ghost writer who was authorized to affix their signatures to his pieces.

Meanwhile the show girl's fame piled up automatically. Pictures of Noel Frances, Naomi Johnson and Marion Benda illumined magazine covers; their names were printed in bold type on programs, their photographs made prominent in lobby displays.

Nina Pierson, an attractive blonde, broke into the highly publicized set of Col. and Mrs. George Washington Kavanagh and Mrs. Stanwood Menken. She attended the picturesque parties in the old Harold Vanderbilt mansion, where champagne and elaborate hors d'œuvres were free and where guests, including Mrs. Henry Hays Morgan, mother of Gloria Vanderbilt, stole upstairs, it is said, to gamble.

Soon, almost every girl in the nation wanted to be made a show girl, and almost every boy wanted to make a show girl. The resultant social status of the young woman was somewhat extraordinary.

Arriving on the wave of individualism and publicity, she negated, to a degree, all the established standards of the drawing room as well as the theatrical world.

One young lady was the envy of the entire ensemble. She had two admirers—an old gentleman who gave her an apartment on Park Avenue, car, chauffeur, garage and Pomeranian, and the producer of the revue in which she was appearing, who gave her a lavalier of diamonds and rubies. And there was no doubt whatsoever that he was the donor, for with little regard for the fact that the producer had a wife and several mistresses, she divulged his name in the privacy of the dressing room.

The professional duties of the show girl were simple. She walked on the stage languorously, stared rapidly at the audience and paraded occasionally. She wore beautiful clothes or almost nothing at all.

The rule backstage was to make things easy. Some of the girls, therefore, never reported till they made their brief appearance in the second act.

Oddly enough, even the men who paid her salary fell prey to the show girl's influence.



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The Little Flower

She could never go back to the ranch again, having once enjoyed a sense of power, and danger, among fighting men

by OLIVER LA FARGE

• FICTION •

THE Casa Azul was a keypoint for the Liberalista Army's attack on the plaza of Ocoténango. The commander's job there was a noisy, hot one, running from room to room in the stink of powder and roar of rifle-fire, keeping the men up to the windows, watching out for a Federal counter attack. Captain Marcos Cucup paused in the colonnade to breathe and mop his face. He wore dirty military trousers, a stained, white cotton shirt, and a straw sombrero. He had kicked off his shoes long ago. Looking about the trampled patio he saw no sign of his woman, and he'd run out of tobacco. He glanced along the colonnade to where La Florecita sat smoking. She had been watching him, but now she looked away. A pure Castilian type, it showed all over her, grimy though she was, the delicate, ivory face framed in curling black hair, the desirable, proud mouth. Cucup was an Indian, and she was the colonel's woman. The colonel, that pretty bastard, was being sick again somewhere in the stables, and since awhile back he'd asked her where the man was and she'd all but spat at him, he lacked the nerve now to ask her for a smoke. But she had plenty of good tobacco.

Paca, his own woman, came trotting up with a pack of cheap, cornhusk cigarettes and a gourd of water. He drank, lit up, and thanked her in their native dialect, the whining speech of the mountain tribes.

The sound of shooting ceased in the furthest room to the left. He hurried towards it, already cursing in competent Spanish.

La Florecita had been keenly aware of him, that Indian who was running Pedro's show while he was disgracing himself. If the Hawk found out, nephew or no nephew, her man was done for. And then what? Two men carrying a stretcher full of ammunition came through the back door by the stables. When they were halfway across the patio, a shell hit the ridge-pole of one wing, showering the place with fragments of steel, tiles, and wood. One of the men went down. Women who were tending their wounded behind the columns screamed and cowered. Artillery made

a great noise, but one didn't expect it to strike so close.

The unhurt soldier looked around uncertainly, not quite daring to abandon his load. He smiled when he saw La Florecita. She knew that look of confidence, and her pride answered, though just then she didn't give a damn about the ammunition. She went out to him. "They're all busy," she said, kneeling beside the casualty. "Dead." They crossed themselves. "Vamos."

She staggered slightly under the weight of the heavy load as they made for the central room. Cucup entered right after them with an exclamation of satisfaction. She saw him look at her with his eternal, blank, Indian mug and a leap of flame in the button-black eyes. That animal! She left without speaking.

She sat down again, mopping her face with her rebozo. That Pedro . . . She realized that she'd been bolstering him for months, but now

he'd fallen. Then what, who? They were winning in a great sweep, and she dreamed of riding in the capital in an automobile with a long hood, wearing a real, French hat, and the President's nephew beside her in a dress uniform, a man who touched the mandolin and made sweet love. Surely the good things can be had through a man one can love. Meditating there, she hardly heard the firing or the whine of stray bullets.

She started to alertness when a group of men entered the patio. The foremost one was short, broad, hard, middle-aged, with a hooked nose in a strong face, a square chin bracketed by rich, black, mustachios. He wore elastic-sided boots, spurs, cheap riding trousers, an officer's coat buttoned only at the bot-

tom, no shirt, two pistols, and a very handsome, gold-embroidered, black sombrero. His shoulders bore the three diamonds of a lieutenant-general. As the party came near she rose to her feet, one hand graceful against a column. She wished her face weren't so smutty.

The Hawk raised his hat with a wide gesture. "Good afternoon, Florecita. Where's

my nephew?" His eyes were a mixture of grey and brown, they looked far into one, hard eyes to lie to.

"Buenas tardes, mi general. He's inspecting, over there."

"Inspecting?" The general's eyes narrowed. "Have the goodness to fetch him, we're ready to start beginning."

She had to walk by the way they had come, through the stable entrance, while they watched, and there was no earthly reason why the commanding officer should be back there. She found him crouched in a corner, surrounded by cigarette butts. How had she thought him handsome, this nothingness?

"¡Por Dios, ven!" He just looked at her. "Come on! The Hawk is here."

He changed from pale to greenish and back to pale. The greater fear conquered, he rose, adjusting his sword, and preceded her into the patio. When he reached the general he saluted smartly, saying, "All goes

well here, uncle." Cucup was standing with the staff. The Hawk looked his nephew over carefully, his eyes lingering a moment on a piece of dried dung adhering to his belt buckle.

"I have warned and warned you," he said. "I've done all I could for you. *Muy bien*, you know the military law."

Pedro tried to speak, his tongue babbling between shaken lips. The Hawk's gun rose smoothly, jerked, with a report no louder than others dinning in their ears. Pedro put his hands against his chest, choked, spun round and fell.

The Hawk said, "I feel it greatly for you, Florecita. Forgive me. It was necessary." He turned about. "Friend Marcos!"

Cucup came forward.

"Take his eagles. You now command the Presidential Guard."

The Indian saluted, on his face a faint satisfaction showing. Florecita knelt by Pedro's head, staring at the men. The staff left, going straight across the patio, but the Hawk paused to look at his nephew, his head uncovered.

"Truth, I feel it greatly," he said. "But without discipline there is no army." He gave her a measuring look. "You will do better, señorita. *Con permiso*." He bowed and left.



Just while he spoke she was keenly aware of him, not handsome, not a type of lover, though he had gaiety and a good voice, but so much of a man. She watched his back. He hadn't looked at a woman since Cristina was killed. She gazed at Pedro's face, remembering good things, hopes, tendernesses. We tried so hard to make a man out of you, she thought, both the Hawk and I. Poor Pedro. She touched his hair, and immediately the fact of his deadness repelled her. Where had the love gone? She felt merely empty inside, and knew that the whole structure she'd been upholding in herself as well as in him had collapsed while he crouched out there in the stable yard.

At a scuffling sound she looked beside her, seeing Cucup's dirty, bare feet, then raised her eyes to take in the rest of him.

He said, "By your permission, señorita."

She did now answer. Kneeling, he crossed himself, then took the eagles from Pedro's shoulders and pinned them on himself. She saw pride in the tired, controlled face. He looked at her sidelong. He was a colonel now and going higher, he who had been a skulking Indian outlaw with a dozen followers, he was breaking far beyond the walls of caste. He watched the Castilian woman out of the corners of his eyes.

"Do not blame me for this," he said. "I did not tell."

"He must be buried. I want some men and a stretcher, we can take him to that church back there—San Pablo."

"They are yours. I'll send four." He rose. "If anything else offers itself—"

"Don't trouble yourself. That's all." She wanted to be rid of him.

She followed the stretcher-bearers down side streets to the church, and when they had gone, knelt comfortably. Pedro would be taken care of here. It was cool in the big building, the battle was muffled. She prayed a little. It ended when he hid in the stable; I'd known it before, but then it all added up. Poor Pedro. And now who? A woman alone is a little worse than helpless. The Hawk is invulnerable. José María now . . . no, Ramona would kill her. Desiderio would be delighted, but he's a beast. If only the Hawk, but since Cristina died . . . Felipe—that cruel mouth—they say . . . She sighed wearily. We'll see. She rose, made sure that Pedro was well covered, and went out.

By the change in the noise of fighting she knew that the attack must have broken through the plaza and rolled well beyond. If the Hawk got them on the run, he'd go straight on to Olinlán, and the capital is full of brilliant women, experienced, gifted, to eclipse the handsomest of country girls.

They had made their quarters in a little farmhouse outside the town, well away from stray bullets. There she headed now. When she entered, she stopped short, swearing viciously. Someone had been there, ransacking the place, and had got away with every small thing of value. Now who would know already, and be free to come? Those stretcher-bearers before they went back, the ghouls! Diving her hand into a jar full of chiles, she brought up a package of coins, two gold

watches, her amethyst earrings, and an elaborate fountain pen which she believed to be gold. That was something. She put them back, and with a mechanical gesture touched her waist where the little automatic was hidden.

In the little back compound she saw that her horse and Juan's were still safe. When she had fed them, she returned to the single room and barred the door. Since they had been winning, the Hawk had kept looting down, and the army would be too busy tonight to bother with a little house outside of town. She could stay here all right, she needed to be alone for awhile. Life had become so constant and crowded.

This little ranch was the familiar setting of her childhood. Lying in her blankets, she searched within herself for Flora González the country belle whose dancing used to make the vaqueros' eyes burn. One might go back to that valley, to peace and monotony, marry, have children, become a matron, a grandmother . . . Even while she imagined rustic peace, she remembered back-breaking toil at the river, beating heavy clothes, remembered the drudgery of the grinding-stone, the screams of childbirth, tired women



with a child on the hip and others clamoring underfoot while they made ready for the eternal return of hungry men. One can have well-kept hands, wear silk, be courted. It was not only that. Flora González ceased when Agapito Garrido, raiding the valley for beef and horses, snatched her up to his saddle. She screamed and fought and cried, but even then there had been another feeling. Agapito was dead, and now Pedro. Perhaps the ranch was better after all. Trudging after the army, sleeping on the ground—her hands were still hard, a bullet kills a woman as readily as it does a man.

Only one couldn't go back, once one had become La Florecita; it was the sense of power and danger when the fighting men, the king-makers, desired a girl, the vividness of this life, the sense of being what she was. It wasn't to that long obliterated ranch girl that the ammunition-bearer looked with such confidence.

But with that, and all the dangers and hardships, she wanted the rewards which now were awaiting all their hands. The simple soldadera toils and struggles, and goes up and down with her man; a famed beauty at the top is secure, however the wheel turns there is a leader who wants her. She was determined on the best or nothing. What leader then? That animal Desiderio, or Tomás Aragón with his great paunch? Some younger man, more likable, less significant, of course there would be promotions when the Hawk was President. Pedro, as commander of the guard, would have become a general. Well, she would see.

In the morning she rode into the silent, scarred town with no definite plan in mind, but feeling confident. Hearing bugles in the plaza she headed there for news. At the entrance an officer stopped her with a sharp "¿Quién viva? Par' adonde?" A dozen men lounged behind him.

"Viva el Pueblo. I'm following the army."

The officer, a captain, recognized her. "La Florecita."

"It's I. Which way did my regiment go?"

"To the capital. But I fear we'll have to commandeer your horse, señorita." He came closer and put a hand on the bridle. "Why don't you stay here? I'm in command of this town, and—"

"Are you crazy?" she cut in. "Touch this horse and you'll be in trouble."

He flushed angrily, then grinned. "What a shame about Colonel Fernández. I'm sure you miss him."

She thought fast, this was serious. The pig knew she was unprotected. "I go with the guard, *mi capitán*. Colonel Cucup is waiting for me."

The man's face fell, he looked frightened. "Pardon, señorita. My felicitations to the colonel."

"Muy bien. With your permission—I've leagues to ride."

Trotting along the dusty road to Olinlán, she thought hard. Cucup seemed to be the man of the hour. But an Indian, and that grotesque name. No graces, no arts of pleasing, no breeding, but still a man, not gross, fairly young. His woman might make trouble. It was going to be all over soon, with the Indian established in his glory. If he became general, he'd have to change that name. An Indian who has advanced so far wants every accessory of his new caste, and he'd be ashamed of that barefooted woman of his. She faced, struggled, and accepted the grim fact that life is a long series of hard payments. Cucup then, before he became general. Setting her sombrero with the military insignia more firmly on her head, she pushed on, keeping the horse up with her spurs.

From a single visit she remembered the capital as a brilliant confusion, automobiles, carriages, ox-carts, the crowded sidewalks, the great, glass windows where beautiful images like saints displayed women's clothes, the slow magnificent *pasear* of gleaming vehicles along the Alameda at five o'clock, to where the band played in the Plaza, the fact that the most elegant women wore hats and neither shawl, mantilla nor rebozo. She had been a simple, open-mouthed country girl, holding fast to her mother's hand. And now,

Continued on page 162

Blampied: French Peasant

**He helps us to understand his people,
painting them, without condescension,
in pictures that share their lives**

by HARRY SALPETER

• ARTICLE •

IN THE English Channel there has reposed these many years a group of islands the very existence of which is unsuspected by most people. The largest of these has given us a number of things, the name for one of the forty-eight states, a breed of cow, a woolen jacket and one of the greatest living artists. The island is Jersey and the artist is Edmund Blampied, the only export of that Channel isle with which we are concerned.

Blampied is an all-round artist. He has many skills. He has cast in bronze, painted in oils and water colors, drawn in lithographic crayon, pen, pencil and pastel, etched with needle and nail. The cognoscenti know him only as a black and white artist, as a maker of etchings, lithographs and drypoints. In this issue of *ESQUIRE*, however, he is presented through his water colors only, but in them there is the authentic and recognizable Blampied of the etchings that collectors know and prize. The subject matter varies not at all, the treatment only insofar as color has a way of adding a softening and ingratiating quality to black and white.

He is English by birth, citizenship, allegiance, residence. He is a French peasant in many characteristics and in temperament. The Channel Islands are under English sovereignty but their people are the sons of Frenchmen who came originally from Brittany and Normandy. The language spoken on the isle of Jersey, and therefore Blampied's mother tongue, is a patois deriving from the old Norman tongue. Ignorance of any other language made Blampied seem a dumb lad when he hit London in his seventeenth year to learn about the mediums of art. His people are French peasants, or more closely akin to them than to the English, and his sources in art are French, particularly Millet and Forain. He lives in London but he does his traveling in Normandy and Brittany, Provence and Savoy, not to mention Paris and its quays along the Seine, and even today, more than fifty years after his birth, his idea of a summer vacation from London is a trip to his native isle.

Blampied is one of those artists who is known by his work alone, not by expressions of personality distinct from it, not by any eccentricity. Certainly so far as America is concerned, his work does all the publicity he requires for it. This writer has never been to London, Blampied had never visited America. Some sort of glimpse of the man Blampied was desirable. A fitful one was obtained through the kind offices of a non-journalist friend who was visiting London last summer and who undertook a brief interview by proxy. From him I learn that Blampied "is short and stocky in build and is almost bald. What is left of his hair is mostly grey. His

complexion I'd say is fair. He doesn't look like the farmer's boy," which I understand to mean that Blampied does not share the allegedly rural gullibility concerning the value of gold bricks. My informant discovered more, that the artist is jovial and has a grand sense of humor and that he is both sincere and modest. His hobbies are writing, reading and gardening and he has no present intention of visiting the New World.

* * *

Edmund Blampied saw the light of the world March 30, 1886 on his father's farm in St. Martin's Parish, Jersey, but his father had died a day or two before his birth and funds for the child's education entrusted to an old friend's care were embezzled so that Edmund grew up a typical farm lad, concerned chiefly with peasants and horses and crops of potatoes and turnips and the gathering of that specialized Jersey crop, *vraie*, or seaweed, much prized as a fertilizer. His education seeped in through his eyes, his nose, his ears and his skin, all of which remarked the human attributes of the natives with whom he worked and the ways of horses pulling loads, or resting, rushing home in the rain, or splashing into the surf, and the looks and ways of strangers who came seasonally from Brittany and Normandy to help plant the potato crop and harvest the *vraie*. Nothing characteristic or significant is lost when a bright-eyed lad is about, remarking and registering and now and then making a sketch or two.

He began making conscious and unconscious notations of men and horses in action and in repose. It was not much later that he began making sketches. He was still a snip of a lad—perhaps a stocky snip—when he tacked up a number of these sketches at his first exhibition—at an agricultural fair, appropriately enough.

Come to think of it, his black and whites, perhaps more than his color work, would feel no less at home on the walls of any American farm county fair and in the comprehension of the average farmer than they do in the select establishments of New York, London and Paris galleries and in the understanding of collectors and amateurs.

It takes taste to see the promise of the man-artist hidden in the tentative line of a boy's sketch pad. Anyone can be intimidated into respect by an old master's design. Perhaps the most important thing that happened to the young Edmund was that a Miss Klintz, an Alsatian lady who ran an art school for young people at St. Helier, the island's metropolis, came to the fair and stopped a moment before the fourteen-year-old boy's sketches. Had Miss Klintz not come to the fair, Blampied's career would not nec-

essarily have been blighted, but he would have remained a farm boy a little longer, a possibility not entirely tragic when you consider the mild and beneficent climate of Jersey.

At any event she saw the sketches, sought out the boy who had made them and offered him free tuition at her school. In this manner, when not yet fifteen, he first saw the spires of a city, St. Helier, which, in 1900 or 1901, had somewhat less than 20,000 inhabitants. He remained with Miss Klintz for several years, absorbing, by his own account, the best instruction he ever had. Then when Miss Klintz felt that she had taught the young man all that she could teach him about art, he was sent off to London, with a purse supplied by a well-to-do resident of St. Helier, to study at the Lambeth Art School. He was then seventeen.

He had for speech his native Jersey patois and only enough English to make sure of loneliness for which he compensated by spending evening after evening in his room giving form with pen, pencil and chalk to his memories of Jersey life and Jersey folk and their four-footed associates and helpers.

As the end approached of his first year in London things looked black for Blampied. His money was giving out and he was faced with the prospect of returning to Jersey and to farm labor. But just at the right moment he was awarded a scholarship which gave him a second year of freedom and London, and after that there were to be no more alarms, for about the same time the editor of the London *Daily Chronicle*, or someone equally potent, asked the director of the school to recommend a promising student for the job of making black and white sketches in connection with the news of the day; Blampied was selected.

He kept this job and the job kept him for several years. The *Chronicle* connection led to others. He illustrated for magazines and for book publishers and such a stream of sketches ran from his pen that he had to think up another name with which to sign his more commercial work.

His interest in art, however, continued unabated and he knew how to work. While he made his living as an illustrator by day, he continued to study art by night, for he had far to go.

After the Lambeth School had closed its doors behind him, he enrolled at the London County Council Art School where, from 1912, he specialized in etching under the instruction of Walter Seymour. He was a veteran etcher and illustrator when, in 1920, attempting to conquer another process, he joined the class in lithography at the London County Council Central School of

Continued on page 171



PEACEFUL AND SLOW-MOVING



LITTLE POLITICS

Six Water Colors

by EDMUND BLAMPIED

EDMUND BLAMPIED grew up a typical farm lad, concerned chiefly with peasants and horses and crops of potatoes and turnips and the gathering of that specialized Jersey crop, vraic, or seaweed, much prized as a fertilizer. His education seeped in through his eyes, his nose, his ears and his skin, all of which remarked the human attributes of the natives with whom he worked and the ways of horses pulling loads, or resting, rushing home in the rain, or splashing into the surf, and the looks and ways of strangers who came seasonally from Brittany and Normandy to help plant the potato crop and harvest the vraic. His earliest work treats frankly of horses and cows placed in surroundings which are only vaguely suggested. Even today there is only just enough landscape around his animate figures to suggest the function and the place of those figures in their settings. There is nothing hard and set about his work. It is a fluid thing. There is emotion and even violence. Blampied's art has given us the key to a simple and happy world, a world in which a horse represents all that is known of horse power and men and women live by routines we might easily, but not condescendingly, call primitive.

These water colors were reproduced in Chicago through courtesy of the Guy Mayer Gallery, 41 East 57th Street, New York City



RETURN TO THE FARM



SUNSHINE AND SHADOW ON THE SEINE



THE CHEAP LODGING HOUSE



SEAWEED HARVESTERS



"Please, Mr. Horton—there's such a thing as carrying this spirit of giving too far!"

Exactly Six O'Clock

**An absurd, yet undeniable, fascination
in the revolting little clock chilled
him with a superstitious sort of dread**

by FREEMAN TUCK

• FICTION •

JOHN CHUBB was the first to arrive at the party. He had come early, he apologized to his host, because he had promised to dine with an out-of-town business prospect at six-thirty (ungodly hour!) so would be obliged to break away by six o'clock at the latest.

"Too bad!" said Charlie Slingsby, who had answered the door himself, violently agitating in one hand a chromium cocktail shaker whose outside was dripping dew.

With a wide gesture, vague and friendly, he sent Chubb into a large room furnished and decorated in the mood of a Picasso abstraction.

"I'll be with you!" sang Charlie Slingsby's voice from far down a corridor, and continued in a higher key: "Hel-EN! Yoo-hoo! Guess who's here—John!"

John looked at his watch, which had stopped. He then looked for a clock to set it by, and was quick to find one, attracted to it by a loud and businesslike ticking which announced its presence in the room even before he saw it. When at last he discovered it, incongruously perched on a metal bookcase between a Marie Laurencin and a piece of sculpture which was fairly obviously an erotic portrait of an avocado pear, he was as astonished and almost as nauseated as if he had happened upon a tarantula.

It was a hideous little thing, making twice as much noise as it had any business to, considering its size. As if to steady his nerves, he set his watch with precision, then glanced again at the clock with acute dislike. The glance became a fascinated stare. Only about four inches high, the nasty, outlandish object was made of some sort of shiny black composition which had been molded into the shape of a demon, obese and grinning. It sat tailor-fashion, legs crossed, hands on knees, and had a face more offensive than that of any gargoyle or picture of a gargoyle he had ever seen. But the utterly revolting thing about it was the way the clock face was incorporated into the abdomen, so that the hub around which the hands turned was at the point where the navel should be.

"Tick tick tick tick!" it went, and it sounded as if the monster were clicking its tongue with disapproval, or else spitting in derision. John shuddered, not only because he was shocked to the esthetic depths of his being, and not a little surprised at Helen and Charlie for having such a thing in their apartment, but because of a perfectly ridiculous



but undeniable sensation of superstitious horror generated in the backwoods of his mind by the hellish thing.

"Making friends with my devil clock, are you, Johnnie?" John shied like a nervous colt at the sound of Helen Slingsby's voice and turned to her with an almost guilty grin as she slid silkily into the room and stood with eyes mocking him from between green-shadowed eyelids.

"Isn't he just the ugliest thing you ever saw?" she demanded, looking fondly at the excrescence.

"My God, Helen, yes," he agreed with something very near to irascibility, "what in hell is it doing in this apartment?"

"That," said Helen, stroking the object with an appreciative fingertip, "is the exclamation of an uninitiate. Oh, I know, darling, that he's not beautiful to look at. He has a face only a devil could love, and as for his figure, well, we won't discuss it. But he's truly a marvel of accuracy. And besides, he has a picturesque past, which is more than you can say about anything else in this domicile!" and she waved her hand about the room in cheerful deprecation of her own exceedingly modern tastes.

"I could believe almost anything you were to tell me about *its* past," John sighed, refusing to enter into Helen's little game of giving the atrocity a gender. "I suppose you got it from a Jinni in exchange for a chromium alarm clock?"

"Not a bad guess, Johnnie old dear, though a bit too colorful. No, I bought him with perfectly good money from a repulsive little brown-skinned man in a hole-in-the-wall sort of old curiosity shop where I sheltered from the rain one day last week. I felt I had to buy something, out of mere politeness. He told

me Beelzebub would keep exact time if I wound him every afternoon, though he wouldn't vouch for what he'd do if I forgot. The man was a prophet. He's exact to the fraction of a second. I mustn't forget to wind him today. Think I'd better do it now in case I forget later."

She picked up a small key and was about to put it to use when a deluge of exclamatory guests descended upon her and she put the key down and began an incoherent series of greetings and introductions. People came thick and fast after that and the party gathered momentum.

The cocktails were excellent, and John, having annexed the most enticing girl in the room in spite of his bald head, reflected

happily upon the plausibility of the axiom that life begins after thirty-nine.

He did not forget, however, that dinner was to begin at six-thirty, and that he must leave no later than six o'clock if he were going to put the final telling touch to what gave promise of being a brilliant bit of business.

A little later he looked apprehensively at his watch. Ten to six. That gave him just enough time to induce Gloria to go over to the window with him to look at the superb sunset. He suggested it, and while they walked window-wards, delicately balancing their newly filled glasses, he watched with appraisal mounting to applause the supple articulation of her knowingly attired body.

Purple, crimson and saffron were hot in the sky, and dyed the East River with their magnificence. The cocktails were not only excellent, but decidedly potent, and what with their influence and the effect of the slanting sunlight on Gloria's hair and silk-sheathed breasts John felt as if the unrealized ecstasy of a more or less wasted life was about to be compressed into a series of vivid hours, beginning now, continuing perhaps tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow. A vista of days opened up before his elated mind, like two opposed mirrors, with Gloria in the center of each, repeated to infinity.

He'd have to hold on to himself, by George, or he'd forget to leave at six o'clock. Why the hell had he promised to dine so early? Gloria was illicitly attractive. Women shouldn't be allowed to undulate like that, at least, not when one had so little time to do anything about it. He wanted nothing less than the whole evening with her, to enjoy in unhurried progression the inestimable delights of her personality and her person—yet he must leave at six o'clock.

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Lactatio Serotina

The motherless infant cried in its hunger and it was decided that the witch doctor must perform a miracle

by COMDR. ATTILIO GATTI

• ARTICLE •

IN AFRICA one hears many things. But that a witch doctor could in twenty-four hours transform a virgin, or an old crone long past the age of maternity, into a woman perfectly prepared to nurse a baby until the time of its weaning, I had never believed.

Yet during my last expedition I was able to see with my own eyes a part of this extraordinary and mysterious operation, perhaps one of the highest accomplishments of native practices.

"Musungu," my faithful cook, came to say to me one afternoon, "tonight." And with a secretive air he pointed with his thumb toward the west where on the top of a hill I could faintly discern the group of huts of Magugu, "the great witch doctor of the milk."

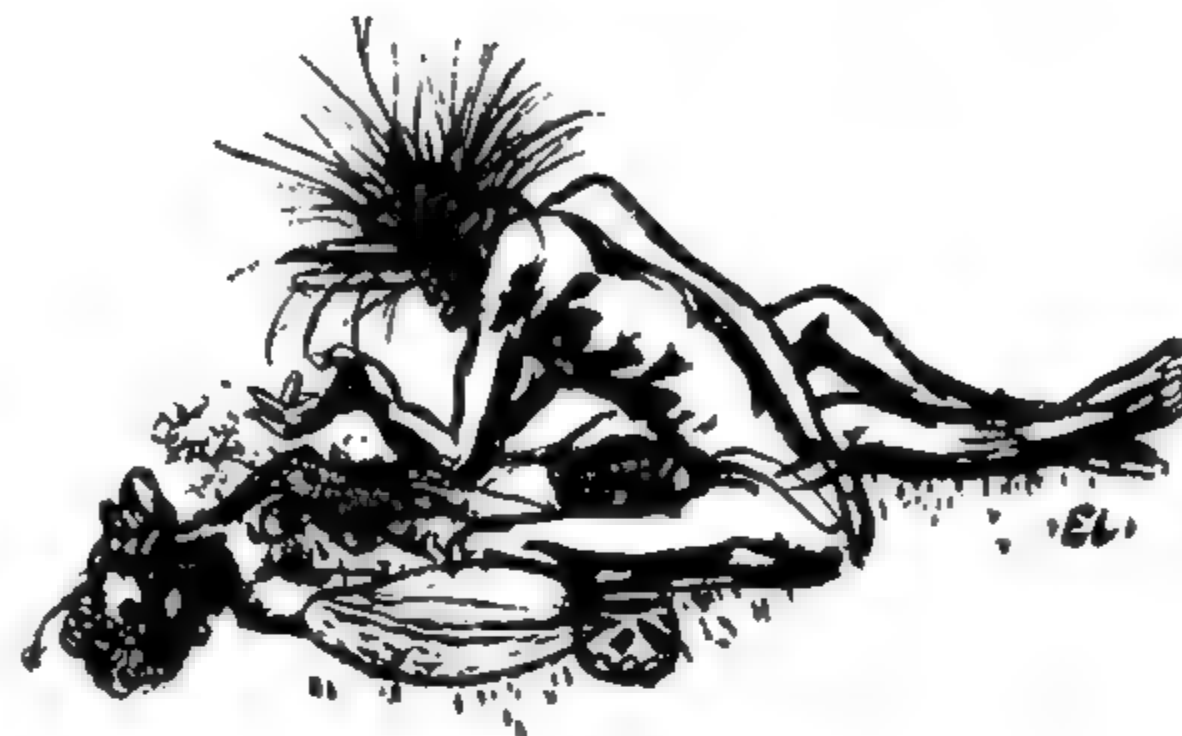
How he had succeeded in learning what was to happen, I do not know. Being a native, he certainly had far more facilities than I for discovering native secrets. And being a member of a distant tribe, he had no objection to giving me information he would never have disclosed had he been among his own people.

He was, in fact, not at all loath to answer my questions.

"Musungu," he said, "the spirits have taken away the youngest wife of Nomazindela, the warrior. And her pickaninny has not yet seen a whole moon. In Nomazindela's huts there are no old women, so the virgin Tehakini was brought this morning to Magugu and tomorrow she will nurse the pickaninny who cries unceasingly, tortured with hunger."

As unbelievable as it may seem, this is what is done among several of the most primitive peoples of the world. When a mother dies leaving a child not yet weaned, as their customs do not permit an infant to have any other nourishment but mother's milk, they must find a substitute. And it is then that the special wise men function and the "miracle" is accomplished. Something like that, it has been scientifically proved, do the Eskimos, the Maoris, the Arawakis. So much so, that the phenomena has even been given a formal Latin name, *Lactatio Serotina* by Bartels, a famous German scientist.

But was it possible, I thought, that the Zulu witch doctors of South Africa also knew this extraordinary feat? This was not known at all, yet. Or was it not a legend originated by some virgin who had had a lover, or some married woman who had committed adultery and who, working with the witch doctor, had concocted this ruse to conceal from her simple-



minded family the consequences of an illegal maternity? At any rate, I was intensely interested in discovering the truth of the matter.

And now, it appeared, I was to have the opportunity I sought.

It was already quite late that night when I slipped silently out of my tent, alone save for my rifle.

Half an hour's walk brought me near the witch doctor's huts. Then with the precaution of a Red Indian I wormed my way into a large clump of bushes immediately opposite the hut occupied by Magugu and there I hid.

Darkness and silence reigned in the *kraal*.

I knew that Magugu would surely have sent his wives and children away while he performed his mysterious ministry. Nor had I to fear the approach of anyone else, for no Zulu on earth would come near the sacred *kraal* while such a ceremony was in progress.

The witch doctor, of course, was far from suspecting my presence. He had left uncovered the low opening to his hut, and by the illumination of the fire burning within I could see quite clearly a portion of the interior. Lying flat on the ground, I arranged a sort of observatory between the leaves. From there I could see the silhouette of Magugu squatted near the fire busily manipulating something.

When he altered his position, I saw that the virgin Tehakini was lying on the ground immediately behind him.

I knew this young girl fairly well. She had come several times to my camp with her father. She was a handsome creature of about sixteen years, not yet betrothed.

From the part of her body revealed by the oval opening of the hut, I judged she was completely naked. Her firm and well-developed breasts were covered by a sort of poultice which appeared to me to be composed of the leaves of some tree mingled with ashes, although I could not see distinctly enough to be sure.

Magugu carefully removed whatever he had been manipulating from the fire and covered the poulticed breasts with a number of small objects. The girl gave a sharp scream.

I could see, then, that those objects were flat stones, evidently heated redhot in the fire. The girl moaned with pain, but made no effort to move. At once the witch doctor be-

gan to sing a strange high-pitched chant of words incomprehensible to me, and as he sang the moaning of the girl gradually died away.

Then came a long, long period while Magugu worked over the body of the girl. Time after time he applied fresh poultices to her breasts, covering them with heated stones taken from the fire.

Between each application the old man with the agility of some medieval demon vigorously massaged the girl's whole body, using small bundles of herbs which I believed to be a variety of nettle. At such times her lamentations arose to a crescendo which even the magic chant could not entirely subdue.

Suddenly I was aware that dawn had come and from a distance I could hear the faint voices of men and women singing.

I crawled from my hiding place and made a cautious detour, returning to the witch doctor's hut as if by chance in time to be present at the arrival of the procession. It was composed of the father, Nomazindela, his family, relatives and friends; and was led by one of his wives carrying the little motherless infant which was crying desperately.

Then the witch doctor came triumphantly out from his hut, followed by Tehakini.

The girl looked perfectly normal, and with the characteristic resistance to pain of the native appeared to have forgotten already the hours of torture she had suffered.

All songs ceased, and in the sudden silence Magugu spoke.

"The spirit of the dead mother has entered Tehakini," he proclaimed solemnly, "the milk of her breasts has passed into the breasts of Tehakini," and he seized one of her breasts in his withered old hand and squeezed it until a few drops of milk trickled forth.

At this sight the crowd of Zulus exploded into shouts of joy.

"Ohe! Ohe! Honor to Magugu, great witch doctor!"

And immediately they began a great dance, the married women and men in one group, the virgins in another.

Under the protecting eye of the witch doctor the pickaninny was handed to Tehakini.

And this I was able to see with my own eyes—the baby at once stopped crying, groped in the air a moment with his tiny hands and then began to suckle contentedly at Tehakini's breast. Eagerly drinking the milk of life which had been restored to him by one of the most remarkable feats of native medicine I ever happened to see in Africa. ‡





MARY MAGUIRE
Hurrell Photograph

Uriel, the Archangel

DRAWINGS *by* FRANK BERGMAN

TEXT *by* M. PEAKE



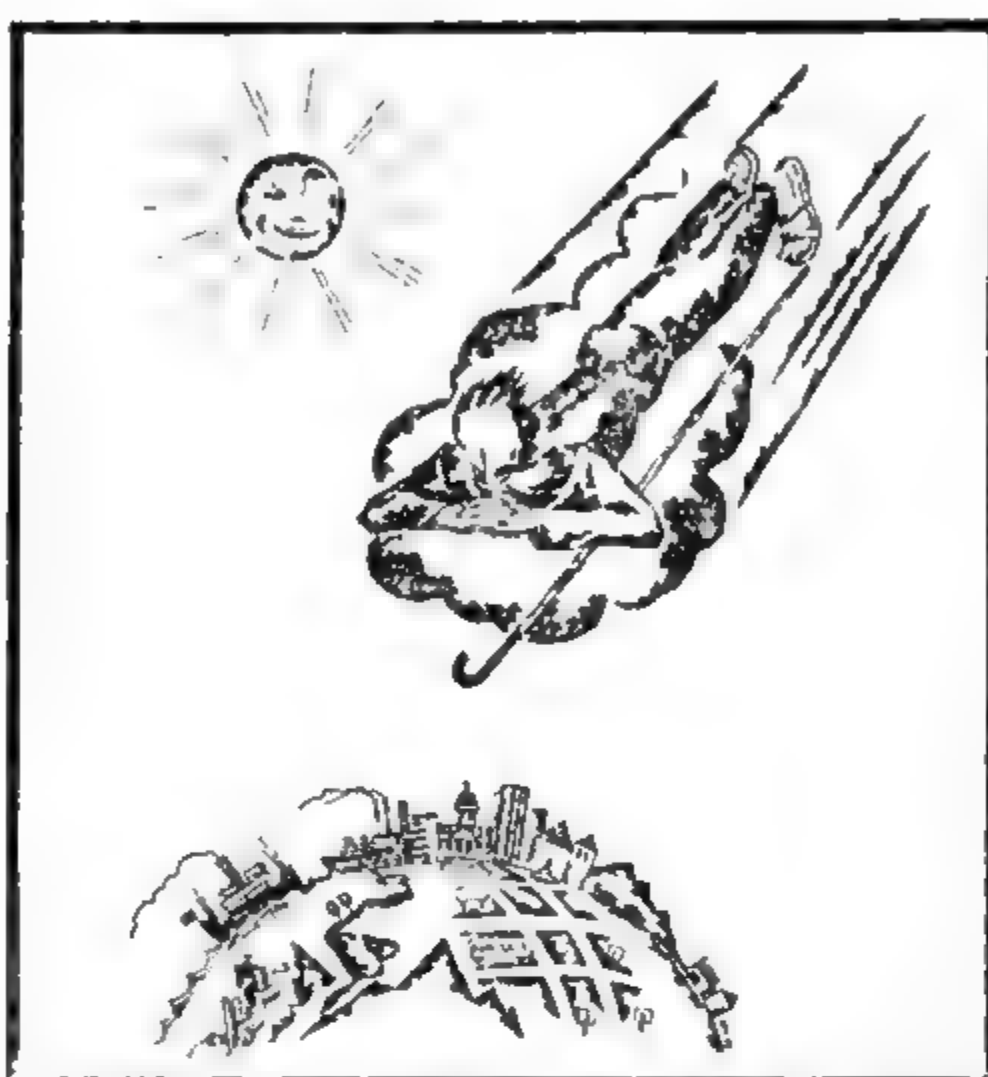
1 Uriel was the most backward Archangel.



2 So when he confessed to a taste for travel, God was pleased. "It will bring you out, Uriel," said God.



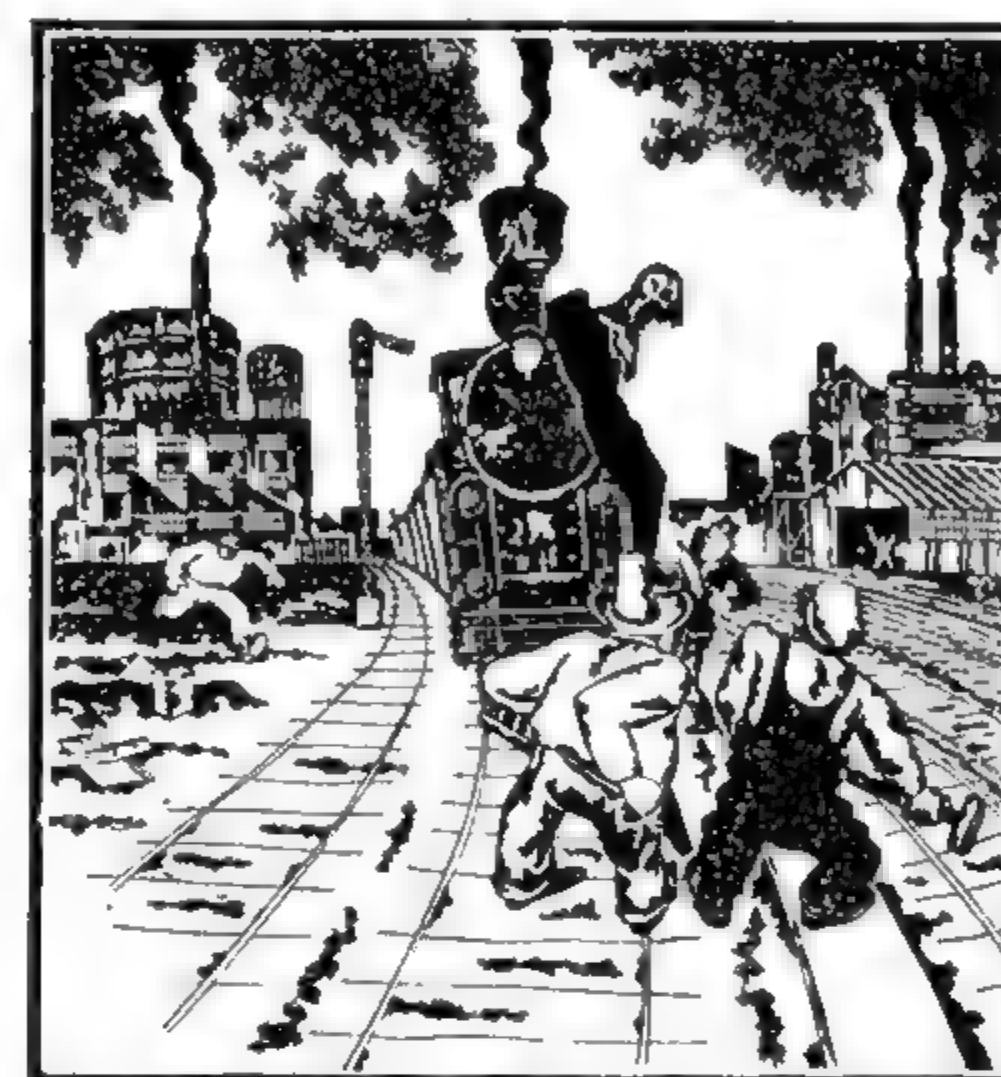
3 With God's blessing, Uriel stepped through Heaven's gate. "I wonder," he mused, "if the earth has changed much since Gabriel's visit."



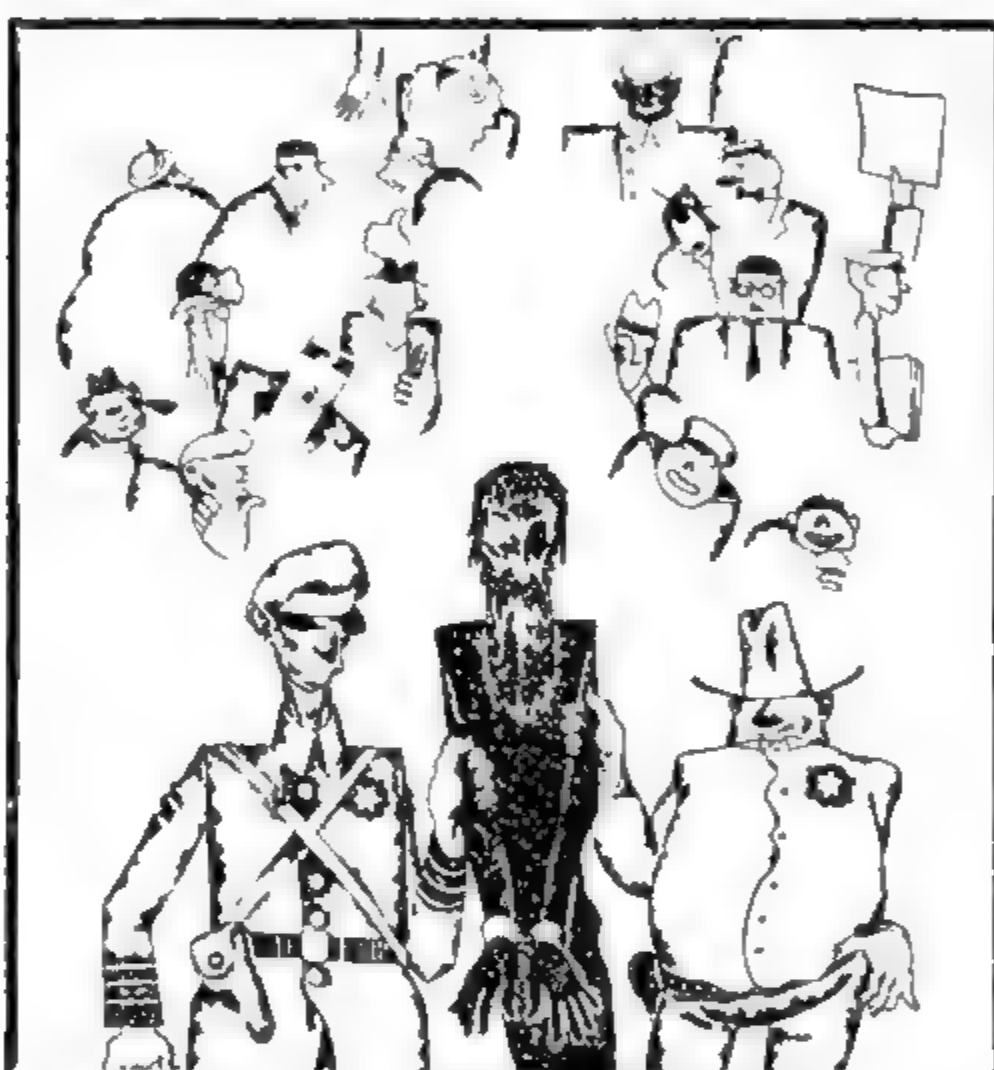
4 Swiftly he flew toward the earth, which took on an interesting, if unclassical contour. The Mid-West of the United States was uppermost.



5 So Uriel left his cloud, and caught the Overland Limited.



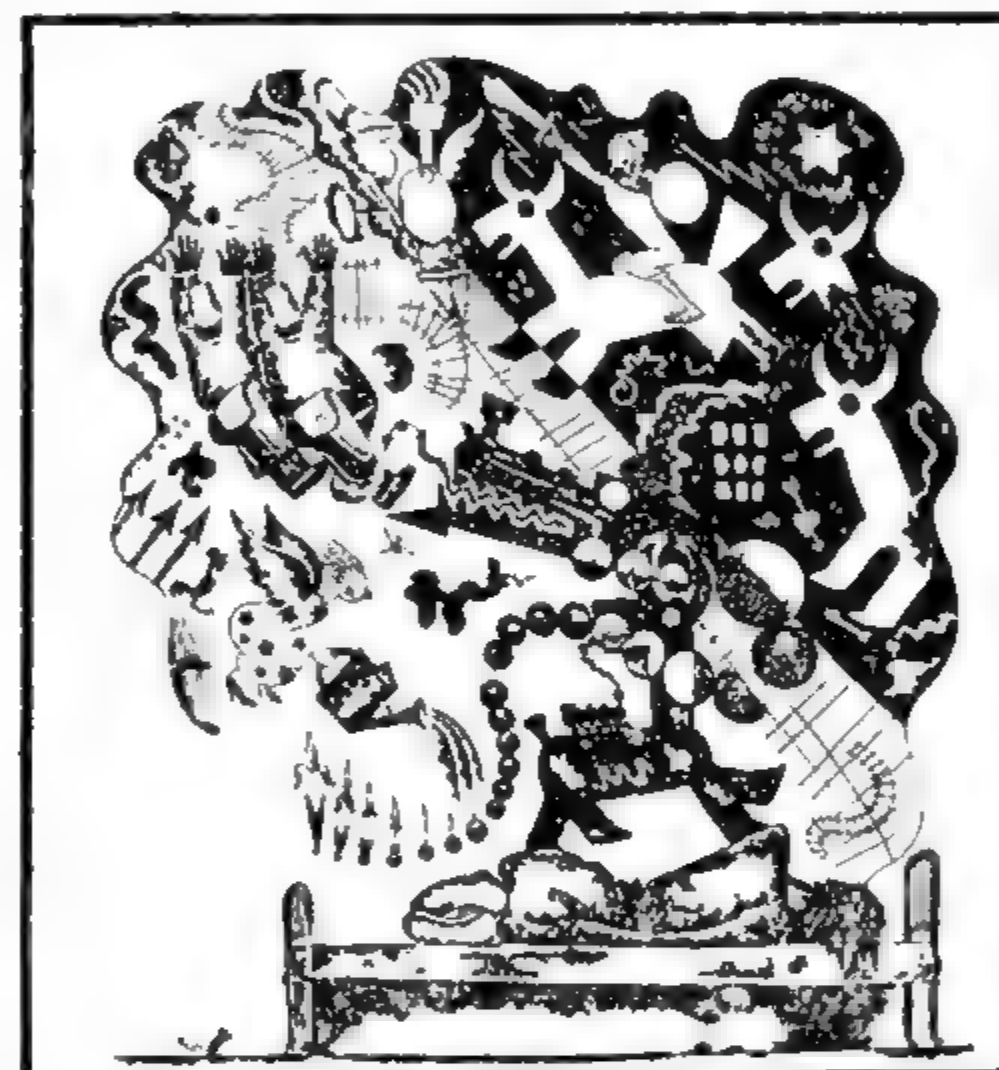
6 At the next station he was received with a mixture of surprise and alarm.



7 He explained that he was an Angel temporarily visiting the earth. Still he was taken into custody and quickly marched to the city jail.



8 He was much depressed. "No one understands me," he thought. He had expected a lovely reception, with little children waving palm branches.



9 He spent a most uncomfortable night, with fitful snatches of sleep.



10 Next day the warden said: "Skirts are sissy." Uriel argued: "We wear them in Heaven." The warden said, "Here pants are worn."



11 Having complied with the city's blue laws, Uriel was freed. The but slightly sooty atmosphere of the street felt delightfully refreshing.



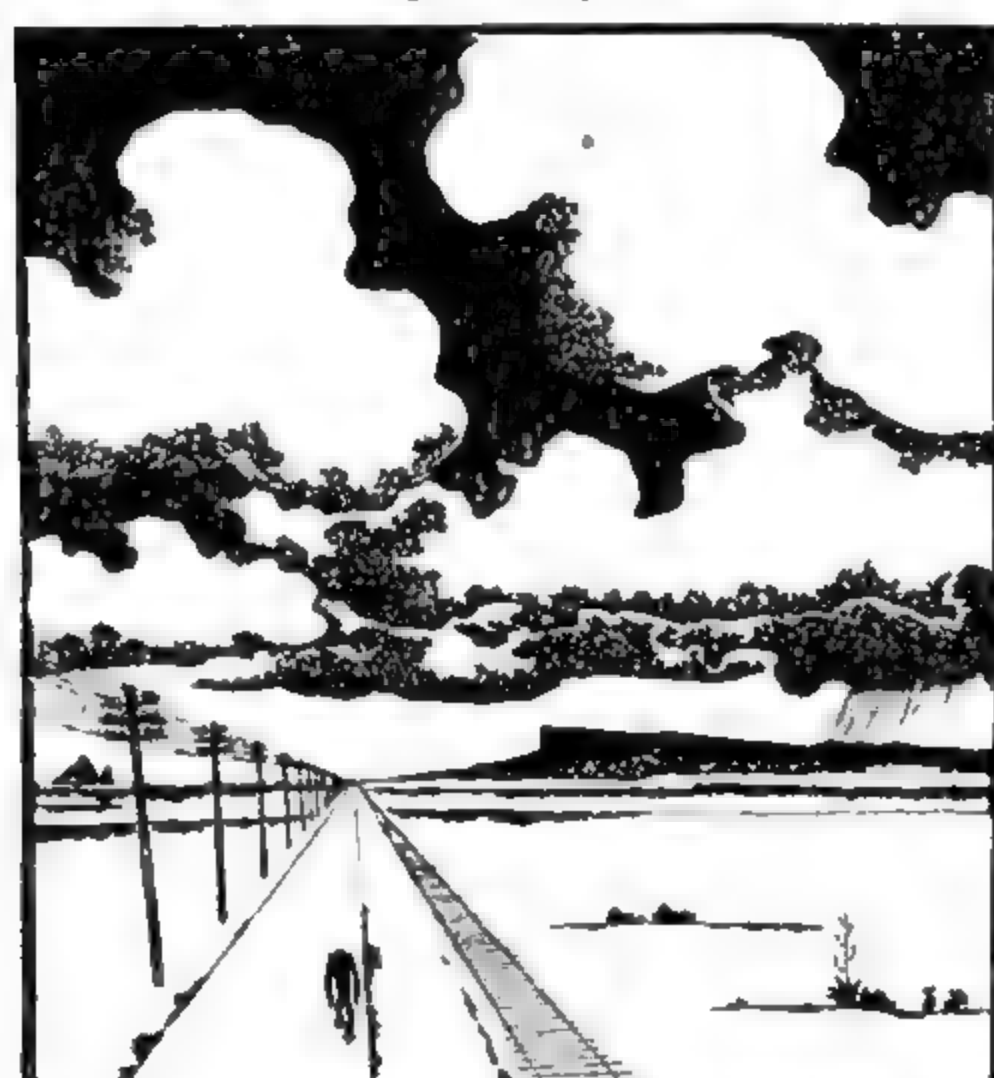
12 At this point in his career he made many of those observations of the rich



13 And of the lower classes which were later to stand him in such good stead.



14 Finding misery and injustice flourishing in the world, he called upon God to right the many wrongs. But God did not heed him.



15 Rejected and alone, Uriel went forth into the wilderness.



16 And the hand of the world was against him.



17 One night as Uriel was couched on the sand, looking pensively at the desert stars, a faint sound came to his ear. It was a child's cry.



18 Advancing cautiously through the darkness, he made out a small form, bound hand and foot.



19 "What man, or beast, could have treated you thus?" exclaimed Uriel. "Come, I will take you to safety."



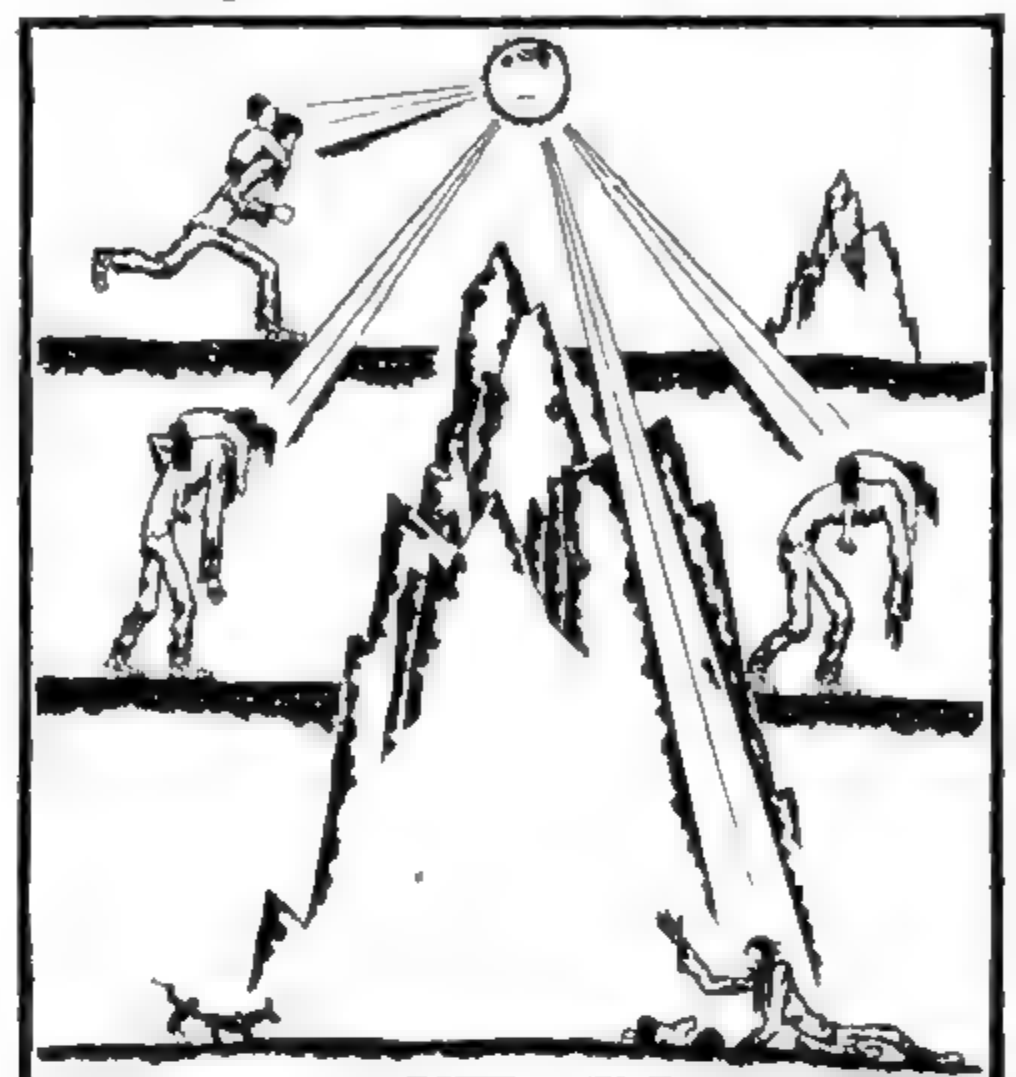
20 He was barely in time. From a little distance he heard the oaths of the kidnapers returning for the boy, only to find him gone.



21 Through the darkness the forces of law (led by a hot tip) and of disorder were stalking each other. But Uriel did not know this.



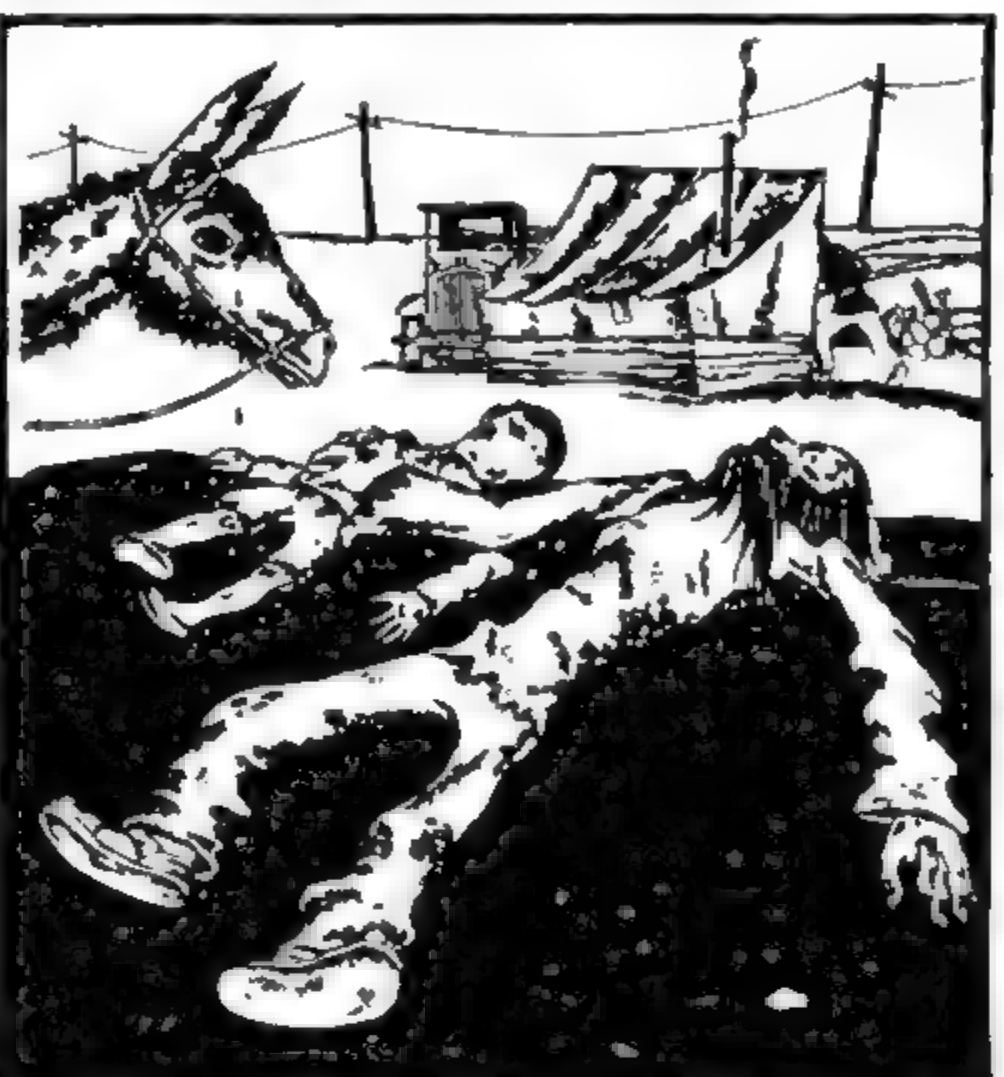
22 "We must leave this place," said Uriel, in the morning.



23 With the child in his arms, the archangel started back toward civilization. But he had forgotten to reckon with the desert's fiery heat.



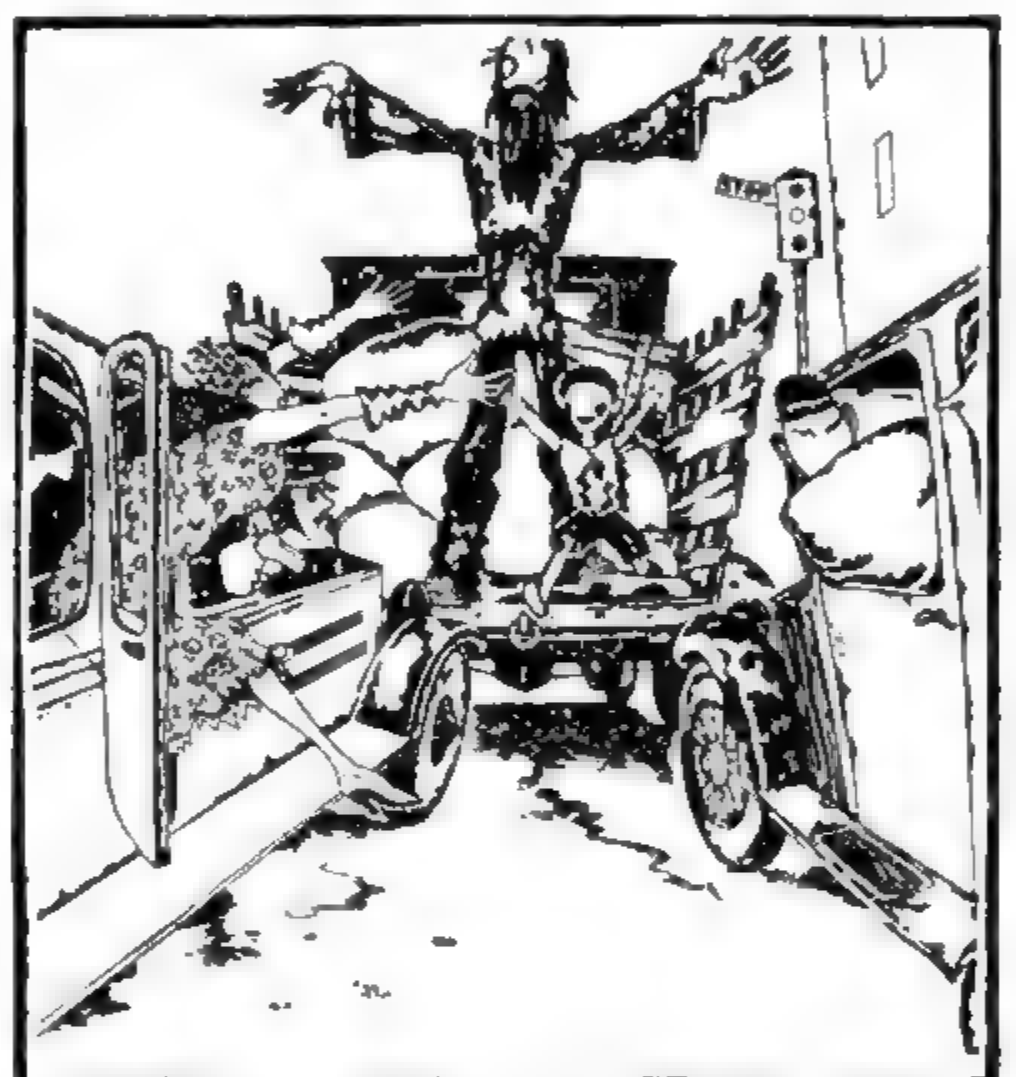
24 In fact had it not been for an Indian who took them both to his home,



25 It might have ended badly for our hero.



26 After a night's rest, Uriel and the child were able to continue on their way.



27 What was Uriel's glad surprise when suddenly his protégé cried, "Mamma!" and leaped into the arms of a richly dressed lady.



28 But again Uriel was misunderstood.



29 He was forced to submit to questioning,



30 While all the nation was convinced that he was the true kidnapper.



31 Public opinion ran high



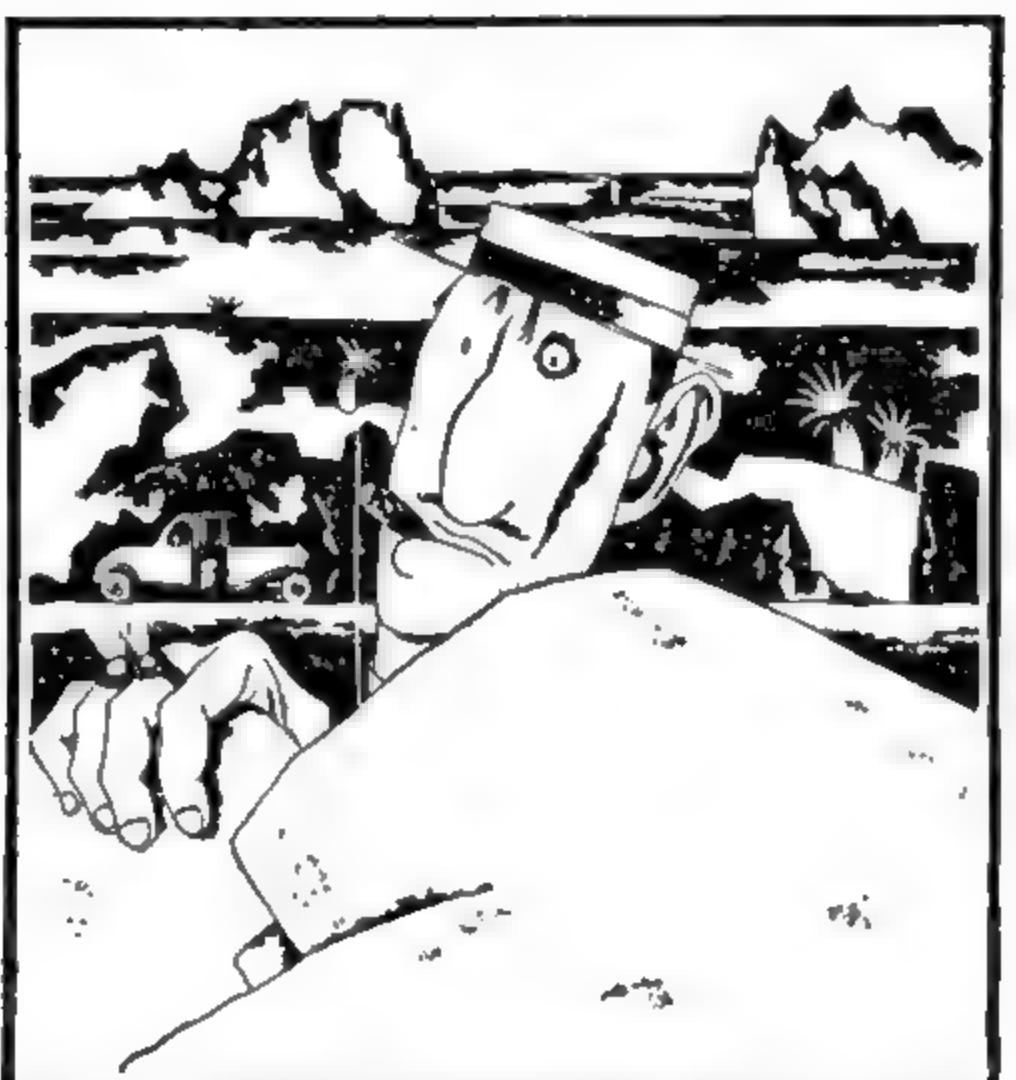
32 While Uriel vainly implored a chance to address his persecutors.



33 The case received much publicity.



34 Uriel heard the mother and father of the child he had rescued testify against him.



35 While in the south-west stalked Pigsticker Pete, head of the kidnapping ring, come to collect the ransom money.



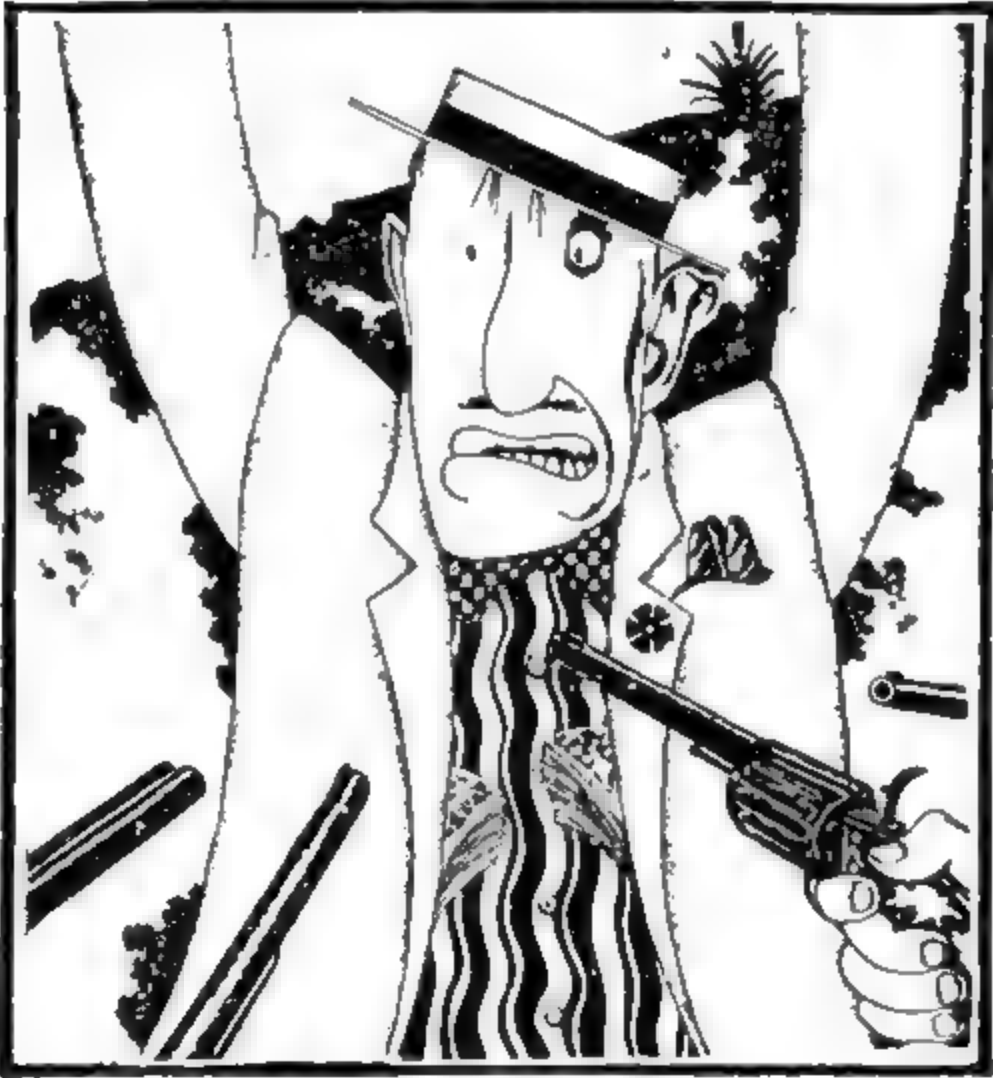
36 Uriel's earnest denial of guilt created some impression,



37 But was quickly forgotten as the prosecutor in heart-rending tones described the sufferings of the little victim.



38 Pigsticker Pete approached the scene where criminals and police had duelled to the death, found the ransom money and started off.



39 But too late.



40 Even while it seemed that one more foul blot was to be added to the 'scutcheon of American justice



41 The news of Pete's capture was flashed across the country.



42 "Guess we got him with the goods this time, pard," exulted the western sheriff. "I follered him on a hunch."



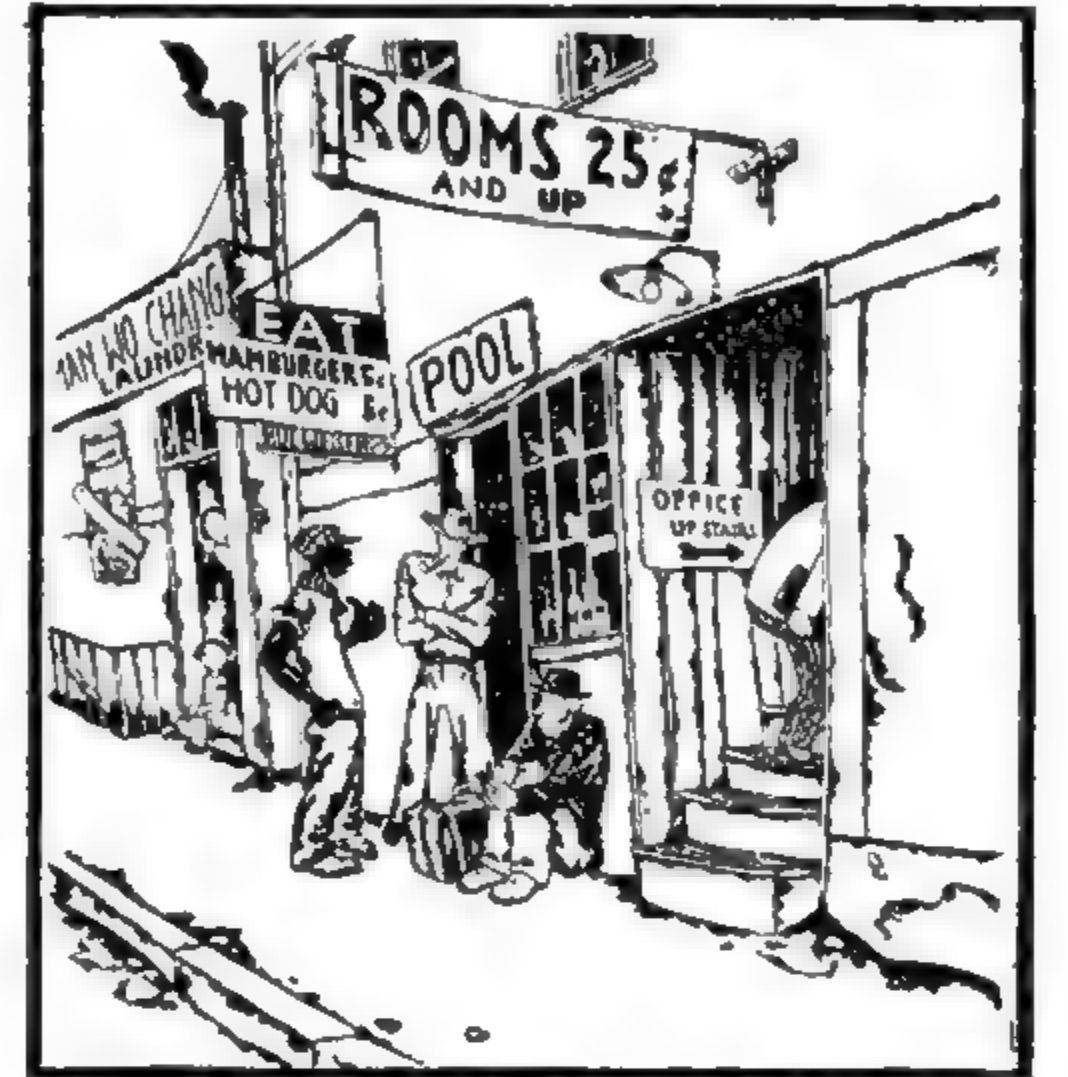
43 "I just didn't like his looks."



44 It was the biggest news since the birth of the Dionne quintuplets.



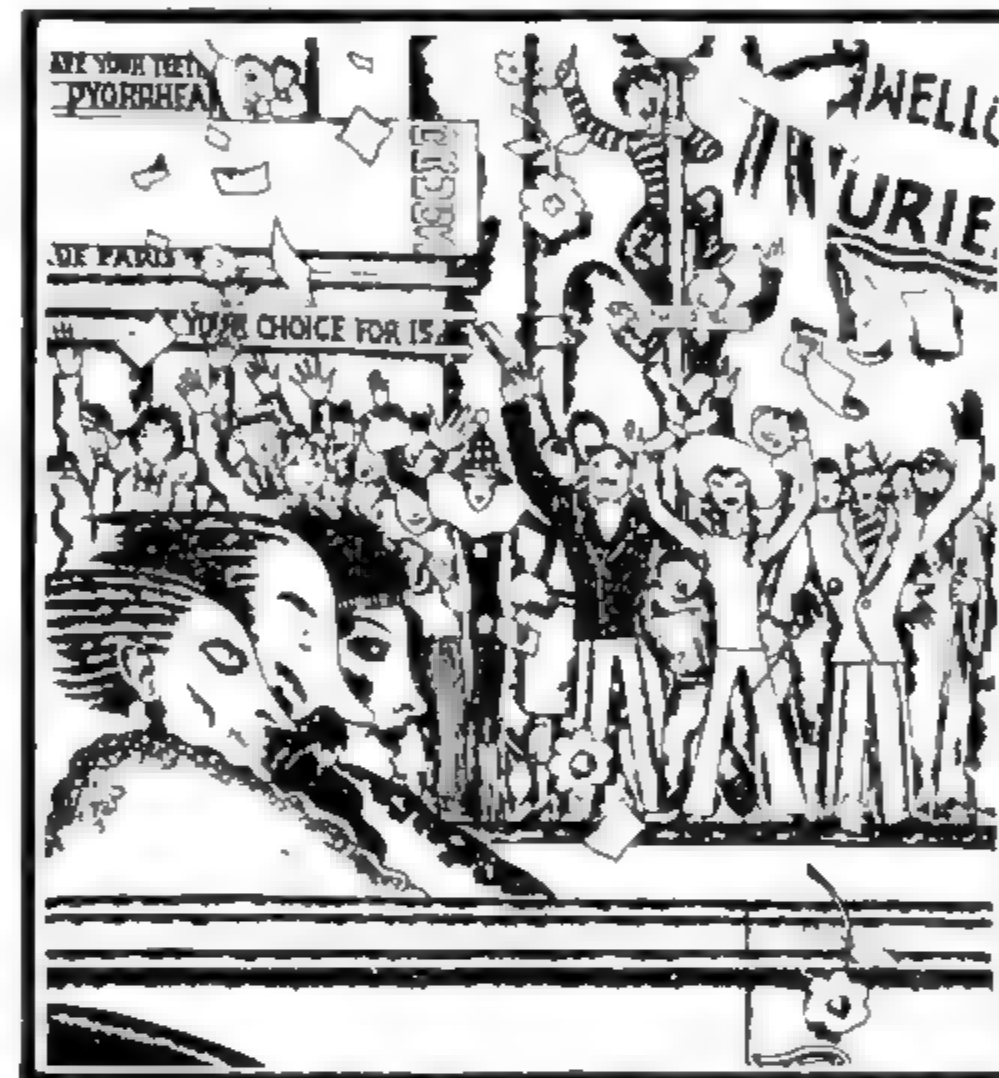
45 Uriel, to his profound astonishment, found himself, from being a friendless outcast, taken to the heart of all the nation.



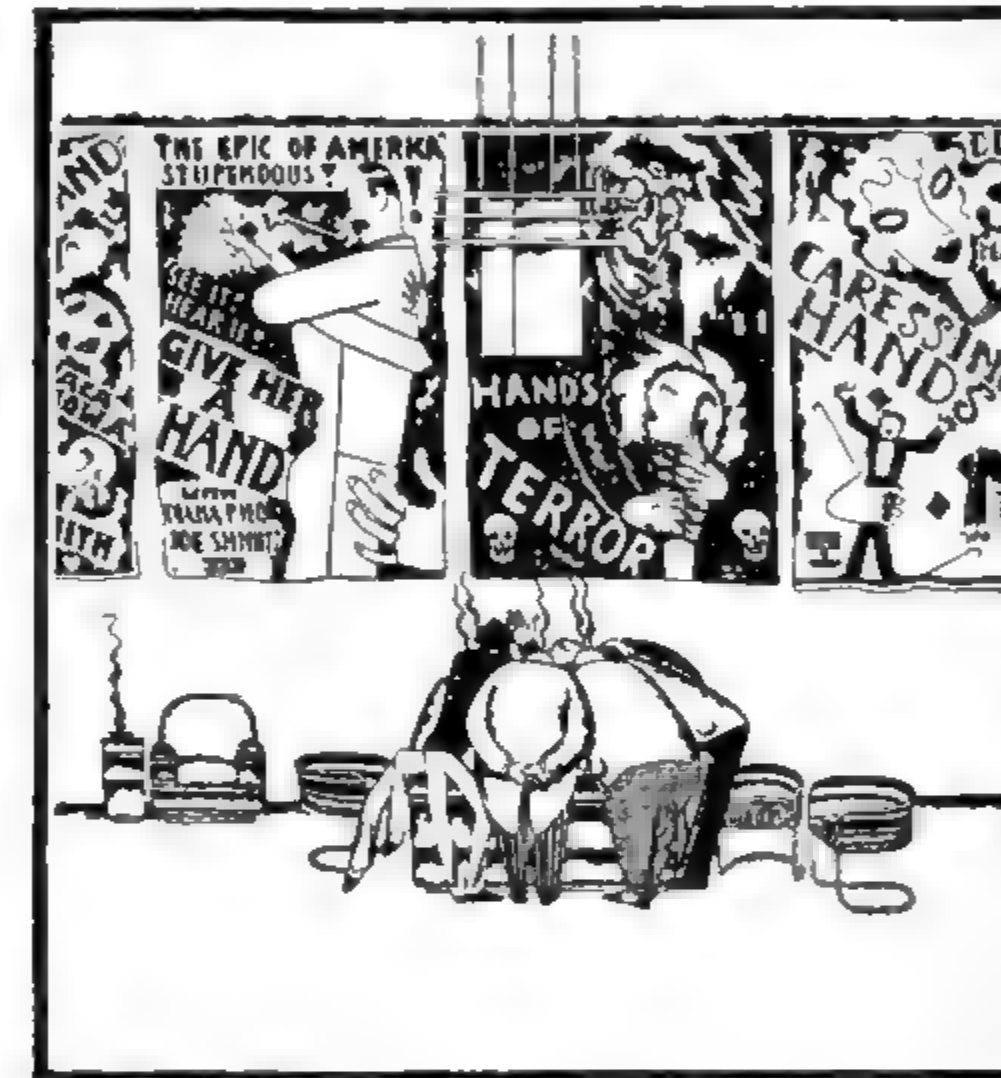
46 From Hollywood came an agent



47 Who closed a deal with Uriel to appear in a super-special film based upon his life story.



48 On his arrival he was met by two famous stars, Gilberte Gilbert and Lotta Joy, and conveyed to a palatial home in Beverly Hills.



49 Quickly from the fertile brain of Hollywood



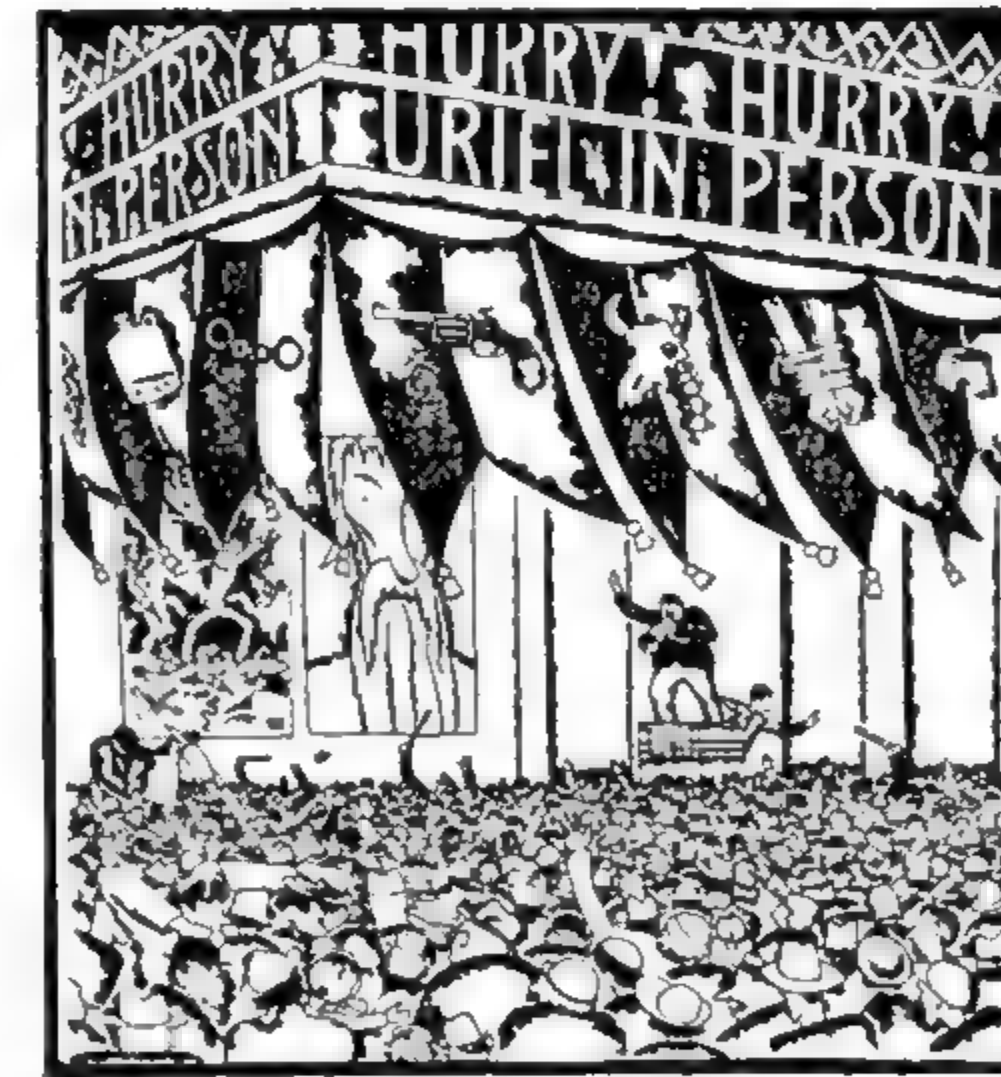
50 Emerged his scenario.



51 Uriel discovered in himself a certain zest for acting.



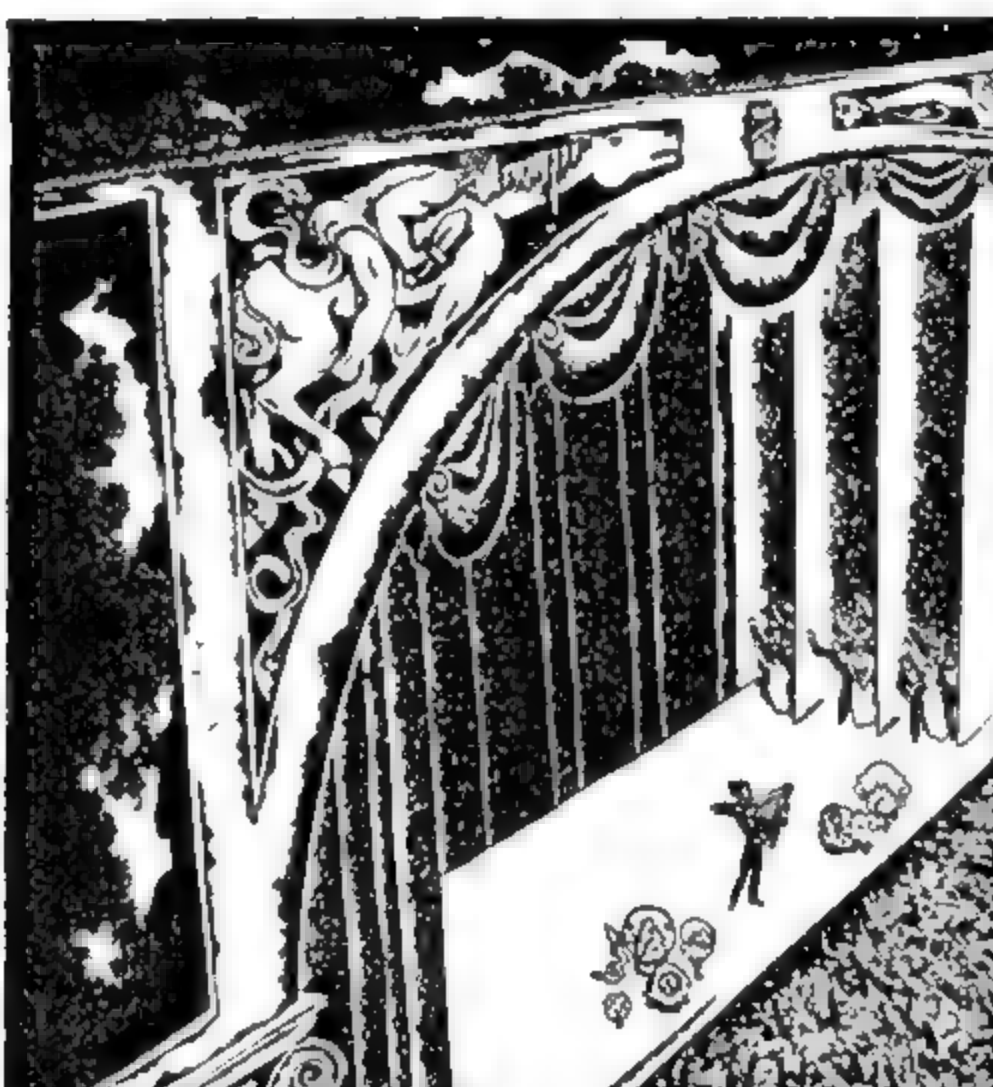
52 Being a gentle and gregarious soul, he was also much in demand socially. Under the sweet rain of popular approval he blossomed.



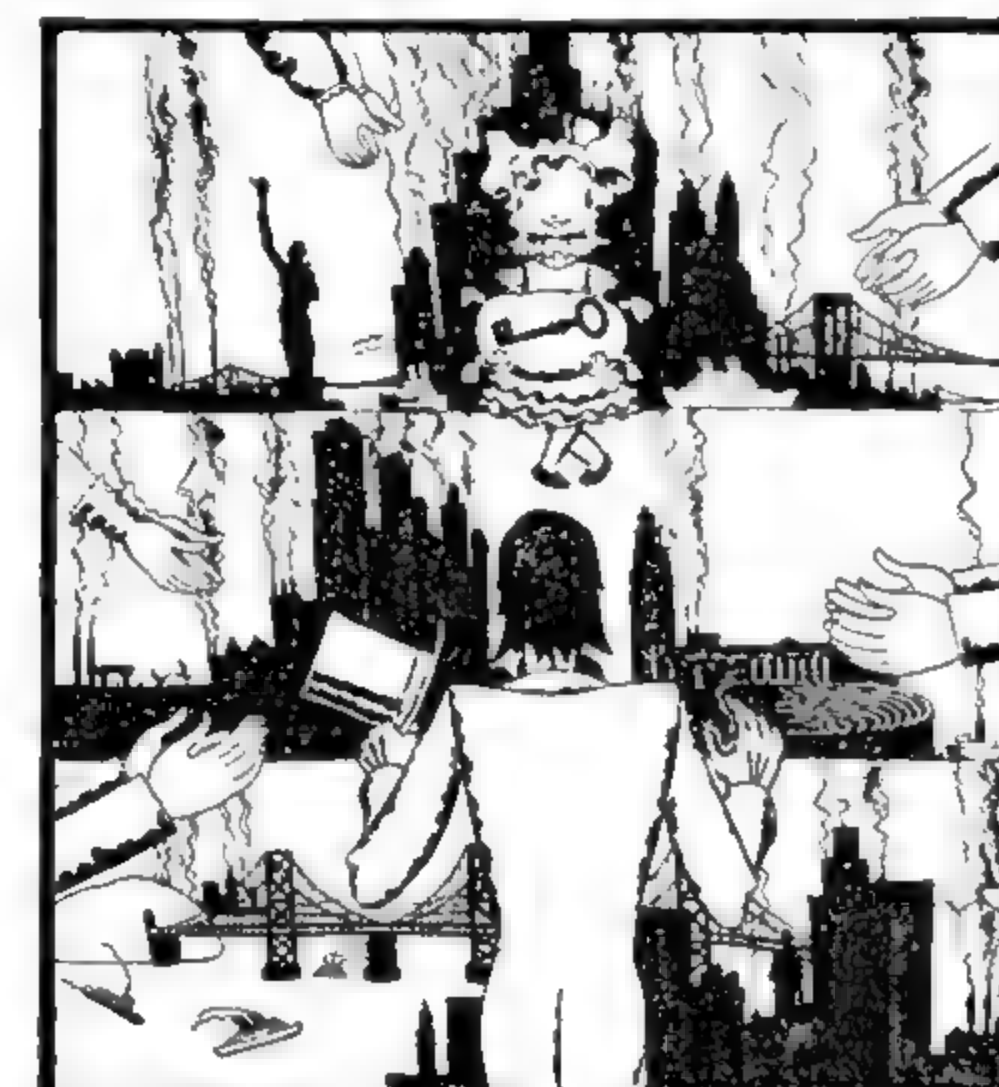
53 A child actress who co-starred with him was billed in very small print, and retired to Palm Springs with a nervous breakdown.



54 The overwhelming success of his personal appearance



55 Led to a series of bookings for the concert stage.



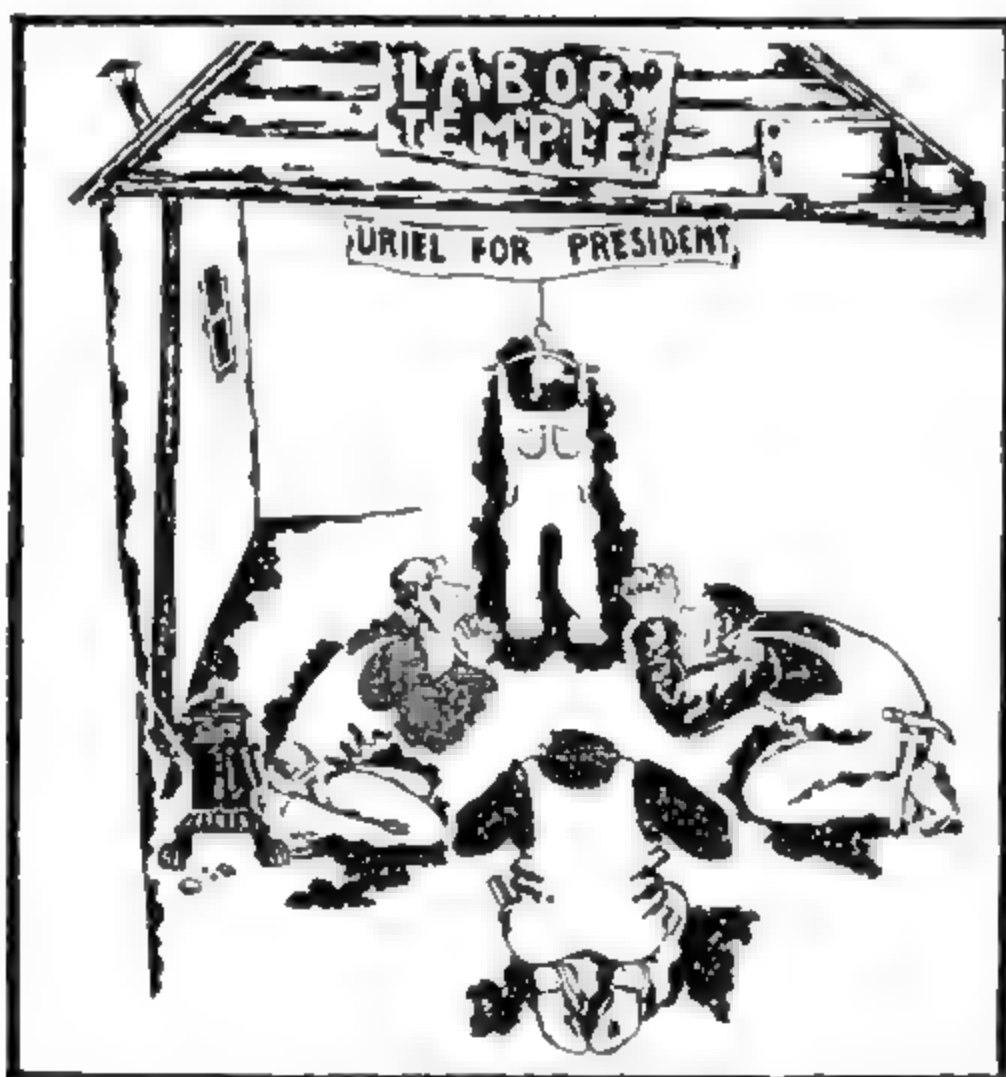
56 From Maine to Cal Mexico, America bowed before him. The faith of the people in the good and true responded warmly to his idealism.



57 At that moment fate gathered its strength and struck.



58 In a last-minute compromise at a nominating convention in Chicago Uriel was put up for president!



59 It was psychologically right. He was in excellent standing with the unions.



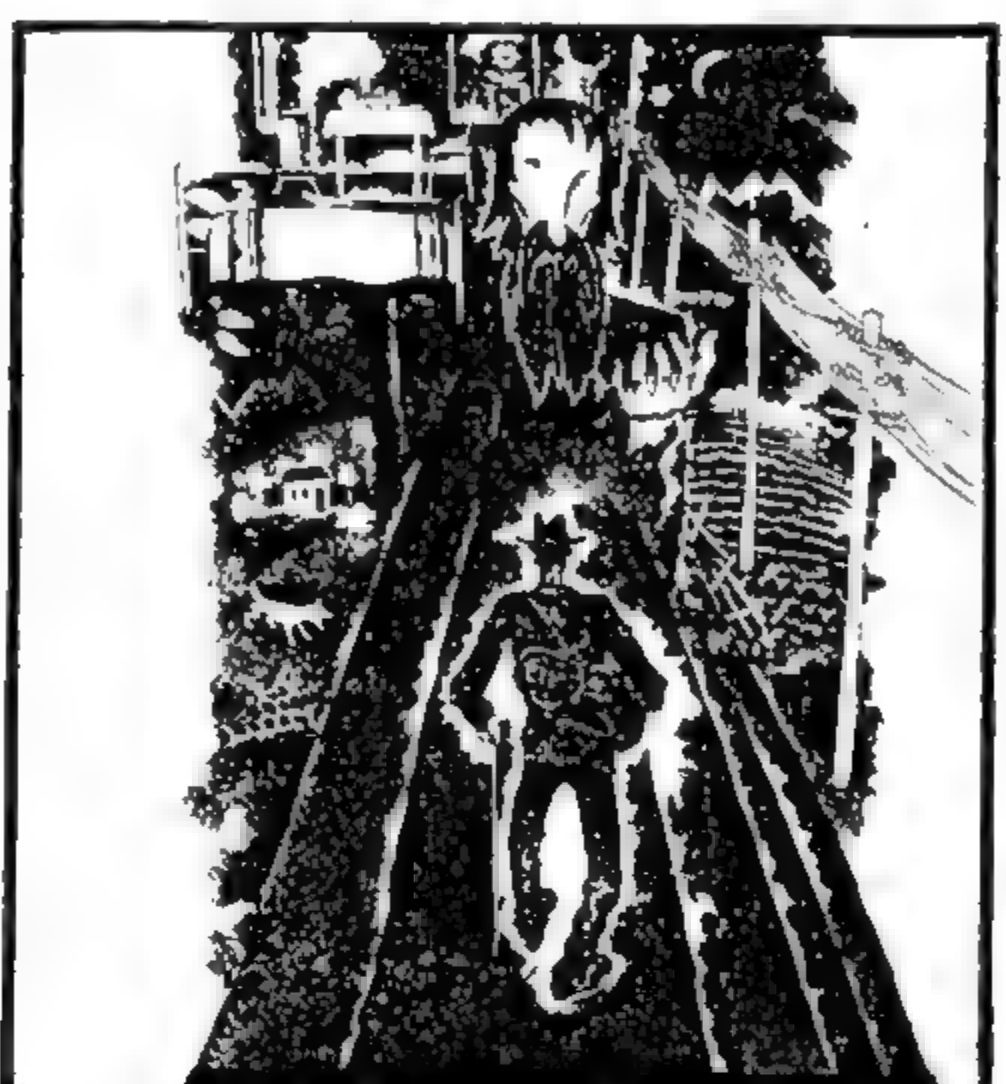
60 Wall Street looked upon him as the bulwark of conservatism.



61 The white-collar class was encouraging,



62 While the elements of corruption considered Uriel a push-over.



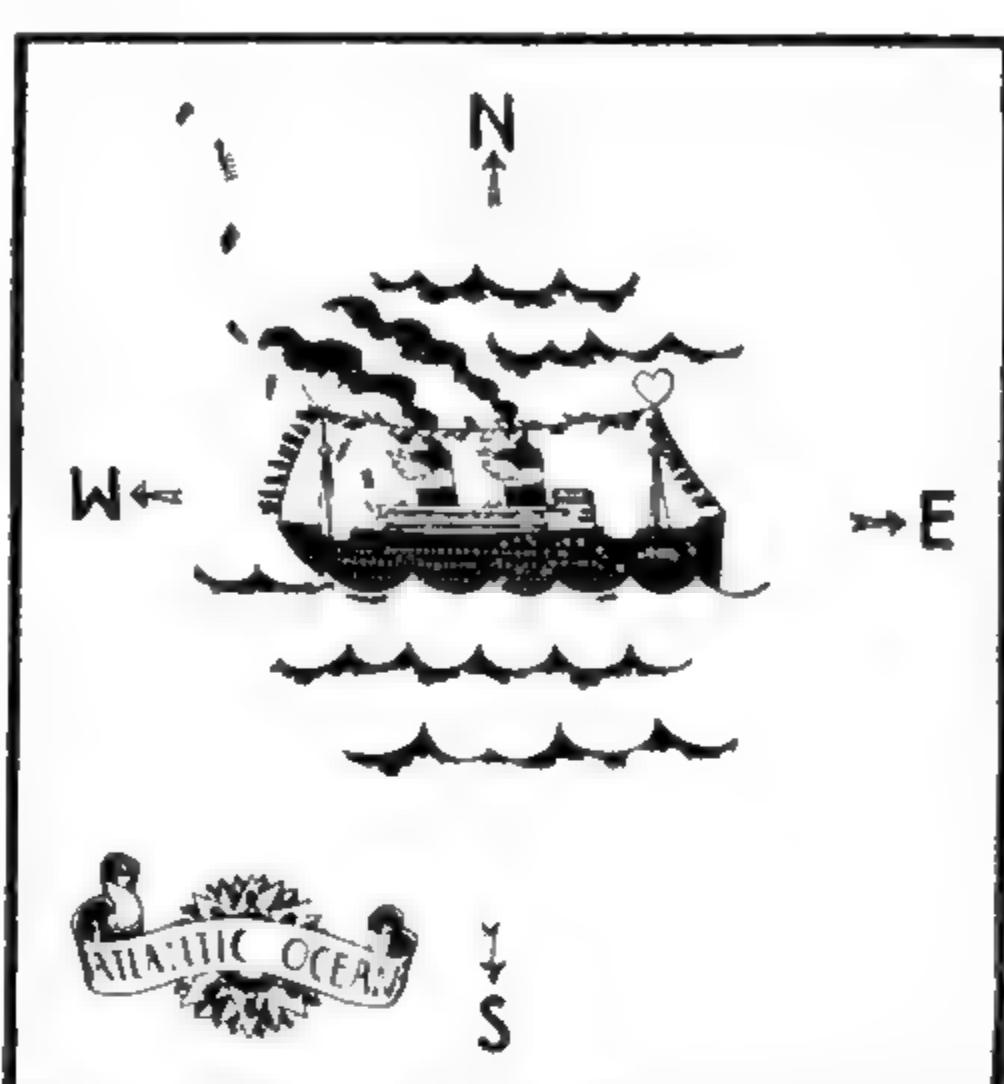
63 And to the forgotten man Uriel appeared as a shining vision beckoning him to security.



64 Perhaps it was his radio presence.



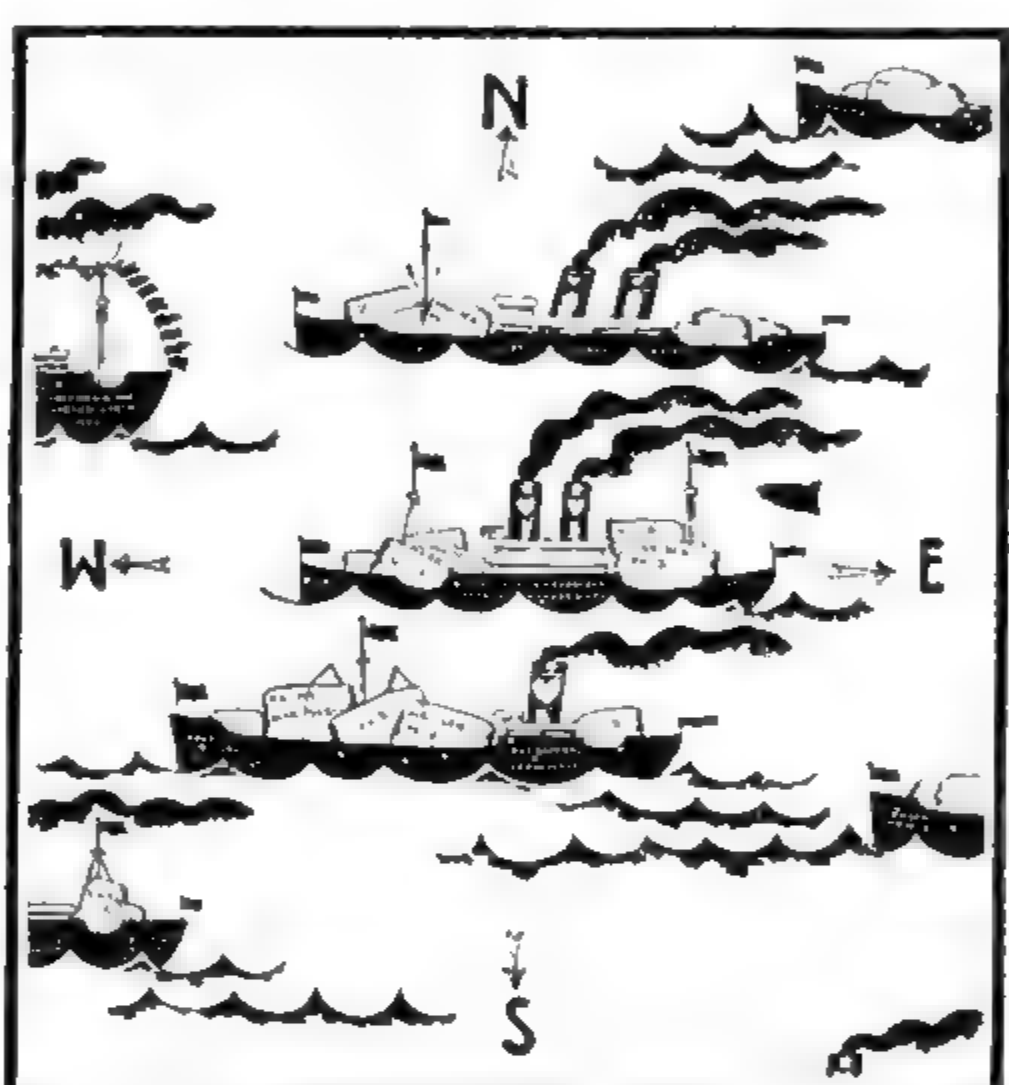
65 He polled five hundred and thirty electoral votes out of a possible five hundred and thirty-one.



66 Uriel's first act was sublimely simple. Taking ship for Europe,



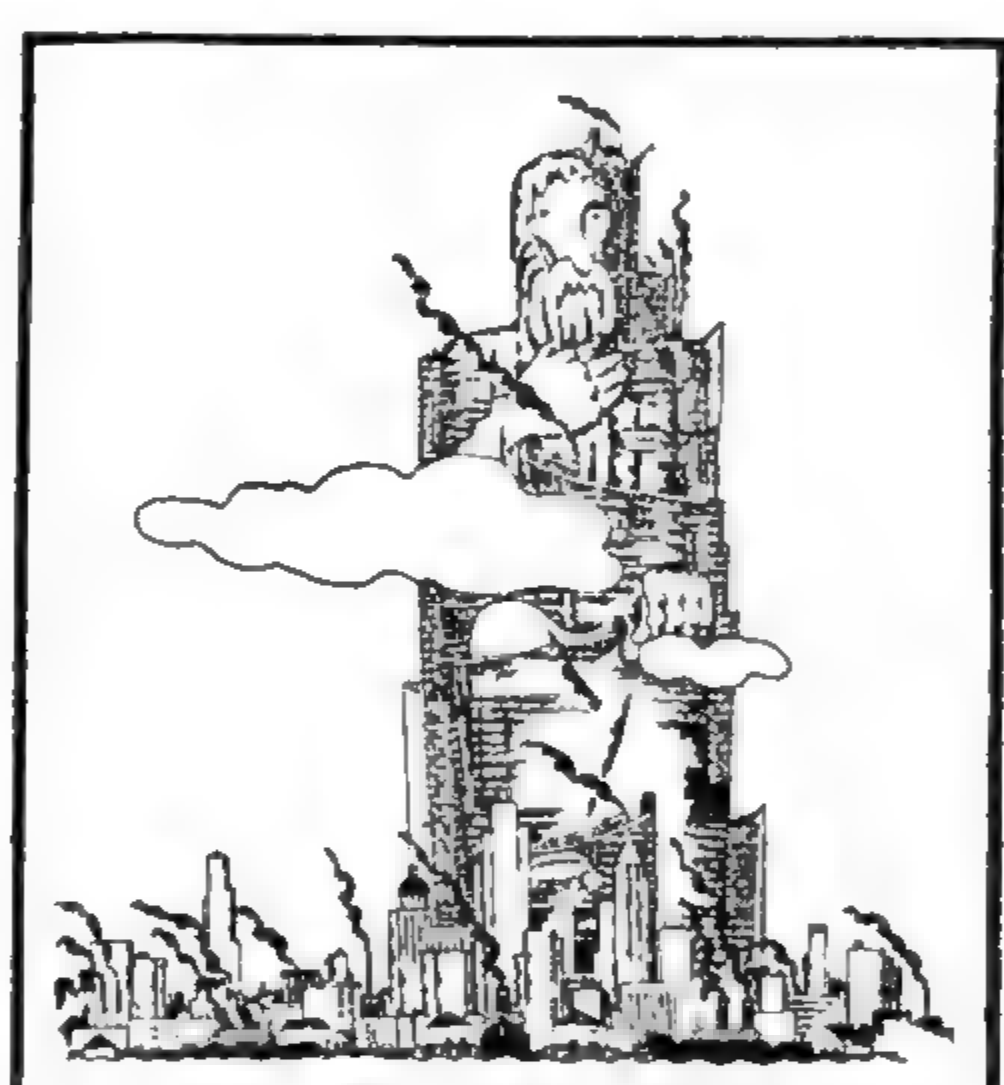
67 He addressed the statesmen stressing the tenth commandment and the golden rule. Everyone wept. War was indefinitely postponed.



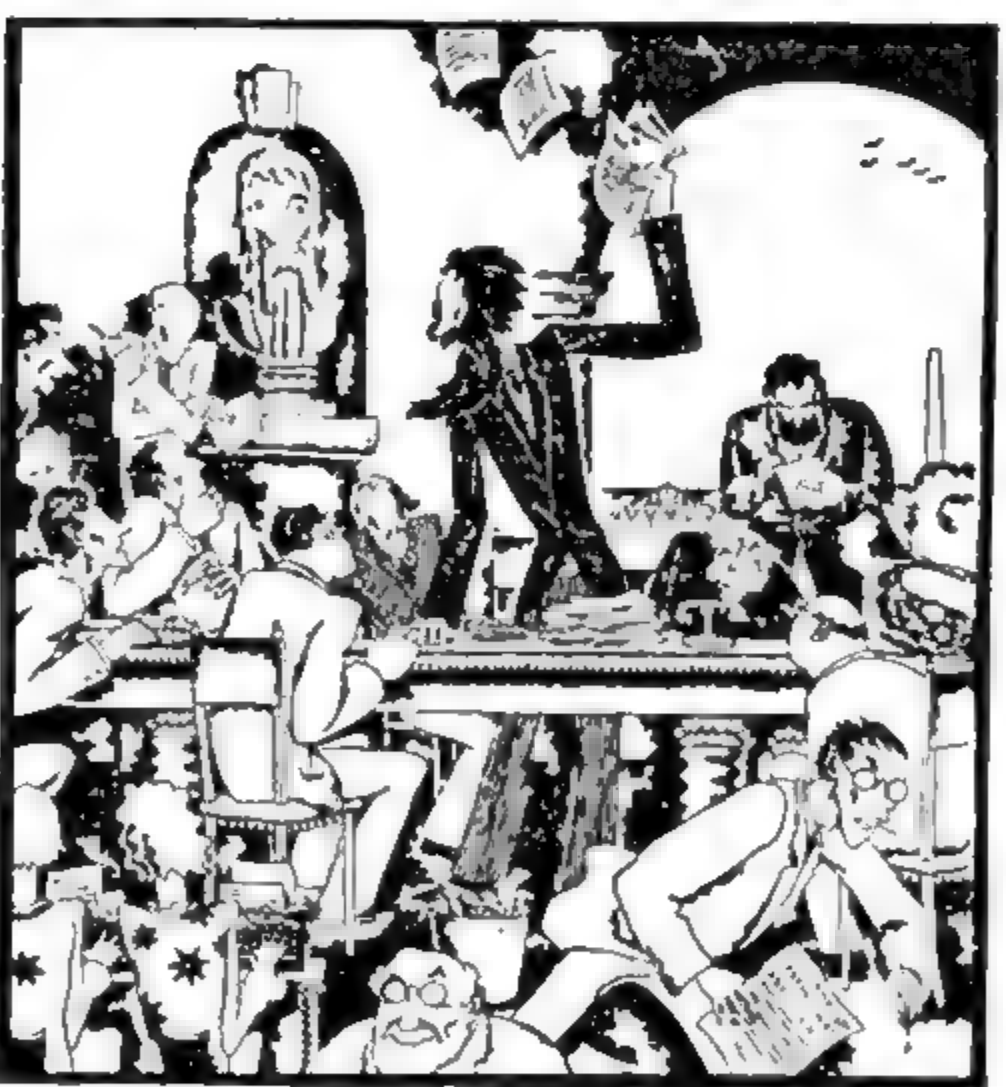
68 While he did not mention debts, France sent all the gold in her subterranean stronghold, then sent the stronghold too.



69 An era of prosperity was at hand.



70 The center of Manhattan was cleared. In this space arose a monument worthy of the president, a WPA project to end WPA projects.



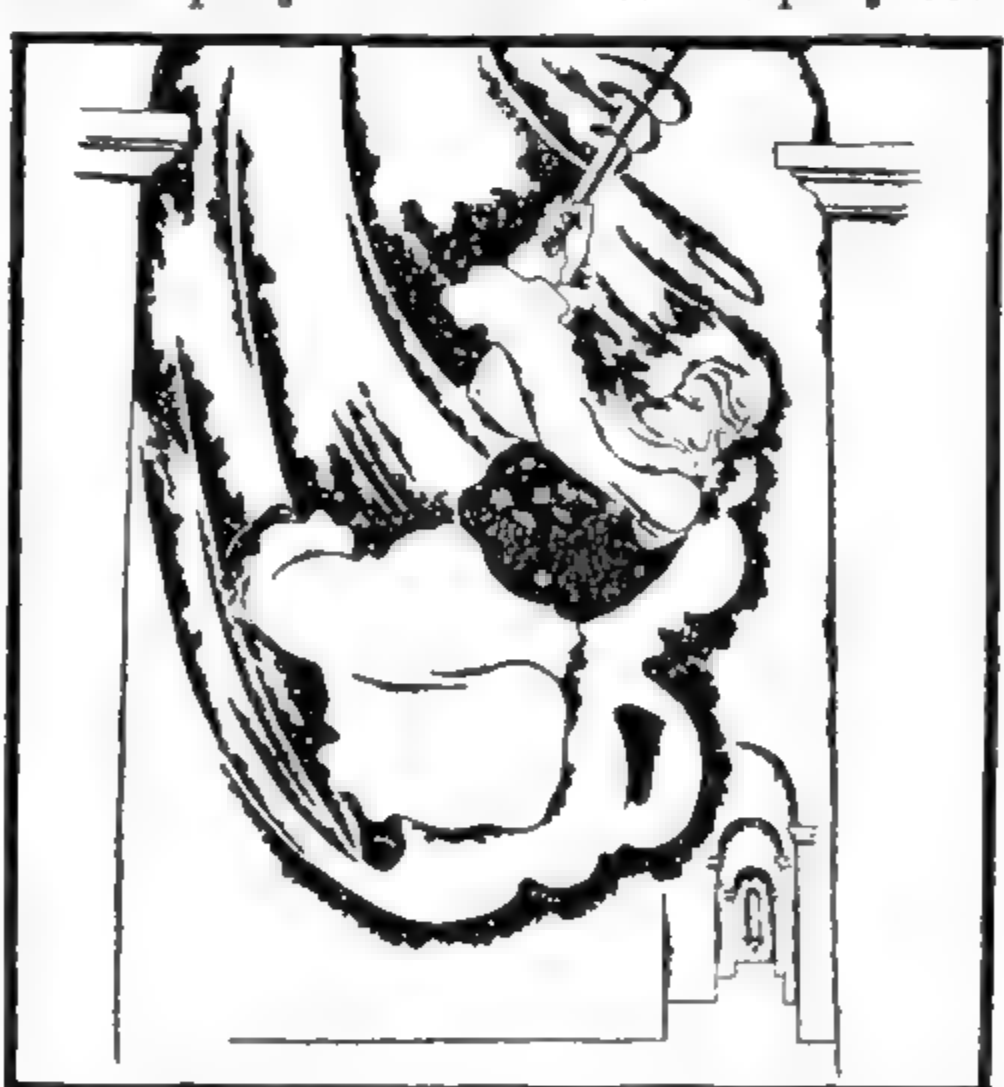
71 The country became a sublime anarchy. "While every American strives for the good and true," cried Uriel, "what need of a constitution."



72 Heaven was swiftly coming to an unpleasant conclusion. "Uriel is getting uppish," said God darkly, "uppish. In fact—"



73 Uriel, in bed in the White House, noticed a distant rumbling.



74 But it was not until the next morning that the blow fell.



75 Reporters differed, but all agreed there was a blinding flash of light and a voice said, "That will be quite enough, Uriel."



76 Uriel was received with great enthusiasm in Heaven. His adventures made conversation for months.



77 And on earth among the be-reaved multitudes



78 Spread the legend that one day Uriel would return to lead them into the more abundant life. ##

The Southern Drunk

A far cry from the proverbial old
Colonel who sipped genteel juleps
on the pillared porch of his manse

by THEODORE PRATT

• SATIRE •

EMERGENCE from a great economic debacle seems to be marked by a literature pointing out what is wrong with things, and showing up the low-down side of life, manners, and methods of human conduct. The South is no exception. Her depression has lasted since the Civil War—what is termed the recent depression was only a drop in her vast bucket from which drained the life-blood of a rich section—and now, as the South appears to be on the verge of an actual Reconstruction, literature has discovered it to give it a thorough going over of all the bad spots. The subject of the Southern Drunk is one of the few remaining that has not been touched.

The consumption of alcohol has always been an integral part of the sociology of the Deep South. Before the war, which in the South means the Civil War, this composed a suave gesture. It opened men's hearts, uplifted their spirits, formulated an attractive ceremony, added immeasurably to hospitality, and was a thing to be thoroughly recommended. The picture of the white-goateed Southern Colonel sitting on the pillared porch of his manse sipping mint juleps was a genteel vista. Gentlemen in those days drank good liquor and held it.

If the mannered Southern Colonel could view his heir of the moment, however, he would writhe in his grave. It is no longer the gentlemen of the South who drink, for there are not enough of them left to constitute a drinking class. Nor is it the poor white or the Cracker who is to be categorized as the Southern Drunk. Rather is it in the man between, the ordinary male, the lower middle-class representative who doesn't reach up to the one nor down to the other. He may be a minor political hanger-on, the guard of a chain-gang, the proprietor of a small roadside stand, the foreman of a turpentine distillery, a hundred like things.

He is the Southern Drunk, easily recognizable by his old car, his usually unshaved face, his glowering eyes, his battered slouch hat, his unpressed clothes, and especially by his thin veneer of amiability which can be broken in a split second to reveal an ugly, rotting foundation within.

I have seen Cockney drunks in the slums of London, giant black Senegalese drunks in the dives of Marseilles, Spanish anarchist drunks in the back streets of Barcelona, lower fringe racketeer and hop-head drunks in New York, coal miner drunks in Pennsylvania, bohunk drunks in the iron mines of Minnesota, pervert drunks in Paris, and mill worker drunks in the red light district of Milan, but among them I never saw anything

to equal the Southern Drunk in viciousness, violence, boastfulness, malignity, roughness, lying ability, shiftiness, cowardliness, sadism, and general obstreperousness.

This gentleman is a species of animal all by himself. He does no good to anyone, including himself. He looks only for trouble. Ordinarily something of a Casper Milque-toast at heart, with an ounce or two of alcohol under his belt—he is not even a good drinker—he becomes, to himself, a little Napoleon who has already conquered the world and wants to assert his ephemeral victory.

Not dominating anything, not even the Negro upon whom he looks down with such lofty resentment, he sets out to make himself superior to something. His first mark, of course, is the Negro. His second is women. His third is just anything or anybody who happens to be around, from a hound dog to a Northern tourist. Every creature is a nigger to him when spurred with his particular drug.

His three weapons are his tongue, his automobile, and his gun. Equipped by nature with the first of these, he very nearly always packs the last two also; rarely is he without one or the other of the two latter arms.

He uses all three at the profession in which

he is a leader, lynching. The Southern Drunk is in the front lines when the preservation of the old custom of "forcibly" taking from a sheriff a Negro arrested on the charge of attacking a white woman is being practiced. That he accepts as his chief and noble purpose in life. But often, after fomenting the upholding of the honor of the white female, the Southern Drunk tactfully withdraws from the actual proceedings, unless he is so cock-eyed that even this careful self-preservation is beyond his befuddled and basically limited perception.

Using his tongue alone it is his characteristic to make what he means to be accepted as joking remarks. But if ever jests have realistic meaning those of the Southern Drunk contain them. For he has no real humor; his remarks, descending upon the slightest provocation to vileness, are based even originally upon pure orneriness.

The only two amusing Southern Drunks I ever heard performed at a cockfight when they commented and made bets on the cocks in terms of horse racing. But they were mere boys and unpracticed in the art to which they would ultimately mature.

In the use of his gun the Southern Drunk is more chary than with his other two weapons, but use it he does when he is pretty sure the consequences won't come home to him, or when he is so far gone as not to care. He finds it very good to shoot holes into a dead Negro strung from the limb of a tree. Generally, however, it is more handy as a threatening bulge in his back pocket than as an actionable article.

It is when the Southern Drunk brings into use his weapon of the automobile that he is at his worst. Gasoline and alcohol refuse to mix well in his hands. Reeling, he gets in his automobile, which is rarely of a vintage less than those of ten years ago and none too safe on the road itself. Out he starts, and the road, all of it, for miles on both sides and at all corners, belongs to him. If anyone happens to be in his way, it is too bad. If he sees someone in his way he usually heads straight for him, shouting, "Get over! Damn you, get on your own side of the road!"

Often it is too bad for the motoring Southern Drunk himself. A short time ago, while riding with a friend in his automobile in Georgia, we saw, coming toward us, a car that was weaving back and forth across the road. My friend, a Southerner, who recognized what this meant, did what he always did in the circumstances, which was the only thing to do. He pulled off at the side of the



LITHOGRAPH BY ERIC LUNDGREN

Continued at top of page 124



“Not so fast, Mr. Hartman . . . wait until I take a look at your gift”



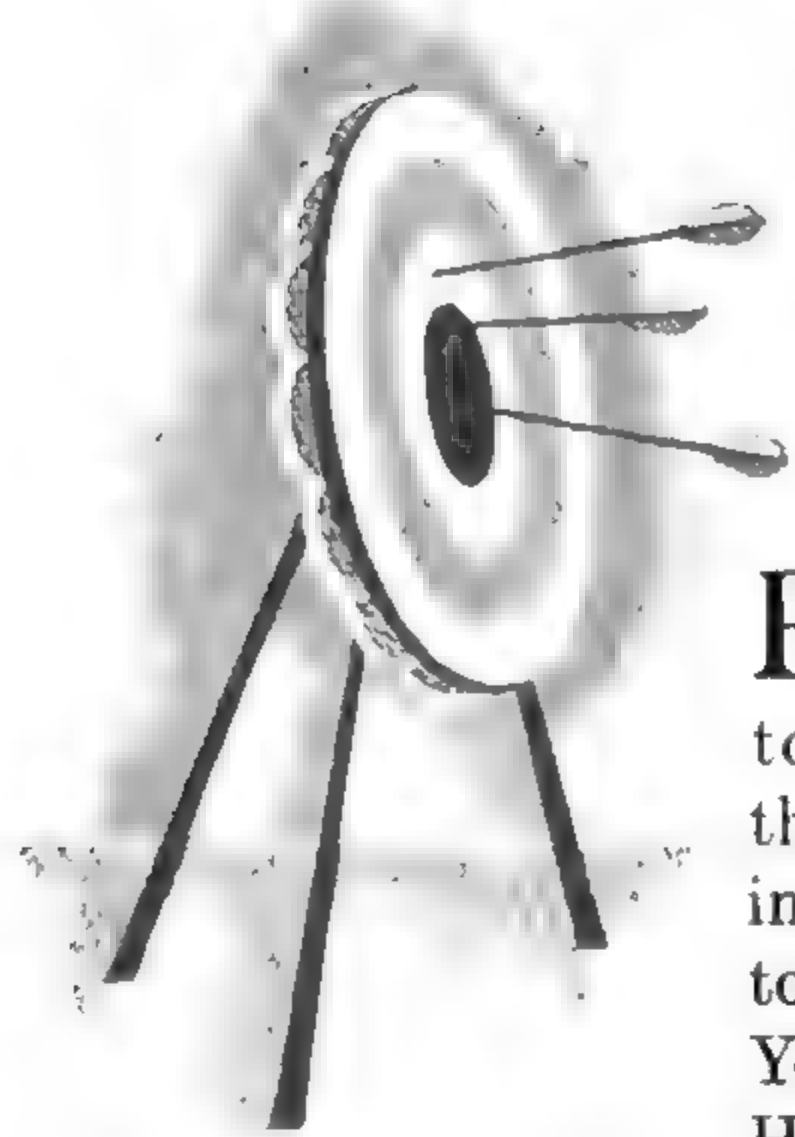
“So that made it our ball on Army’s five yard line”

The Clothyard Shaft

They used to consider an arrow wound the worst damage you could get, but it usually wasn't a wound, it was curtains

by FLETCHER PRATT

• SPORTS •



PROBABLY more Phooey has been tossed around about the bow than any other instrument in the history of sport and war. You catch it from Robin Hood books when you're a kid, from *Ivanhoe* and *The White Company* a little farther along, and after you're through school, you find pictures in the roto section of 200 Wellesley girls all lined up in shorts and pulling away on their bows to beat the band.

Boy! If those dames are the archers they pretend to be, you can date them—leave me out. A girl who has been pulling every afternoon at even one of the light twenty or twenty-five pound bows they use in those female colleges would be a feminine Sandow; she'd come home not on foot, but riding in your car and sitting on your poor, banged-up head.

Archery probably gets its reputation as a la-de-da sport out of pictures like that (for some reason the papers don't often print pictures of guys like Stewart Edward White, who put an arrow clean through a charging African lion). It's true that unless you hunt big game with the bow, the sport does not contain such an element of physical danger and personal contact as does football, for instance. Neither does tennis, or the shot-put or golf or pistol-shooting. And in the qualities demanded by any of these sports—accuracy, endurance, exquisite muscular and nervous control—archery is way ahead of most of them. In addition you have the one weapon that makes hunting a genuine sport, and the one for which (in most states) there is no closed season for any kind of game.

As a matter of fact a good archer will beat a good pistol-shot at his own game every time and a good golfer most of the time. A few years ago a chap named Bolander, who was a kind of bow-and-arrow bum, used to pick up quite a bit of change around the Pittsburgh district, walking into police stations and challenging the best pistol-shot on the force to a match, bow against gun, for heavy side-bets. Pistol targets and pistol scoring rules were to be used, each man firing ten shots at 25, 50, 75, and 100 yards respectively. It looked like such a cinch he never had any difficulty in getting customers, and they adjourned to the pistol range.

At 25 yards the cop would win easily, since an arrow doesn't begin to get well straightened in its flight much before that; Bolander would look politely chagrined and allow himself to be persuaded into doubling the bets. At 50 yards he'd be getting at least an even break and from that point on it was just a

question of how much he would take them for. Incidentally, he fell downstairs and broke his neck after a superlative binge on the proceeds of one of these victories and all the harness-bulls of western Pennsylvania and eastern Ohio heaved a sigh of relief.

An archery-golf match is more of an even thing, though Art Young, the famous bowman now dead, used to knock off some pretty good golf pros with fair regularity. Archer and golfer start from the tee together, the archer firing his second shaft from where the first lands, and counting the number of shots it takes him to land an arrow in the cup as the golfer counts his strokes. The archer will get about the same distance off the tee—a good flight arrow travels around 250 yards—and much more accuracy; but on the putting-green things even up, thanks to the fact that the ultimate target is set down in the ground and offers an aiming point which, seen from the archer's position, is a flat oval, the hardest of all objects to hit with an arrow.

Incidentally, the tip-off on the Robin Hood and *Ivanhoe* stories about the archers of Merrie England setting up a willow-wand and splitting it with an arrow is that they were kidding the peasantry with that stunt. As any practicing archer knows, it would be a lot harder to hit the center of a target. The reason is that with a bow it's easy to correct errors of deflection once you have learned to allow for windage; the main difficulty comes with the elevation, where the utmost delicacy is required to get onto that dot in the center of the target.

If you intend to do any hunting with the bow, you had better practice on that delicacy. An arrow has no shocking power whatever; it wouldn't stop a charging rabbit, and if you happen to be after something like moose or bear, it would be a good idea to be sure you hit the game in a vital spot.

On the other hand it is far less difficult to find a vital spot with an arrow than with a bullet. Everybody has heard or read those stories about bears still alive and full of fight after having taken so much lead they'd sink in Salt Lake; but Art Young twice killed grizzlies with single arrows, an English enthusiast once laid out a wild water buffalo with one shaft, and it's not at all uncommon for hunters in the north woods to get their game with the first shot.

This seems like a contradiction and needs to be explained but there is nothing tricky about it. The bullet, thanks to its small size and great speed, follows a straight path through the tissues, making a neat hole that heals up unless it punctures some organ that can't stand puncturing, like a heart or a spinal cord. The head of a hunting arrow has two and sometimes three edges, four or more

inches long and razor-sharp; the set of the feathers gives these edges a rotary motion in flight and striking, so that when they hit the animal the effect is that of a sharp, three-edged screw, two or three inches in diameter, boring through everything in its path. There is no jar for the animal, but it cuts loose all his works and he dies of internal hemorrhages, usually sooner rather than later.

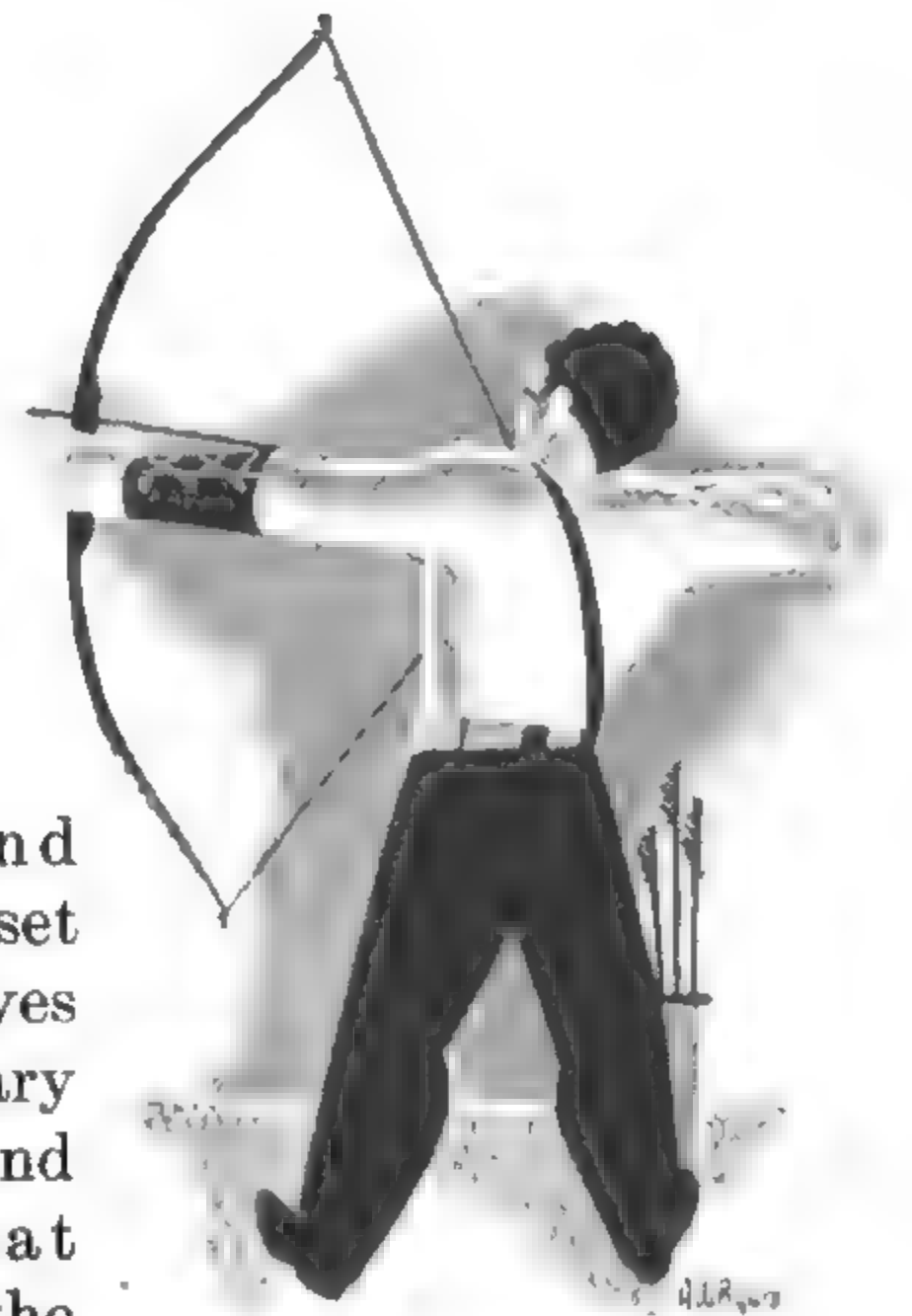
This explains why, in the days when knight-hood was in flower, arrow-wounds were regarded as the worst damage a man could get. Nobody ever got over one unless he got it through the arm or below the knee and sometimes not then; the arrow always went deep enough to mess up the whole artery system beyond possibility of repair.

There is only one thing difficult to explain about the arrow's killing power and that is its phenomenal penetration, which puzzles scientists a little, although they think it is probably due partly to the screwing motion and partly to the fact that going up the arrow has the push of the bow behind it and coming down the pull of gravity, so that its velocity is fairly constant. It is certain that the little feathered instrument is fatal to the full limit of its range, just as penetrating at 275 yards as at 10. It takes a couple of anecdotes to explain how penetrating that is; one is about Art Young, who conducted a post mortem on one of his grizzlies and found his shaft had gone through one of the creature's ribs and was buried to the feathers in its shaggy side.

The other is the story known to every archer about Dr. Saxton Pope and the suit of armor. Pope, one of the archery pioneers in this country, dropped in at an art museum one day. They had just received a suit of armor there, a particularly fine set belonging to some medieval princeling, and the museum's armor expert was inclined to blow a bit about how perfect a piece it was. In proof, he offered to put it on and let Pope try a few shots at him. It happened that a few months before some archeologists in England had dredged up the wreckage of the medieval ship *Mary Rose*. In her arms chest they found a good deal of archery equipment in a fair state of preservation, and sent Pope some of the arrows. He took the head off one, cleaned it up, sharpened its point and edges, and putting it on a modern shaft, agreed to make the trial, but with the proviso that the armor be mounted on something else than the armor-man's hide.

They finally agreed on a box, heavily padded with sacking; Pope let drive from

Continued in center of page 166





"Now, Hilda!—Give it hell!"

The Number One Blight

**Musical movies wouldn't be so bad
if they'd cut out the singing, the
bands, the dancing and the comedy**

by GILBERT SELDES

• THE LIVELY ARTS •

WITHIN the past year three terrible things have happened to the movies, the Ritz Brothers. Whether they are funny or not may be a matter of taste, but their effect on movie-musicals is a matter of judgment, and even if they were funny, my judgment is that they would still be the wreckers of the last hope that the movies would ever be able to create a revue with music. They popped up and were utterly out of place in *On the Avenue*; they were featured in *You Can't Have Everything*; and now I understand they are starred in *Life Begins at College*, but this is still a free country, so I am under no obligation to see the last of these. The first two were enough.

The boys work hard and have the great gift of letting you know how hard they work; they are as conscious of being funny as if they were funny; and they are a godsend to producers. In the old days when a script weakened, producers threw in a railroad wreck, taking it out of stock; nowadays they throw in the Ritz Brothers, who are a little less entertaining. The lack of inventiveness in revue, which has always been apparent in the Hollywood product, becomes more marked with every film issued; and the quantity goes up. Side by side with its prestige pictures, Hollywood is sending out dozens of musicals, all with lots of names, lots of songs, no taste and no style.

There was an interlude of superior production between the first orgy of lavishness clustering around Maurice Chevalier and the current debauch of vaudeville turns clustering about the Ritz Brothers. In that interval two notable American composers, Kern and Berlin, utilized the superior talents of Fred Astaire and, chiefly under the eye of Pandro S. Berman, gave us musical shows of discretion, humor, taste, and quality. *Roberta* and *Top Hat* are examples. Musicals like these you can remember with pleasure. But you cannot remember, with pleasure or without, the gaudy and god-awful spectacles which preceded, and I predict a quick oblivion for the current crop. Both the earlier and the later productions were by far the more elaborate and expensive and for all I know they may be the more successful. But they are terrible.

So many of them are terrible that I am beginning to wonder whether something about the movies isn't basically hostile to the whole idea of musical shows. It's no use telling me that they make money and therefore must be all right; if you could persuade Franklin D. Roosevelt and John L. Lewis to take the leads in a revue, that also might make money (provided you threw in the Ritz Brothers) and still wouldn't prove that musical shows are a natural for the pictures.

To me they are always hammy—from way back, even unto the days when Grace Moore began to clutter up the screen. Once in a hundred times it is a pleasure to hear a song delivered in a musical. And yet a song in a straight movie often is extremely effective: Gene Raymond singing *All I Do*; the *Rendezvous* song in one of W. C. Fields' shows; *The First Time I Met You* in *The Toast of New York*—these are not only pleasant and unpretentious melodies, as you hear them on the air, but are deftly introduced and sung, not plugged, in their original settings. I can remember Miss Hyams singing a song to Roland Young in *Ruggles of Red Gap*, after several years, with an almost doting fondness, although I didn't like the picture; I recoil with distaste at the thought of the way songs are put over in the straight musicals.

In these productions, everything is hurled at the audience, including Dick Powell's charm and Eleanor Powell's teeth and the gullets and larynxes of all singers brought over from the Metropolitan Opera House. They pulled poor Robert Taylor into one, a few months ago, and never was a man more ill at ease. When they get Leopold Stokowski in, it's high art, of course, but let no one be deceived. The big orchestral numbers are still specialty acts, like any other routines, like Robert Wildhack's inspired snoring or sneezing, only most of them aren't quite so funny. Even the Marx Brothers had to suffer a water ballet in their last picture and, just to make things even, a fairly good musical threw in Martha Raye in black-face and not being funny in a spectacular song-and-dance number.

These shows irritate me because with a few exceptions they start with a story in which no human being can be interested; then the magic of the movies reasserts itself and you begin to be entertained or amused and someone starts to sing and the whole movie stops short. Then the dances begin and no one has yet figured out how to make a dance seem real and important on the screen. The exceptional single dancers, once in a great while a duo, are reasonably good, although never as absorbing to watch as they are on the stage, but choruses only make any sort of impression through trick shots and then they interest you not as

dancers, but as items in a pictorial arrangement. And after you have worked through all these deterrents, you still have the bands to dull up the works; and finally the comedians. In the usual run of pictures, the movies seem to be sprightly and quick as compared to the stage counterpart; in musical shows, the stage is the snappier. The only advantage the screen has over the stage is that there cannot be any encores; but, then, who would want them?

These musicals have, quite naturally, killed off the musical shows of the stage, and in the past twenty-four months we have been able to measure the loss because two musicals were produced of such surpassing excellence that they made you think of the good old days when in a season you might see three or four excellent revues and perhaps half a dozen musical comedies. These two were the book-musical *On Your Toes* and the revue *The Show Is On*. Both were rich and warm and bright and beautiful. In the first Ray Bolger played a hooper with

geniality and danced with sheer genius; in the second Beatrice Lillie and Bert Lahr were possessed with the spirit of burlesque; in both, the settings, the casts, the scores, were magnificent. The entire musical output of Hollywood since the movies learned to bray—with the exceptions I noted at the beginning—isn't worth one scene of either of these two shows. And yet, into the Hollywood shows have been poured talents at least as great. The trouble is that the producers of movie-musicals don't know what to do with their material.

Undeterred by the circumstance that they haven't yet produced a memorable work, they are proceeding to conquer new fields. The idea of

presenting grand opera seems to have come simultaneously to Mussolini (who transmitted it, of all people, to Hal Roach) and to a group of serious American music-lovers. I counsel the latter to leave the productions to Il Duce and his Roach, because the first hundred operas are going to be the hardest—the hardest to look at and the hardest to pay for. You can, from this distance, see those gypsies and those pirates and those



Continued in center of page 193

Novel Divorce

Helpful lesson in creative writing which your English professor never taught you

by JOSEPH FULLING FISHMAN

• SATIRE •

BETWEEN eight and eight-thirty on Monday morning, July 1st, in at least a half million homes, Mr. Public put down his coffee cup and said to Mrs. Public:

"Well, what do you know about that? The Vincent Elwoods have separated."

In four hundred and ninety-some thousands of these homes Mrs. Public reached across the table in great excitement and tried to grab the paper out of her husband's hand. Failing in this, she exclaimed:

"Is that so! Huh, and they were so happily married too. What else does it say?"

For anyone able to read between the pictures it said plenty:

VINCENT ELWOOD

Famed novelist, autographing old shoe flung at him by an admirer, as he departed on his honeymoon just two years ago.

* * *

MR. AND MRS. VINCENT ELWOOD

Both noted novelists, who are known as the ideally mated couple. They are shown auctioning off their old rejection slips at the Authors' League Ball, in order to raise money to care for indigent writers. Some of the slips brought as much as a thousand dollars.

* * *

VINCENT AND CLAIRE ELWOOD

Writers of best sellers, who are shown with their infant son, Leroy. The little tot is mutilating one of Mr. Elwood's manuscripts. "Undoubtedly he will be an editor when he grows up," said Mr. Elwood.

* * *

MRS. VINCENT ELWOOD

Leading lady novelist, shown leaving the Elwood home en route to Reno. The day after their honeymoon two years ago, Arthur Pinchell, famed columnist, predicted a separation. Cameramen, who have been watching the house ever since, were yesterday rewarded for their patience. "Our marital affairs are none of the public's business," heatedly declared the ambulating authoress.

But non-public business has yet to be invented. So for many days various aspects of the affair appeared in the papers, each successive story, like the toredo, burrowing a little deeper into the interior.

Then on July 6th the *Daily Looking Glass* scored one of the greatest scoops of the year. The photograph on the first page told the story at a glance. Underneath it was the caption:

ELSA LOUISE GAXTON

Noted socialite, alleged to be "Other Woman" in Elwood divorce case. (Story on page 3.)

And what a story!

It was signed by Larry Minninger, the ace of the *Looking Glass* staff. Six days and nights of following Elwood's footsteps had yielded juicy results:

"The 'other woman' in the Vincent Elwood case is alleged to be none other than Elsa Louise Gaxton, noted society luminary and only daughter of the late Pierre C. Gaxton who, up until the coming of the financial crash, was one of the richest men in America. The *Looking Glass* is able to state exclusively that on Tuesday night, just one day after the story of the Elwood rift had appeared in the papers, Mr. Elwood was seen entering the sumptuous apartment house on Park Avenue where Miss Gaxton lives. He emerged a few moments later with Miss Gaxton, dressed a little ahead of the fashion as usual. After looking cautiously around they entered Mr. Elwood's car and were driven to an exclusive roadhouse on the Margate Road, where they dined and danced. Since that time Mr. Elwood has been seen with Miss Gaxton on five or six different occasions, always in out-of-the-way places.

"When interviewed Mr. Elwood at first denied that he had been seeing Miss Gaxton. When told about his movements, however, he admitted that they had an 'understanding.' He was extremely critical of his wife, also a noted writer, alleging that she had 'squealed' about Miss Gaxton after they had both agreed to keep her connection with their marital affairs a secret."

The next journalistic step was obvious. The story was wired to Pete Enslow, the divorce specialist of the *Looking Glass* who was stationed in Reno. Mr. Enslow, with an air of sympathy which he could put on and take off at will, showed the story to Mrs. Elwood. As she read it Enslow sized her up, from her gorgeous chestnut hair to her silken stockings filled with symmetry as a lady's stockings should be. "A pip," he said to himself. "Wonder who the 'he' is. Some bird's playing in luck."

But he changed his mind a moment later.

Mrs. Elwood, her large brown eyes ablaze as though filled with liquid fire, tore the paper into shreds and hurled it to the floor. She said something under her breath which sounded to the startled reporter like "lying little rat," and then burst into a scorned woman fury which caused him to

take a step or two backward as though he feared a personal attack. Out of the plethora of bitter words which came pouring from her rouged lips, Mr. Enslow gathered that Miss Gaxton was not the first and would not be the last if she knew anything about Elwood, that there were plenty of women whose names she could give if she wanted to, that there were some terribly wild parties at which disgraceful scenes were enacted, that if Elwood spent more time writing and less drinking it wouldn't be necessary to search for him in all the saloons every time his publisher wanted to talk to him, that Elsa Gaxton who spent three-quarters of her time running around to cocktail parties was the

kind of wife he ought to have, that neither of them was a fit person to have around an adult let alone a baby, that she was of course going to demand the custody of her child and that she didn't intend to say anything now but would have plenty to say later on.

During the flood of tears which followed, Mr. Enslow faded quietly away, jotting down remembered bits of sentences as he walked toward the telegraph office. The following morning, with Enslow's story in his hand, Minninger again called upon Elwood.

From then on everything went, including the strangle hold, the rabbit punch, the hidden ball and hitting and biting in the clinches. Mr. Elwood reminded his wife via the *Looking Glass* that she had been present at these alleged wild parties, and that he had noticed that she hadn't left any of them, but had stayed right on with the rest of them, and that perhaps at the proper time he would have something to say about her conduct. "He refused to amplify these insinuations," said Mr. Minninger, "but his manner plainly showed that he felt that his wife's behavior at these parties was not all that it should have been."

On page 16 was a picture of one of the Elwood parties, "drawn by one of our staff artists from a description given exclusively to the *Looking Glass* by one of those present." Inset in the picture was a photograph of the Elwood baby, now about a year old. The caption read:

"Little Leroy Elwood, offspring of quarreling couple. Professor Alexis Montessi, *Looking Glass* specialist in infant behavior, widely known for predicting what babies would say if they could say anything, declares: 'If little Leroy were able to give utterance to his thoughts he would undoubtedly say, 'What is to become of Me?'"

The picture was effective. The following

Continued on page 194





grab bag for last minute shoppers

COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS BY WHITING-FELLOWS

Here it is the eleventh hour, and there are those fellows at the office, they've got to be remembered; and, of course, there are those eternal male relatives of your wife's; and some of your less important customers—the list is endless. Here you are . . . they're darn good gifts, all of them, and they're bound to win friends and influence the most unlikely people.

1. Striped silk socks, flattering to the ankles . . . 2. Seal skin slippers piped with red . . . 3. All we can say is brown braces, just brown braces . . . 4. A cheering note on a dark day—yellow cashmere muffler . . . 5. Warm wool muffler striped in red . . . 6. British striped shirt with silk tie . . . 7. Utilitarian, but appreciated—shaving brush . . . 8. Chromium boxed safety razor . . . 9. Gold plated safety razor . . . 10. Electric razor . . . 11. Cowhide belt with silver buckle . . . 12. Plaid wool socks, an optimistic note . . . 13. Wool

socks with Tyrolean motifs . . . 14. Toiletries set: (a) eau de Cologne, (b) hair dressing, (c) after shave lotion . . . 15. Wooden shaving bowl . . . 16. Pigskin gloves, long-wearing and perennially smart . . . 17. Maroon knit tie . . . 18. And you might give a maroon silk handkerchief to match . . . 19. Red feather carnation . . . 20-21. Hand painted lemon wood cigarette box with matching match box holder . . . 22. Stream-line table model cigarette lighter . . . 23. Folding camera . . . 24. Pen and pencil set . . . 25. If he's Scotch, he'll be delighted if you get him a wool tobacco pouch in authentic tartan . . . 26. Spots before his eyes, rayon polka dot pajamas . . . 27-29. Briar pipes . . . 30. Ruby and gold cuff links . . . 31. Sports motif tie pin . . . 32. Gold-filled wrist watch . . . 33. His pride and joy—a gold initialed tie clip . . . 34. He may prefer a pocket watch . . . 35. Or a flameless pocket lighter.

(Sources of supply of merchandise will be furnished on receipt of stamped, self-addressed envelope to Fashion Staff, Esquire, 366 Madison Ave., N.Y.C.)







**whether
she's pert
or she's prim**

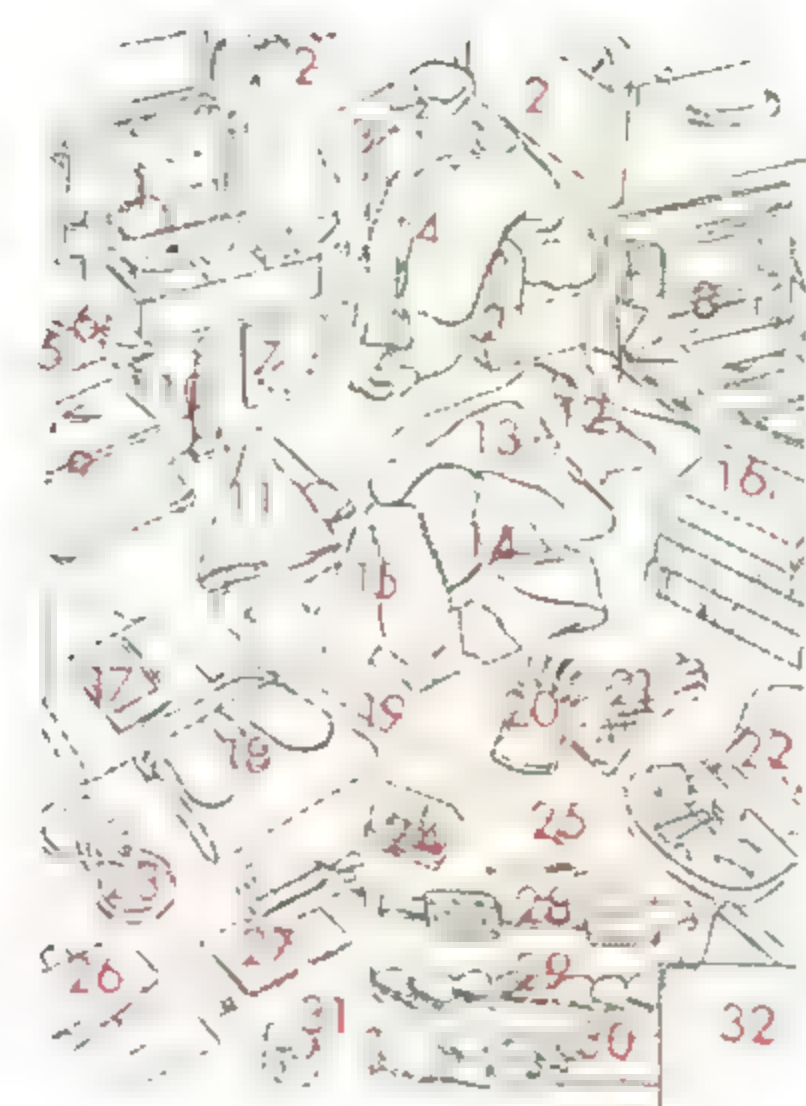
COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS BY WHITING-FELLOWS

These gifts are in excellent taste, moreover they won't make you seem too much of a Santa Claus.

1. Brown leather ecrase, a fitted beauty case for when she's on the wing . . 2. Canvas suitcase in a new color, "red earth" . . 3. Tyrolean sweater with flannel front and knit sleeves . . 4. Hat, scarf and sweater of Baranduki fur . . 5. Better a correspondent than a co-respondent—hence, stationery . . 6. As further encouragement—a black, gold-banded pen and pencil set . . 7. Little glass clock for her boudoir . . 8. For over-nighters . . a large, fitted handbag . . 9. If she yearns to be an authoress, a portable typewriter . . 10. The subtle way to apply perfume is via an atomizer . . 11. Unusual red and green scarf . . 12. Pullover sweater—if she has a figger . . 13. Green rib-knit cardigan goes up to the chin . . 14. For outdoor gals, a red suede windbreaker . . 15. For

warm heart, cold hands . . white angora mittens . . 16. If she's booky . . novels, essays and a history of Art . . 17. Red leather handbag with a vanity mirror which lights up . . 18. For sports wear, a brown leather saddle bag . . 19. Umbrella with dark blue alligator handle . . 20. Brown leather gloves piped in tan . . 21. Brown leather gloves, novelty stitching . . 22. Red alligator manicure kit . . 23. Green leather desk clock . . 24. Folding desk clock, in book-shaped pigskin case . . 25. For nurses or what have you, a double dial wrist watch . . 26. Pigskin passport case . . 27. A red tartan cloth purse vanity, lighter, cigarette case and comb set . . 28. Pigskin golf belt . . 29. Tyrolean belt in red, green and yellow . . 30. Floral decorations on a black and yellow wool Tyrolean belt . . 31. Tortoise shell bracelet with inset watch . . 32. Conservative black calf handbag.

(Sources of supply of merchandise will be furnished on receipt of stamped, self-addressed envelope to Fashion Staff, Esquire, 366 Madison Ave., N.Y.C.)





IN THE SEASON OF WHITE TIE AND TAILS

THE tailcoat that's just right, right now, is the one on the right. It is of midnight blue in a fine basket weave, with a long roll to the black fine-ribbed grosgrain silk lapel. The buttons are covered with a black checkered silk. Note the absence of the usual breast pocket. Tailors say that the coat hangs straighter with the breast pocket eliminated and besides many men who wear a boutonniere feel that the addition of a breast pocket handkerchief

makes them look too much like a Christmas tree. The tails extend only a fraction of an inch below the bend of the knee and back and round gracefully around the trouser pocket. The trousers carry two medium wide braids set close together and should break naturally at the instep. Notice the revival of the gold watch fob, consisting of a black silk ribbon and an old-fashioned Georgian gold seal. Plain gold studs and monogrammed plain gold cuff links.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

First Nights & Passing Judgments

Since poor Maxwell Anderson broke
down for the boys who clamored for
prose, this is the thanks he gets

by **GEORGE JEAN NATHAN**

• THEATRE •

AN IRISHMAN, who for long years had been a cripple, heard of the miracles that were being performed on behalf of cripples such as he at the Shrine of St. Anne de Beaupré. Thither he betook himself and at the shrine for five weeks, daily, at the behest of the attending holy man, he paid his devotions and fervently prayed that he might be made well. At the end of the five weeks the holy man bade him discard his crutches and observe the miracle's wonder. "First," commanded the holy man, "throw aside your left crutch." The Irishman obeyed. "Now, throw aside your right crutch," commanded the holy man. Again, the Irishman obeyed. "And now," proclaimed the holy man, "behold!"

"And what happened then?" his friends asked of the Irishman.

"Then," said the Irishman, "Oi fell flat on me tail."

Those theatrical holy men, the critics, including myself, have for some time been commanding Maxwell Anderson to throw aside his two crutches: the one, the arbitrary and often dubious blank verse designed to serve as a prop for his intermittently crippled dramaturgy; the other, the arbitrary tendency to see poetry in everything, whether it was there or not, in turn designed to support a deficiency in clear, realistic vision. Like the Irishman, Mr. Anderson has now obeyed the injunctions of the theatrical presbyters and, also like the Irishman, has fallen flat on his rear. The title of the tumble is *The Star-Wagon* and the thud is painfully loud. For not only is *The Star-Wagon* the frequently worthy Anderson's worst performance; it would be a sorry performance from even one of the lowly Broadway box-office scribblers.

Abandoning blank verse and his wholesale poetic squirt-gun and attempting to prove to the critics that he could accept their challenge and successfully throw it back into their faces, Anderson surprises and shocks even the least of his quondam admirers by writing a play that for complete banality, mushy and factitious sentiment, lack of imagination and muddled, juvenile philosophy has not been matched by any half-way aspiring playwright in some considerable time. It is difficult to believe that Anderson, who is a writer of integrity and hard resolve and who has as great a pride in himself as in the theatre, could conceivably manufacture such a piece of shoddy. It is out of character and all logic. Resorting to one of the stalest devices of the popular

hokum stage, to wit, the projection of his leading characters back into a past period, and maneuvering the mothly business with H. G. Wells' old "time-machine" substituting for the usually employed and equally old dream, soothsayer's glass ball, doze in front of an open fireplace, or magic potion of Hanlon and Drury Lane extravaganza, he

has evolved an exhibit that, scene by scene, consistently and ploddingly follows closely the pattern of the most routine dramatic imaginings and phrasings of the venerable conceit.

Nothing is missing. The unhappy old married couple who speculate on what might have happened had each married someone else and who are brought beatifically to

realize, through various dramatic camera shots of the past, that with all their troubles and poverty they are better off than if one of them had married John D. Rockefeller and the other Mistinguett, are duly on deck again. So is the flashback to the days of bicycles, bloomers, straw sailor hats, horseless buggies and gay church picnics. So is the invention that finally makes the poor old inventor rich. So is the philosophy that the possession of money inevitably makes one very miserable. So is the flashback to 1902 in which the same characters who in the present 1930's talk easily, naturally and strainlessly, now that they are in the clothes and dress of the period talk like a costume party. The theory that rich women are always essentially bitches and that success in the world invariably makes men sons of them is again in evidence. The young lovers indicate their spiritual ecstasy by not looking each other directly in the eyes and exaltedly fixing their vision intently above each others' heads. And so on.

The Star-Wagon, in short, for all its box-office prosperity and for all its proficient performances by Burgess Meredith, Lillian Gish and Russell Collins, is Maxwell Anderson's sorest and bluest bottom-bruise.

The Negro Guild Theatre briefly invaded the hypothetically Caucasian theatrical district with a melancholy mistake called *How Come, Lawd?*, by the tinted Donald Heywood. An entirely abortive essay in dramaturgy, it

might better and with vastly more acute relevance have been called *The Tar-Wagon*. When Negroes wish to show themselves off to the best histrionic and dramatic advantage, it is advisable for them to have their plays written for them by white playwrights. The latter, true enough, are often not much good but the colored playwrights even more often are a lot worse.

Blow Ye Winds, with which Arthur Hopkins opened his season in the hope of recapturing his unhappily faded position in the theatre, was an attempt by Valentine Davies to tell some such story of love and sex as Claude Anet's *Ariane* with the aid of an elaborate stage setting representing a boat. The stage setting of the boat, was fine, but things unfortunately stopped there. Why they stopped there does not impose any undue analytical strain upon the critical faculties. In the first place, Mr. Davies, lacking entirely the subtlety and, apparently, much of the woman-experience of even a pleasant second-rater like Anet, succeeded only in contriving the same old boy-meets-girl tale, and with no more variations than a one-finger piano rendition of *My Gal's a Highborn Lady*. Through three long acts and eight long scenes he announced and repeated, like a deaf-mute passionately trying to communicate the A B C's through the sign-language to a blind man, the startling news that when a hitherto aloof woman who prides herself on her great mental gifts finally condescends to surrender her virtue to a man and finds that he is a soothingly apt fellow in the

hay, she not only comes to the conclusion that mind maybe isn't everything but that she likes it. Evidently enraptured by his discovery, Mr. Davies was loath simply to impart it to his audience and let it go at that. So important did it seem to him that he generously confided it to his paying guests at intervals of every five to ten minutes.

In the second place, Mr. Davies elected to make his heroine a Ph.D.,

and not only a Ph.D. along with the antecedent A.B. and M.A., but also a practising psychoanalyst. What is more, he made her talk and act like one. Now, unless a playwright has a charming skill and a charming wit, any such female's anatomical affairs are likely to retail all the warm romantic interest and the character herself all the warm romantic appeal of a piece of ice down one's

Continued in center of page 152





"I can't imagine why she prefers the old fashioned icebox but I got it to make her happy"

Without Benefit of Tackle

A trout will fall for the rather unfair method of tickling while a flounder takes the direct approach

by JOHN E. DRIEMEN

• SPORTS •

ONE of the most amazing fish stories I have ever heard concerns the snaring of an octopus by a group of South Sea natives without the aid of line, hook, net or any other kind of paraphernalia. Since this article concerns that very rare sport of catching game fish with the bare hands—nearer to the range of the American fisherman—the tale of the octopus will serve very well as a prelude—if you can excuse a poor pun.

Before plunging in, however, I should explain that this primitive variety of angling is not offered as an alternative to the orthodox procedures of fly-casting, live bait or underwater plug fishing. I am not trying to start a new school of thought. But from Harry Rand, a fine old Essex man, and from Jim MacLaren, a Perthshire Scotchman, I have learned the art and thrill of outwitting the wily fish without benefit of tackle, and I pass it on to you for whatever joy you may be able to discover in its occasional practice.

On short rambles along the trout-infested streams of the Berkshires; or more rarely, on excursions to the seashore for purposes other than fishing, I have brightened the day by catching the odd trout or a few flounder for the camp meal—without tackle. As a change from the usual methods, as pure thrill, this art—or sport—cannot be matched. Even if he never tries it, the “compleat angler” should have this knowledge at his fingertips. For the extent to which any hobby is enjoyed depends considerably on the completeness of one’s knowledge of it. Every fisherman, then, should know this practice. An occasional trial at this bare-handed stuff will not only reward one with the same thrill that accompanies a successful bit of sleuthing, but will also keen the appetite for the classical methods.

First, then, about the octopus. The story was told me by Carl Lehmann, an old Dutch salt who has sailed the Seven Seas, who has caught marlin in the waters of the South Pacific and small white whales in Hudson Bay. He witnesses the actual capture and bemoans the lack of a good camera. The clear water would have offered few obstacles to the recording of the struggle that went on below. But the date was 1904 and Carl had been shipwrecked on the island.

The shipwreck entailed none of the usual privations that attend a storm at sea. For Lehmann’s ship, the *Minnezinger*, a German boat, had anchored outside the coral reef extending around the island which is the scene of this story. Then called Barrabas, now Ocean Island, it served as a base for an English phosphate company operating in the territory. It was a port-of-call for the ship that was soon to sink.

The reef is important to our story. It ran

in a long sloping shelf down to the sea. At low tide, it shone naked in the tropical sun. Natives and sailors walked out dry to the 3,000 tonner. It was at low tide that the ship, too near the ledge, was caught by the combers and washed onto the reef, with disastrous results to her holds. The ballast shifted, causing a bad list. Two attempts to salvage her failed and she sank at high tide. Lehmann, with others, was stranded, and so was able to witness the catching of the octopus—only one of many adventures.

Because of the ledge, no boats, not even the outriggers, could come in to the rocky shore. They lay at anchor at the end of a long dock. On fishing expeditions, the natives ran out the length of the pier, dived in and despite sharks, swam out to their boats. Coming in, they did the same. Barracuda, shark and flying fish were their chief catch—and important too, for the island harbored no fresh meat. The scarcity of fresh water had killed off all small animal life. Occasionally, wild fowl was obtainable—also without benefit of snares or firearms—but that is another story.

On this day, the receding flood tide had left a twelve-foot octopus trapped in the natural reservoir under the coral ledge. A native Kanaka spied him, and calling to a boy on the dock to bring out all the fishermen, he dived below and set up a terrific thrashing in the “face” of the sea giant. Contrary to legend, the giant did not attack, though he did angle for an escape. The agile Kanaka kept out of reach of the tentacles and the suckers.

In a few minutes, the whole male population of the island thronged the water. Protected by numbers, they attacked en masse. The octopus, naturally, managed to get his tentacles around a few of his besiegers, and reflexively, was using his discs for all they were worth. The natives, none of whom had as much as a stick, had a novel method of counteracting this danger. They ranged themselves along the encircling coils in systematic rows and proceeded to bite for all they were worth! When a Kanaka’s lungs went empty, he rose to the surface, swallowed a large gulp of air, and dived again to resume his biting. This was one case where the fisherman, not the fish, furnished the bite. In about half an hour, the beast had been bitten to death. The triumphant natives bore him to the surface. And it was only

then that they borrowed from Lehmann a grappling hook to haul their catch ashore. The victory, incidentally, was the occasion of a notable celebration.

Now, I don’t suppose that any American fisherman in his right mind is going about looking for octopi—or any other kind of fish—with his teeth. I certainly am not. But the story will at least serve as a precedent for what will follow—more to the liking of the self-respecting angler, I hope.

Flounder are considerably less difficult to grapple with than octopi, and offer a real prize to skilled hands. Also, they are the least difficult to catch of any of the fish that submit to this treatment. They will serve as a starter. Now, obviously, when the flounder run in shoals as they do, for example, in the spring off Long Island Sound, no one is going to dive off into several fathoms of water to grapple with the fish even though they are not bottom runners at this time of year. But as the season wears on, in summer or fall, the flat fish comes closer and closer into shore for his food, until he is actually swimming into shallow tidal creeks, preferably with gravelly bottom, where he will lie even at low tide in three feet of water. These are the spots for our hand fishing.

They are not uncommon, these gravel bottom tidal creeks. You’ll find them all along the Atlantic coast, at least from the Pennsylvania coast upwards. I am not familiar with southern waters and so will not venture a statement about them. But I have seen hundreds of these inlets, particularly off Jersey and Long Island Sound, that are the favorite feeding grounds for the *Pleuronectes Argus*. Preferring a diet of small shellfish, crustacea, that is, and worms, they lie close in to the mud flats that invariably line these tidal creeks and

that supply the necessary food. In fact, as the summer wears on, the flounder ventures away from the mud flats less and less. Here is the spot for the chase. Incidentally, one curious fact about this excellent food fish: release him in a muddy stream and ever after, at first alarm, he’ll hide in muddy waters, burying himself in the sand.

To prepare the grounds for the hunt (which is what it amounts to) you have to travel upstream, stirring up the bed with your feet as you go to throw up a camouflage for the trip down. The waters must be clouded for



Continued on page 192

Name It and You Can Have It

The World War made America, the land of the apple pie and the home of the mashed potato, safe for hors d'oeuvres

by **BOB BROWN**

• ARTICLE •

AFTER at least a Thirty Years' Culinary War the old *hors d'oeuvres* have come to our country to stay, but not under their own ritzy name. Not at all. They're much more likely to be called snacks, appetizers, go-withs, do-dabs or dingle-dooos. For we haven't entirely given in without a struggle. Our national taste, founded on plain, substantial three-squares consisting of steak and apple pie has not accepted French frog frills, pickled fish and wine-soaked cheeses overnight. It's taken the whole beginning of this century to break in our palates to foreign whimsies in the way of savories, canapés and imported relishes.

Even back in 1900, olives, now so commonplace, were greatly suspect by our ham-and-flannel-cakes fathers. In fact, Newport society itself was a little startled by being offered those "salty plums" at that time, and one socialite rose to hostessing fame merely by dressing out her butler in green gloves to serve those exotic Spanish olives as a single spectacular course. But that was before California put them up by the billion.

And not so long ago nearly everybody suspected the wriggling anchovy, classed it almost with snails, which even yet don't get by. Caviar, too, though now familiarly known as "Russian buckshot," at first rolled a little oddly on our tongue, both in accent and flavor. All exotic tidbits in fact seemed strange to our corn-on-the-cob taster, the piquantly truffled *pâté de foie gras* of Strassbourg was then almost as mysterious as those French pickled cockscombs which are prescribed in every recipe *à la financière*, along with miniature pickled ears of French corn no longer than your little finger joint.

But the war brought hundreds of thousands of us back from Paris with appetites tingling for odd tastes, more daring *tripes à la mode to Caen*, sheep's trotters, roquefort pastes, all sorts of food and drink thrills experienced over there. For sudden association with foreign epicures and *hommes de bouche* had made us snack-conscious and for the first time we openly discussed just which sauce was best for the gander and what relishing tidbit was the natural companion to which spot of liquor.

A Wine and Food Society was formed, and toying with culinary subjects as well as telling of Savarin anecdotes became legitimate table talk. We became food-conscious.

Our commercial air lines carried the cause forward, not only in seeking out unusual regional specialties such as California sanddabs and border tamale loaves to feed their flying flocks "upstairs," but in carrying Florida rock crabs and turtle liver patés from Miami to the earthbound in many a corn and Bible belt hitherto unpenetrated by gastronomy of an order more succulent than spuds and sauerkraut.

And when prohibition finally was interred the question of vintages in both wines and cheeses infiltrated even to the furthest dog wagon and filling station. We wanted nifty go-withs and novel picker-up-ers for the flood of new drinks.

The Gourmet Society was then formed and began holding regular fortnightly discussions of Stilton with Chambertin 1926 or a crumb of venerable Holsteiner with

Liebfraumilch 1929. Finally the country was divided up into four sections and, only a little over a year ago, the first cook-off contest was held, with amateur experts from each section doing their stuff in public and prizes awarded, just as in a golf tournament.

Now there is action even more militant, dating from the recent meeting of Midwestern hotel men in Chicago when Otto K. Eitel, the restaurateur, touched off the *hors d'oeuvre* bomb, posing the question of Americanizing this French word which isn't exactly streamlined to Anglo-Saxon tongues.

"Strong men have become stutterers," he said, "trying to pronounce *hors d'oeuvres*. Anyone who invents a simple pronounceable substitute will be a public benefactor."

This new turn to Brillat-Savarin's "The discovery of a new dish is more beneficial to humanity than the discovery of a new star" so stirred the hotel men to action that they instantly appointed a sort of grievance committee to effect the much needed *hors d'oeuvres* reform and hung up a loving cup, (you couldn't eat it but you could fill it up), for a prize.

Thereupon Representative Maury Maverick, who has the reputation of being no mean fork in his native Texas, came out with: "The time has come for action, Americans have been bullied by that tricky name for years. Let's call them dingle-doo!"

So now wherever men gather there is

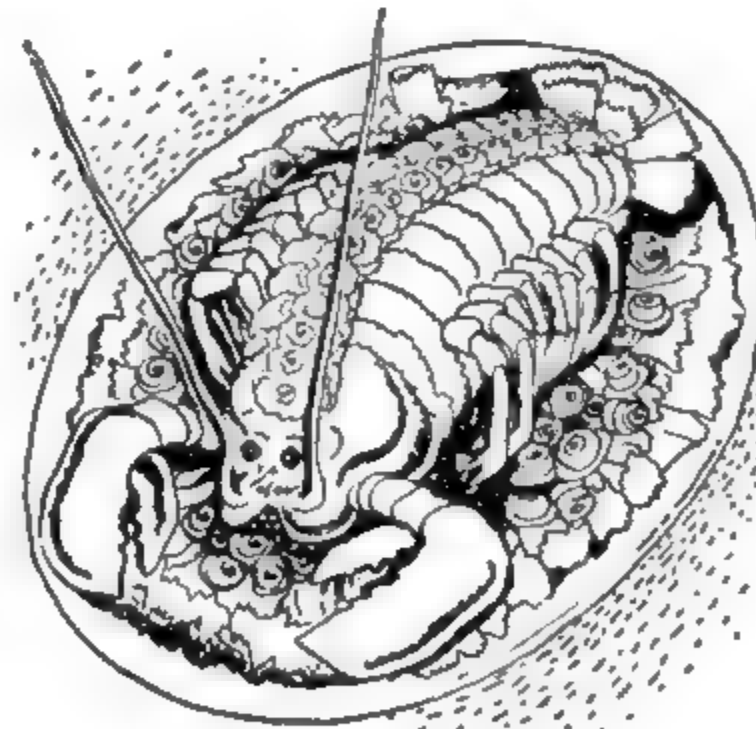
healthy discussion of whets, thumb-bits, one-bites, two-bites, patties, savories, snacks and dingle-dooos; all sorts of names both old and new to define our increasing need for mouth-watering "go-withs." And this really is an effort that's packing several centuries into a year or two. We are not only catching up with the Old World which had such an enormous head-start, but in some lines of delicatessen . . . such as cocktail sausages . . . we're leading it. And that's something, considering that in Europe ever since the Middle Ages, and before that the monks and Romans, anybody with the price to indulge his taste has devoted a large part of it to searching out *recherché* food and drink.

Although Paris holds the record and even counts clever cooking the eighth art, Russia has never been far behind and neither has such a tiny country as Denmark, which still sets the world snacking pace in the way of open-face shrimp sandwiches. For Copenhagen is as proud as New York to have an Oscar of its very own—Oskar Davidsen, who ships his Pyramid Portion Shrimp Canapés daily by air express to all the crowned stomachs of Europe.

Yea, verily, snacks are in the air, on the air, in the hair, everywhere. Tons of lobsters fly the length and breadth of our country every twenty-four hours, while up there in Denmark shrimps take to flight by the tens of thousands. We used to marvel at flying fish, but now there are even flying oysters from Cape Cod. But to get back to Oskar's shrimps; believe it or not, it takes from 130 to 150 of these little fellows, all shucked and prepared in sweet butter on bread, to make just one gigantic Pyramid Portion. Because the shrimps of Copenhagen are very small, more like the prawns of London than our big pink ones. Girls pull off their shells and whiskers all day long, laying them out in regiments in beds of butter covering a variety of bread slices, rye, white, sour and crisp. The butter holds them tight for air travel and helps keep them fresh, so they arrive in Budapest or Rome the same day in just as perfect

condition as when they left Oskar's Restaurant and Assembly Room at the corner of Aaboulevard and Griffenfeldtsgade. True, they are put up in smaller portions, as well, from "single," with only 20-25 shrimps, to double, 45-55, and "Shrimps in a Crowd," which Oskar's famous bill of fare in English describes as "a double layer with 2 extra rows, totaling 80-100 shrimps." But only a piker would pick one of these when the 150 Pyramid is within reach.

Continued on page 168





Camels

MADE FROM FINER,
MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS

Give Camels for Christmas! There's no doubt how much people appreciate Camels—the cigarette made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS. A gift of Camels says: "Happy Holidays and Happy Smoking!"

(right) Here's a pound of Prince Albert, packed in a real glass humidor that keeps the tobacco in prime condition.



(left) One pound of Prince Albert—the "biteless" tobacco—placed in a Christmas gift package.



(right) The famous Christmas package, the Camel carton—10 packs of "20's"—200 cigarettes. You'll find it at your dealer's.

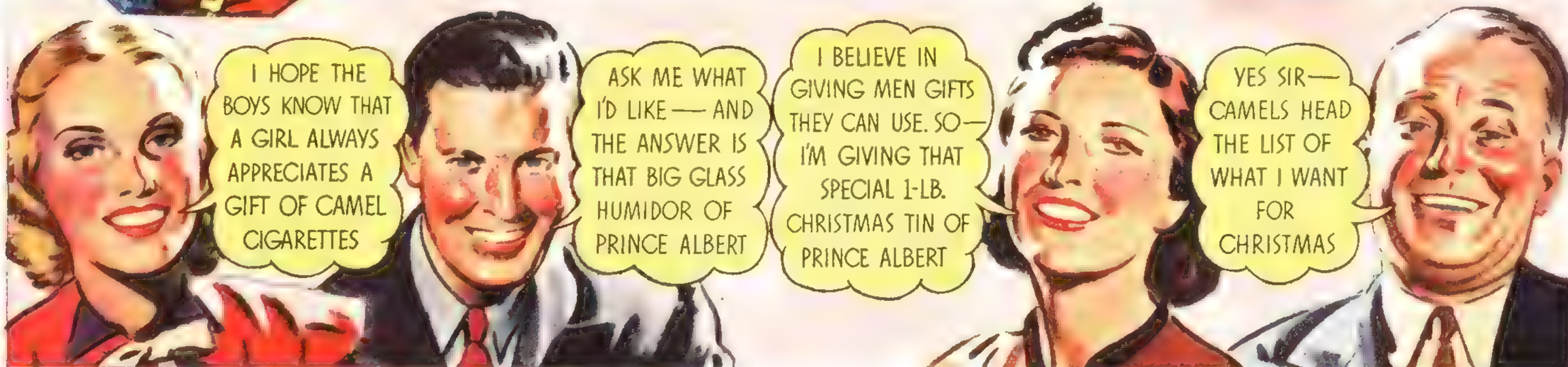
(above) Another Christmas special—4 boxes of Camels in "flat fifties"—in gay holiday dress.

Prince Albert

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

If you know a man owns a pipe—you're practically certain to be right if you give him PRINCE ALBERT—The National Joy Smoke. Beginners like P. A. because it doesn't bite. Occasional pipe-smokers find it's extra cool. And the regulars think it's tops for mellow taste.

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JUST AN OLD-



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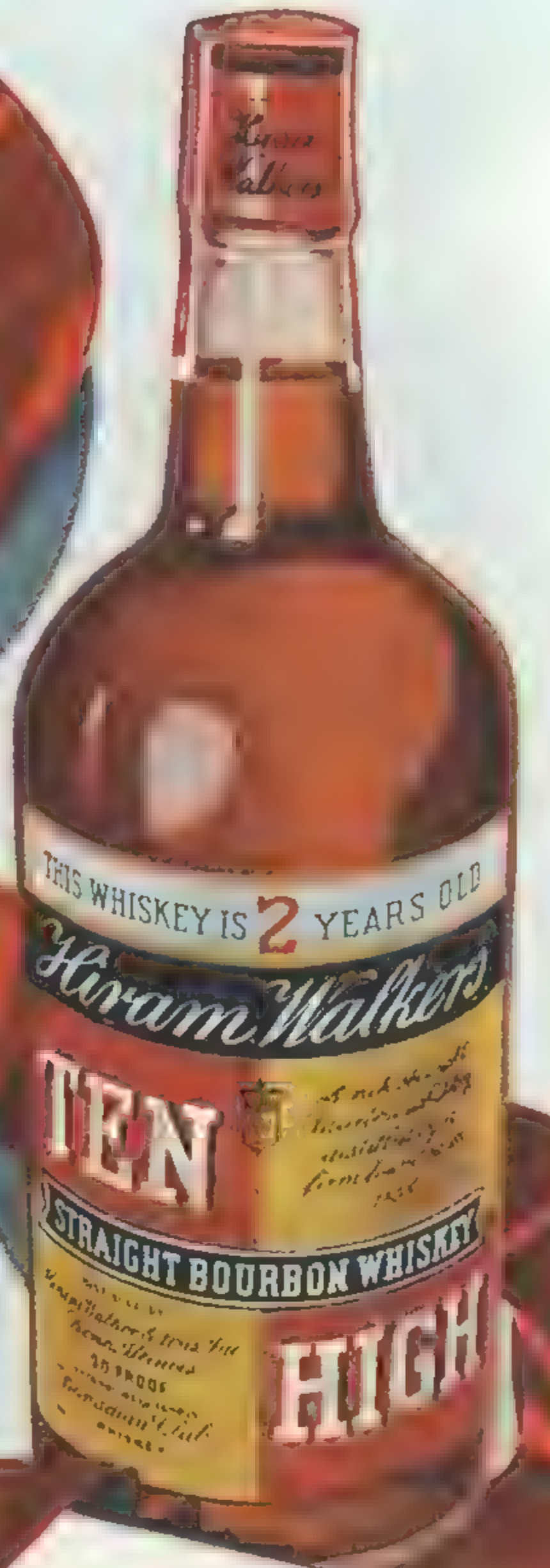
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Merry Christmas
Say ~~it~~ with flowers *By wire!*

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The Candid Cameraman

The River is a poetic rhapsody of the forces of nature, displaying a poet's lust for intimate detail

by **MEYER LEVIN**

• MOVIES •

A Man's Guide to the Movies

GO OUT OF YOUR WAY TO SEE

BALTIC DEPUTY: A touch of Zola in this Russian film about a professor who braved academic hoots, was the first big intellectual to side with the Bolsheviks in the revolution. Like *Chapayev*, this is a really human film, with an unforgettable characterization, and with sly humor. Nikolai Cherkassov, a young actor, does a Paul Muni as the gaunt, goat-bearded, high-voiced Prof. Polezhayev.

THE RIVER: A beautiful documentary classic about the Mississippi. By Pare Lorentz, who made *The Plow That Broke the Plains*. Exciting photography by Stacey Woodward, two-time Academy winner, Floyd Crosby, who was with Murnau on *Taboo*, and Willard Van Dyke. Music by Virgil Thompson, played by topnotchers of the New York Philharmonic. See main discussion.

GO ALONG TO SEE

THE LOWER DEPTHS: French rendering of Gorky's play. The forepart, dealing largely with the Baron's background, is not quite in tone with the scenes taken from the play, somehow throws the whole thing into a slightly different focus. But beautifully acted by all, and very well directed by Jean Renoir. Just misses permanency.

STAGE DOOR: Brisk, gabby, chirpy, lots of energetic girls strewn liberally over couches, floor, benches, beds. Like the stage play, it gets most effect out of the slick opportunity to present a bevy of females in a seemingly natural habitat. Unlike the stage play, it is happily more or less free of big talk about the Living Drama. Incidentally, the stage play was thrown away for the photoplay; they kept the name and locale. Great improvement. Ginger Rogers steals the show.

VICTORIA REGINA: This one will make Helen Hayes's backers very mad. For Anna Neagle, an English girl, proves she too can puff out her cheeks with bits of apple, and look like the picture of the queen. It is Anton Walbrook, as Albert, who saves the show; urbane is the word for his nifty performance. I seem to remember someone in Hollywood paying some quarter of a million bucks on the movie rights for the Broadway show; now the English have beat them to it with the identical thing. After all, she was their queen.

GO ALONG IF YOU MUST

ANGEL: Quite, quite sophisticated. And that scene in the Paris establishment. But pretty slow. Marlene with longer lashes, hollow cheeks.

WASTE

MUSIC FOR MADAME: This proves that it was really the director who made Nino Martini so entertaining in the *Gay Desperado*.

HONORS DUE

THE most important film of this season is *The River*, made by Pare Lorentz for the United States government's department of agriculture. This three-reel document is remarkable first of all as a poetic rhapsody, comparable in effect to the best works of Walt Whitman. Again, it must be acknowledged as living history, a segment of a cinema epic of America. For, coupled with *The Plow That Broke the Plains*, this film presents a new educational approach; it explains man's relation to geography and to natural forces in terms so honest and so understandable that it cannot help having a sociological effect. These films will make their beholders feel themselves to be instruments in history; they must affect the mass-conscience, heightening every American's sense of responsibility for American earth.

Thirdly, *The River* is important as a political message, for it explains, even more directly than a Roosevelt fireside chat, the background and the foreground of the New Deal's rehabilitation program.

Pare Lorentz is a motion picture critic; this, however, is not a panegyric for the critical faculty. It may be that there is not another one of us who could take a camera crew and go out and make an acceptable film. But this much is evident: Lorentz's work as a critic has given him a concise, homogenous idea of cinemaform; his other gifts, creative, executive, have enabled him to construct a motion picture that is a functional embodiment of his idea. Nothing is haphazard, no effects are merely fortuitous.

Much of this praise should belong—and much was given—to the first film in the series, *The Plow That Broke the Plains*. But with the appearance of *The River* something of a larger plan becomes evident; and there is also an advance in technique. Where *The Plow* seemed austere, *The River*, though equally tragic in background, is abundant, life-charged, optimistic. *The Plow*, in total, was sternly objective; *The River* is poetically intimate. The camera seems to enter the very drops of water, to follow the ax into the flesh of the tree, with the same hunger for nearness, the same lust for completeness, that causes a Whitman to touch, enumerate, and sing, every hair on the human body when his poem is of the body.

Consider the immensity of the story Lor-

entz had to tell in these few reels of film. Drought and flood plagued the land. In the newsprints and in the newsreels these disasters were reported as capricious, unpredictable events. The human element was played up, yes, the homeless, and the heroes were shown. Crackpots announced that the disasters were divine punishment for the way people had cast their ballots.

I can remember no simple cause-and-effect explanation of the drought, in writing or in pictures, before *The Plow*. Then the gigantic crime that had been committed became clear even to the city dweller. The grazing lands had been forced to grow grain, quick war crops had sapped the earth of moisture; then dust.

The River is the reverse of the same spendthrift coin. Forests in Wisconsin, Ohio, cut down to build quick cities. "We built a thousand towns, a hundred cities," is the refrain; "but at what a cost." In the West, we tried to grow plants without water; in the Mississippi region, we cut down the natural growth that absorbed the water; without the trees, the water lay on the earth, formed rills, 1903, creeks, 1907, swollen creeks, 1909, streams, 1912, rivers, torrents, and by 1937—floods.

The portion of the film in which Lorentz orchestrates this misuse of the river may well be cited as classic. There have been lumbering sequences in many recent Hollywood photoplays. *Come and Get It* seemed to contain the definitive treatment of the subject. Yet Lorentz, with no Hollywood at his com-

mand, was able to come along after all the Hollywood boys were through and make the subject seem fresh again. How? Very simply. The others grabbed the spectacular moments in lumbering. The camera stood far away and caught vast scenes, huge trees falling, logs shooting down hills, exploding river-jams. Lorentz included these epic scenes, but he interwove them with shots in which one feels the very shiver of the ax as it com-

pletes its stroke; one actually sees the bark swelling back into the cut, after the ax has been withdrawn, like flesh closing. This is a poet's lust for intimate detail.

Again, in the augmenting water sequence, with the years growing as the water grew, from 1903 to 1937—he starts with a mere film of water over the earth; the camera catches the very forming of the mud. Stumps,

Continued on page 177



Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

**To Have and Have Not, how to tell
a genius from a pain in the neck
and how to make your writing pay**

by BURTON RASCOE

• BOOKS •

BY THE time this article reaches the kiosks Ernest Hemingway's new novel, *To Have and Have Not* (Scribner's, \$2.50) will be topping the best seller lists and the buzz, the snickers, the indignation, the ecstasies, the chortles, the chest-hair pulling and the serious arguments will be great. Dozens of embryo John O'Haras will have read it, dusted off their typewriters, called up for another bottle of gin and, surging with wim, vigor, vitality and *Wellzschmerz* and, released from their inhibitions and from the namby-pamby taboos of namby-pamby editors and publishers, will have begun their great novels with "You son-of-a-bitch, said the man, I don't like your face" and will have completed this year's work on their novels two hours later on the same page with lines like this, "fPxl.;-umqkmovalozvov;-3eOE2," and will have slid onto the floor and had a fairly good night's sleep, troubled only with nightmares in which they are caught on a Coney Island roller-coaster, with only one Thompson sub-machine gun, hidden under the seat, to protect them from a Mexican who looks like Wallace Beery and from four Cuban revolutionists all armed with cutlasses, sabers, sawed-off shotguns, marlin spikes, forty-fours and arm-hooks.

If the story of Harry Morgan, the central character, is isolated from the novel and done into a movie by one of the better Hollywood directors we will have one of the most thrilling and most satisfying picture dramas ever shown upon the screen. And everybody—the producers, the distributors, exhibitors and Hemingway—will make a whale of a lot of money.

The first hitch against this happy eventuality is that the two first parts about Harry Morgan in *To Have and Have Not* have already appeared as separate magazine stories and probably have already been bought by separate picture companies, whereas the new stuff about Harry Morgan—the wind-up—is the most thrilling part of all, and needs only the slightest change to make the yarn have the sort of ending motion picture audiences love.

To me this change would involve no violation of artistic integrity. In fact, the modulated irony of an ending which would bring Harry Morgan back to port as the hero of a thrilling slaughter of the bank robbers with their swag at sea, in a small fishing boat, would be as credible and as creditable as an ending with the death of Harry Morgan; for

his triumph is the result of a double-cross. Motion picture audiences in general would see Harry's triumph as the final reward of virtue.

If Hemingway protests that he was not writing a novel with any such Sunday School message as that, I can only answer that it seems to me that he has written the message which we who ride the New York subway read in the *Subway Sun's* placards every day, namely a warning from Police Commissioner Valentine that "Crime NEVER Pays!"

Harry Morgan is stranded in Cuba with his boat, which he hires out to rich deep-sea fishermen, when a millionaire takes a plane back to Miami, owing him about \$800 for the week's fishing and for provisions and lost tackle. Harry's first misstep in crime is when, in desperation, he agrees to fall in with the plan of a Chinese "smuggler."

What Harry agrees to do is to take the Chinese out to sea and kill or drown them. That's the pay-off in the sinister Chink's business: he takes money from his countrymen and agrees to smuggle them into the United States. But then he arranges for them to be murdered instead. Nice fellow, this Chink.

But Harry Morgan is clever—a thinker. Being a thinker is something he gets to pride himself on too much later.

After the last Chinaman is aboard the boat, and the Chink "smuggler" is handing Harry the last payment. Harry grabs the Chink's hand and murders him. He explains to his mate, who knows nothing of his plans, that he killed the Chink to keep from killing twelve other Chinks. He moves the boat into shallow water, orders the Chinamen to get overboard into five feet of water and wade back to shore. Then he proceeds to his home port in the Florida keys where the bravado of his first success in wrong-doing leads him into more serious

complications, which end finally in a gun battle, like the death of a gangster in the movies.

For the rest, this novel is not a disappointment in performance but it is a distinct disappointment in our expectations. Hemingway is an unquestioned master of the short story and of the incident, which is shorter than a short story; his vocabulary is so carefully calculated not to detain the eye and his sentences are so stripped and paced that his

narrative, even with its breaks for suspense, races like Dashiell Hammett's *Red Harvest*.

But at the end here, you have not so much a novel as a (1) novelette perfect in form and manner, (2) the idea for a novel of the break-up of the marriage of a young couple but an idea only sketched and not developed, (3) a scene and an essay on the degradation of the War Veterans' camp in Florida, and (4) a lecture on how to be very rich and live decently, illustrated by three lantern slides showing three debauched, degenerate and unhappy families of the very rich and one nice, well-behaved, happy family.

(The point of this moral lecture, by the way, is so astounding, so incredible, that I read it through several times to see if Hemingway was kidding or was being bitterly and subtly ironical. But apparently not. He says, in effect, that if you make your money in some way like being an investment broker or financier, your family and all your children and their children's children will be unhappy and go to pot and you will become impotent or a sort of Baron Charlus, expelled from society and condemned to the bought companionship of perverts on a yacht; whereas if you become immensely wealthy through the exploitation of a harmless quack nostrum, reasonable in price for everybody, the poor as well as the rich to buy, your daughters will all be beautiful and marry well and happily, your sons will be fine men and your days will be full of peace and contentment. Great yapping Charley McCarthy! Or don't I get the drift of page 240?)

There are also some interior monologues on the part of Harry Morgan's wife. You are inevitably reminded of Nellie Bloom and her monologue in James Joyce's *Ulysses*, not only because of the literary trick of the unspoken soliloquies but also because of the similarities and differences in Nellie Bloom and Marie Morgan.

Joyce pictures Nellie (in his elaborate symbolisms and analogies to the *Odyssey*) as Penelope, the Earth Mother, the womb of life, the fructifying principle, who, in modern contrast to Penelope, is sterile and a slut.

Marie Morgan is also a sort of Mother Earth symbol, slightly confused with a Venus Pandemos, for although Marie has two daughters she cares nothing about them and her thoughts are largely concerned with what good times she and Harry have had in bed. She is a huge, unshapely, ugly woman in whom there is courage, loyalty and devotion.

The separate entities and themes of the book are not brought into relation with one another. Worse, some of the characters do not come to life but remain merely carelessly evoked stock types who are the objects of Hemingway's hate. Hatred is so pronounced

Continued in center of page 184



Childhood, like Christmas, *is gone before you know it*



YOUR GIFT of a Kodak will catch and hold those precious days which otherwise so quickly fade—the first smile . . . the first step . . . and all those other “firsts” that mean so much. A Kodak—truly, no other gift so completely represents the spirit of remembrance.

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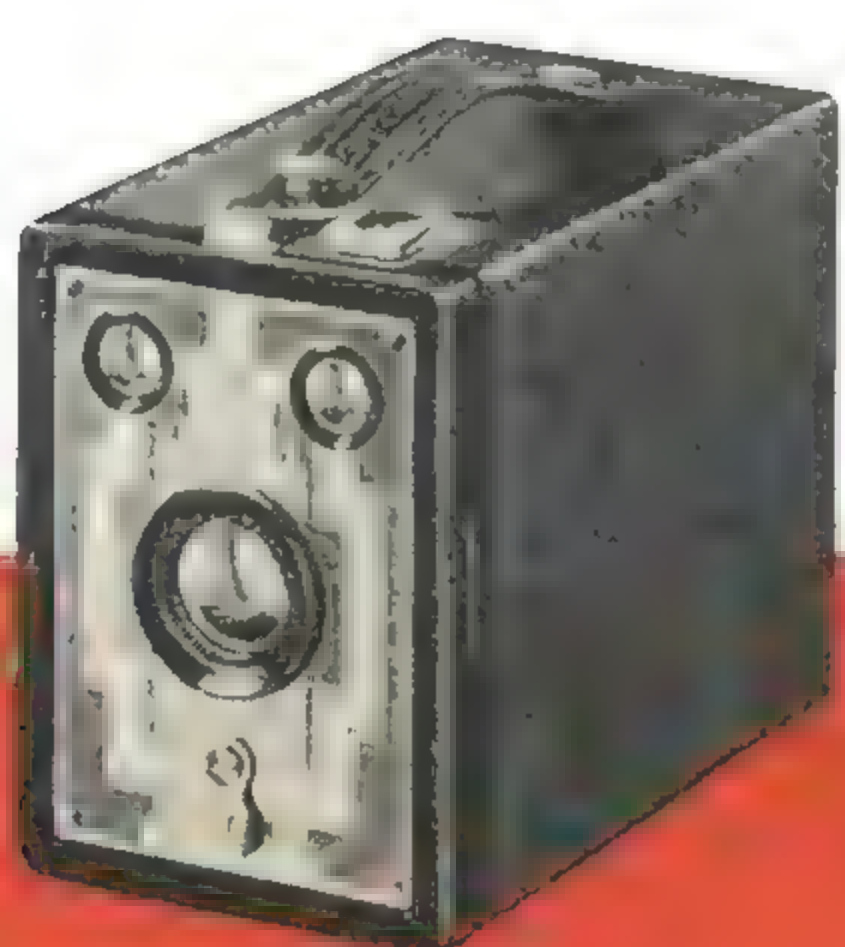
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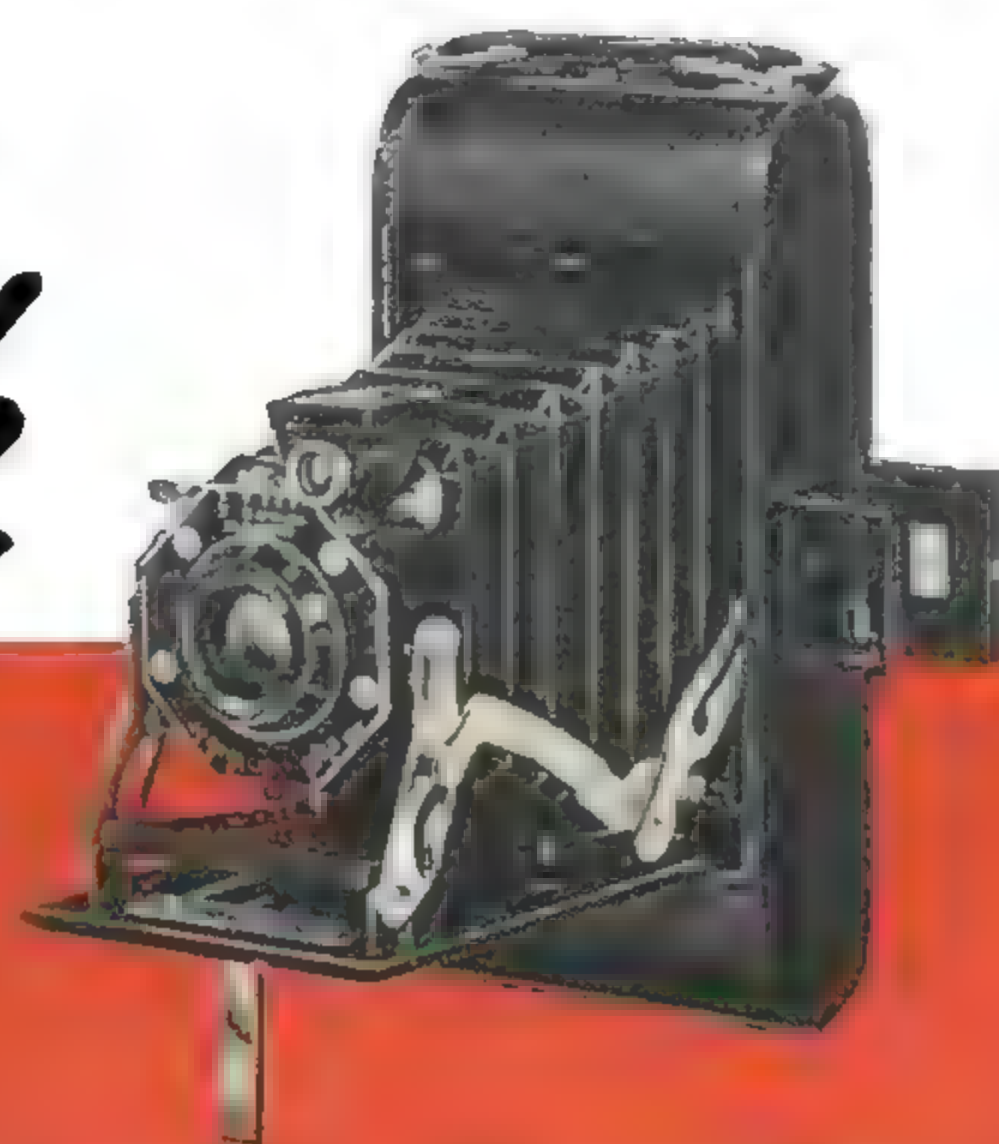
THE ECONOMY MOVIE MAKER. Brings home movies within the reach of almost every one. Simple, dependable, easy to carry. Gives you 20 to 30 black-and-white movie scenes—each as long as the average newsreel scene—on a roll of film costing \$2.25, *finished, ready to show*. Also makes movies in gorgeous full color with the new Kodachrome Film. Cost just a few cents more a scene.

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Cure for Tiger Bites

**These clever Chinese brewed
an excellent cure from the
bone of the tiger that bit them**

by MURDOCK PEMBERTON

• POTABLES •

THE Greeks had a good idea. Every time they took a drink they poured a little out on the ground—a libation to the gods who had given them this swell stuff to drink. A sort of spiritual tax. I go a little Greek every time I push back my chair from a perfect meal and call for a bit of the water of life to give the benediction to another experience of full living. Perhaps the fitting Amen is the distilled nectar of God's own grape or that with a dash of the elixir conjured by those saintly monks many hundreds of years ago. Perhaps the architecture of the banquet calls for the subtle essence of some other fruit. Anyway I pay my tax, mentally at least. We owe the Gods a lot for teaching man the fuller uses of the tree and vine.

If you look into the matter you'll discover the history of potables is pretty sketchy. We suppose it didn't occur to the early chroniclers to jot the facts down about what man thought about his drinking. It was as natural as breathing, the grain in the fields, the sun in the sky; so why mention it? Consequently the student of the brighter sides of life has to take a lot from inference. The Church is a little reluctant to give full credit to that phase of its rituals because it might seem to overbalance the spiritual stuff they handed out in the early days. The medical profession is franker about its origins and records the part potions played in its dim beginnings when man didn't know what ailed him but felt darn sure about what made him well.

Cordials, or liqueurs as we know them, are only a few hundred years old and date from the time the alchemist, or wise guy of the community, knew how to cook up things in a kettle or still. But Frazer and those who go back to the origins of man, millions of years before the Christian era, would have you believe that man has always got a great deal of cordial comfort out of something he cooked up. It's sound to say that man has been a cordial drinker as far back as he has had a pot to cook in. The cave man, sniffing the bones of the Dinosaur, no doubt licked the lid and in a sense tasted the first essence of his enemy combined with the succulent grasses and leaves of his domain. It not only did his tummy good but it was a great boost to his ego. If you think that's mere fancy try some tiger-bone cordial, distilled by the Chinese from the ground bones of the man-eating tiger. For a good many thousands of years the Chinese have distilled this brew. And though

they built a wall around their world to keep in their knowledge, it soon leaked out that it's good medicine to partake of the thing that has once defeated you.

Historically, cordials in the present sense as used today, go back of the time that they were adopted by the Church and the outside alchemists. Travelers to the East evidently tasted the arrac distilled by the Arabs from the juice of the date palm and rice. A camel might go thirty days without water but the guy on his back couldn't go three miles without a swig at the goat-skin bag that held the elixir. The Arabs had the first practical still, as far as is known, called an *alembic*. It was made of glass or metal and followed the chemical principle in use today. The word alcohol is even Arabic, although the Arabs did not know what they were inventing. The words *al kohl* meant a very fine powder of antimony which was used by the desert flappers of a thousand years ago to give their eyebrows that Garbo look. It is assumed that the merchants who first brought an alembic back to Europe, were under the impression that anything that came out of the alembic was *al kohl*, as the Arabs often used the retorts for reducing the mother metal that contained antimony. There is a gap in the exegesis of the word that the experts cannot explain but the word has stuck to this day.

So much for the hard factual record. But those who get their history from literature know that the world had a pretty good knowledge of the art of distilling long before the time of the first written record of the alembic. The Carthaginians who crossed the Alps to try and knock some sense into one of the earliest Roman dictators had some sort of elixir they drank that was reputed to make one soldier worth three Roman legionnaires.

Maecenas, the guy who started the patron business, the Otto Kahn of

his day, used to pack something up to the Sabine Farm where he went week ends for a visit to his protégé, Horace. The old poet made wine out of his farmyard grapes but Maecenas, used to the hot spots of Rome, thought the stuff was terrible, and said so, always packing his own. And any school boy can tell you baldheaded Caesar must have had some love potion handy to make Cleopatra that way about him. From Cicero it would seem that the cordial was a rose dis-

tillate, probably brought over the trade routes from China. For many centuries Rosoli, the rose cordial, was a popular Italian liqueur. It is no longer popular.

The early alchemists were not fakes by intent. They really were the pioneers of the doctoring arts and present day chemists. Everyone was looking for immortality and the first cordials were the result of efforts to find the magic elixir. Old Dr. Sylvius, in Holland, in discovering gin, was seeking a liquid that sailors on long voyages could drink in lieu of the precious water; a potion that would also keep them well or cure them of ills.

The Church, through its charitable aspects, was the mainstay of any community. The cathedral was always the strongest edifice on the townsite, the market place and the fortress in case of an aggressor. During sieges of towns, whole populations lived in the cathedrals. The good friars not only took care of all the spiritual and educational needs of the community but were usually the doctors.

Benedictine is perhaps the oldest of the cordials that has survived the centuries both as to name and content. The good friar Benedict along about 1510 brought to perfection the distillation of an elixir worked out by another friar, Dom Bernardo Vincelli. In the abbey at Fécamp, on the Normandy coast, he turned out the liqueur which soon became an important article of commerce. The English and Dutch ships had been coming to Havre for many years around the time of grape harvest to fill their holds with brandy from the Cognac district. Brandy at that time was almost as good currency as gold. Some of the colder northern countries even used it for the purchasing of wives. A swain couldn't even mention his intentions to the father until he had sent over a half-dozen bottles of the stuff. These British and Dutch merchants learned of the new drink and as it was made on a cognac base, it soon supplanted the plain brandy.

During the French revolution the abbey was closed and the manufacture of benedictine stopped. The recipe was supposedly lost and remained out of sight for seventy-five years. Then a descendant of a man who had been legal adviser to the abbey, found the formula and immediately started its manufacture. It is said to be made as before, a distillation of fine cognac with at least seventy-five different herbs, spices and flowers.

Another colorful cordial comes from the southern part of France. The Carthusian monks evolved a formula and named it after their monastery, Chartreuse. During the French Revolution they were banished. They

Continued on page 114





SOMETHING WOMEN REMEMBER AND MEN FORGET

WOMEN remember a dress shirt for its style and appearance. But what a man really wants is a shirt so comfortable he can *forget* he has it on!

Arrow Dress Shirts *are* shirts that men can forget.

A shirt by Arrow is so carefully patterned, so skilfully tailored, you never know you're inside it. The Mitoga form-fit design slopes with your shoulders, tapers with your arms, drapes in at your waist.

In words of one syllable, *the shirt fits*.

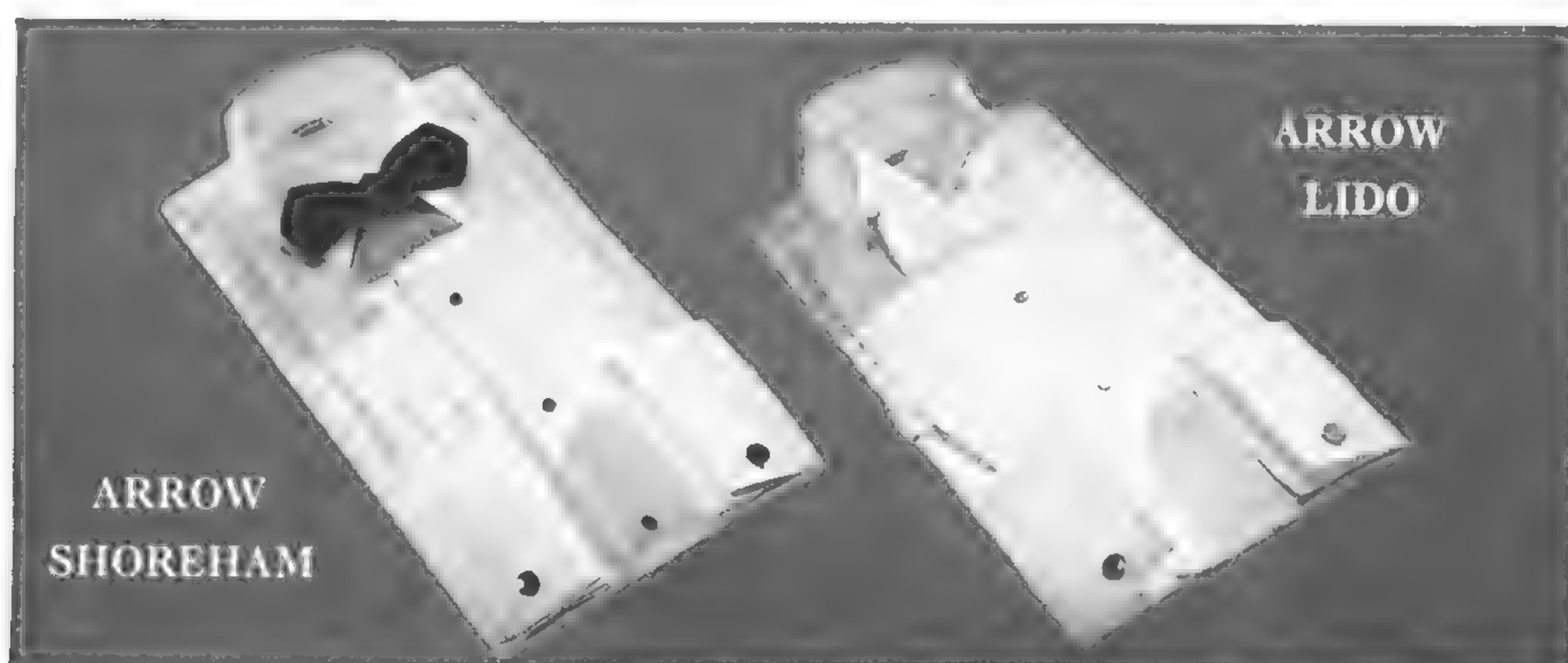
And it holds that becoming fit *permanently* . . . for it's Sanforized Shrunk.

Take, for example, the new, collar-attached Arrow Shoreham (at the left). A dinner-jacket shirt . . . soft bosomed . . . with the *flexible*, starchless Aroset Collar attached that never crumples. Quite the thing these days . . . and as comfortable as any shirt you've ever worn.

Or take the Arrow Lido (at the right). A white-tie shirt . . . narrower, less hide-bound in the bosom than most stiff shirts

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Roulades and Cadenzas

Reminding his swooning admirers
that even the great Toscanini is
mortal, and errs like other men

by CARLETON SMITH

• MUSIC •

THE fog of glory surrounding Toscanini today is a blight as unrepresentative of him as it is intolerable to sane-minded music lovers. It substitutes a halo for a physiognomy. It puts a statue where there should be a human being. It demands not study but veneration.

Fifty years and the grindings of innumerable presses have gone into its making. Endlessly repeated stories about Toscanini's memory, his humility, his complete conquest of every obstacle that comes between him and his ideal, his utter disdain of money, kings, and dictators, have been collected and memorized by concert-goers from Rio to Tel-Aviv. Such fabrications are part of the baggage of every public performer. They indicate a certain flame amid much smoke. In the case of Mr. Toscanini, they have been distorted to leave a man no longer but an infallible god, standing imperiously in the center of his perfect reproductions, a Zeus on Olympus.

As if his singing wildly off-pitch whenever he is before an orchestra—exactly like Beethoven—were not sufficient to secure him a footnote in history texts, the soberest critics succumbed to the hysteria and did their stuff. For them, the same as for the untutored, Toscanini became an artist who could do no wrong. Whatever he programmed, from Bach to Sibelius, was rated in advance as a revelation. Pontificating *ex cathedra*, inspired by the Holy Ghost of music, surrounded by choirs of the angels and such saints as he chose to patronize, Toscanini was Truth Incarnate. The first article of faith—blindly accepted by the unthinking—is that *the maestro plays what the composer conceived exactly as he conceived it*. "When Toscanini conducts," the saying goes, "two geniuses—his and the composer's—become one."

No one is courageous enough to face the plain question: *How can this fact become known?*

Has word been received from the Beyond? Has the restless spirit of Beethoven paused in its wanderings to grant Mr. Toscanini an interview? Have Mozart's bones rattled in their unmarked grave and demanded Mr. Toscanini's ear? And have the conductor and his disciples cracked open the slab back of *Wahnfried* and had a glass of beer with Wagner? It must be so. Otherwise, pompous, unerring authorities could not be certain.

They will tell you Toscanini's "miracles of

restoration" are accomplished by the simple process of following the composer's printed instructions. He plays what is written as it is written and dead scores come to life.

Now, as the dumbest beginner in music soon learns to his sorrow, a composer's printed instructions are insufficient for a complete revelation of his work. They offer no more than the roughest sketch of his inner thought and the vibrations of his spirit. They are symbols that a pianola can render in time, in tune, and with the most scrupulous regard for their accuracy, but with not the slightest regard for their intent.

Mr. Toscanini, unlike the pianola, revises his interpretation and his tempi now and then. Between the first and second and third performances of Mozart's *Zauberflöte* at Salzburg last summer, he was striving to come nearer to the heart of the masterpiece, and he did precisely this. Again, his performance of Brahms' *First Symphony* was not the same during his first seasons with the Philharmonic-Symphony as it was during his last. In that time—all the more credit to him for it—he had grown and matured in his understanding of the work. But his worshipful disciples never told us on which of these occasions he was conducting the music exactly as Mozart and Brahms conceived it.

To cite another instance, Mr. Toscanini has firmly refused to direct certain movements of the Beethoven symphonies according to the metronome markings given by the composer. For this, he has excellent authority as Beethoven himself supplied these indications reluctantly. "It is a waste of time," he said, "one must feel the tempo. . . ."

That is exactly what Mr. Toscanini does: he conducts music as *he feels* it should be, that is, as *he senses* the composer intended it to be. Whereupon, less knowledgeable persons with smaller capacities and duller intuitive perception, sanctimoniously pronounce it "inspired gospel."

Mr. Toscanini unquestionably gives a true view

a view that is honest and right for him—of the works he conducts, but that he gives *the* true view, only a musical nit-wit would contend. There is not, in any ultimate sense, an absolute and objective, right interpretation of Beethoven's *Ninth* or Mozart's *G Minor* or any other symphony. Nor can one of the idolaters demonstrate that Mr. Toscanini gives us, as they say he does,

Mozart's Mozart, Beethoven's Beethoven, and Brahms' Brahms.

* * *

Another tenet in the creed of the Toscanini-ites, repeated so often that it has the force of accepted fact, is that *the maestro*, in interpreting music, is "without personality—he completely eliminates himself." Actually, nothing could be further from the truth.

Mr. Toscanini has a powerful personality which clicks every time he steps on a platform. It is never dull or flippant, tawdry or sentimental, theatrical or flamboyant. It refuses to turn each concert into a surprise party, but it is nevertheless effective and, above all, singularly his own.

Toscanini succeeds really because he is wholeheartedly himself . . . and because his self is what it is: an inimitable force, sure and sensitive, unflagging in its zeal and throbbing in its love of music, which takes possession of an orchestra, makes its tone richer, more transparent, and luminous, and, at the same time, seizes upon all the constituent elements in a score, welds them together in a perfectly shaped design of the utmost clarity, delicacy and strength, and projects the whole with electrifying power and intensity.

The consistency of his beat, the elasticity within that beat . . . his own personal manner of blending timbres and of drawing a singing tone from each instrument . . . his way of attacking a succession of chords . . . his decisions as to the sweep of his *crescendi* and *diminuendi* and the amount of tone for an *ff* and all the other gradations down to a *pp* . . . the strength of his accents, the punctuation of his phrases, the irresistible swing of his arm . . . these are descriptive of Mr. Toscanini's conducting. They indicate, in detail, how his "readings" differ from those of Mr. Furtwaengler, Mr. Stokowski, or Mr. Bruno Walter. They are as much the product of a personal conception in his case as in the case of other differently and less gifted men.

Another familiar chant of the true believers is that "until *the maestro* conducted a certain work, they really never had heard it . . . In his performance a hundred details were perceptible that were not perceptible before." Most of us have had the same experience during an hour with Mr. Toscanini. That is, however, not evidence of his lack of personality, but rather of traits peculiar to him: his insistence that all music he plays be crystal-clear and his ability to secure the correct balance between all the different members of an orchestral family even when they are playing at their loudest.

There is also, in his performances, a contagious enthusiasm, vigor, fire. For him, each composition is fair and he is ever young . . .

Continued on page 126



The Season's Tribute

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Cure for Tiger Bites

Continued from page 110

took their formula with them. Later, when they were allowed to return after a quarter century, they brought their formula with them and made the liqueur in a shed near the old monastery. At this time they exploited their elixir of life and are said to have made millions which went into charitable work. When France divorced church and state the Carthusians had to move again, this time settling in Tarragone, Spain, where they continue to make chartreuse.

Speaking of cordials, one of the questions put to this department most frequently is whether or not liqueurs, *per se*, are aphrodisiacal. I have put the question to learned doctors and there seem to be two schools of thought. In a Puritan-founded country, it is reasonable to suppose that anything that releases the libido, that breaks down inhibitions and allows a person to be him or herself, helps nature in her noble work. But the Eskimos, say the savants, who have never heard of liquor, seem to multiply rapidly enough. The notion evidently survives from the Middle Ages when the elixirs were good for anything that ailed you. And in those days before central heating, when even the ladies of the court had to wear fur-lined panties, it is not amiss to believe that a good shot of cordial would make you forget the icicles. The only safe rule I know about is the one that every man must formulate for himself. Some like it hot, some like it cold.

Of all the liqueurs, absinthe has suffered the greatest amount of blushes. Perhaps this is due to the fact that it became so prominent in art. Lautrec and later Cézanne, were fond of painting the absinthe drinkers along the Boulevard Malesherbes and in the cafés of Montmartre. And the absinthe drinkers, as a rule, sat opposite ladies of the demi-monde. After France prohibited the making of absinthe, there have been milder substitutes. Pernod is one of the best known. Oxygene is another which is made in Belgium. Oyen is the Spanish version and is a little sweeter to the taste. These are excellent in cocktails, usually combined with one-third gin and one-third lemon juice.

The real gourmet (at last census there were seventeen in the U.S.) would not follow a good meal with anything but brandy. But that needn't worry you. The American, especially, has a sweet tooth and can follow a heavy meal with a heavy cordial. On the gourmet side there are after-dinner drinks that are permissible. Crème de menthe is a good digestive and clears the palate for further drinking. In some of the formal, long state meals it is the custom to serve a frozen mint or rum after the meat course to give sufficient zest for the following fowl. White mint and brandy also make a good after-dinner tipple.

Kümmel is especially favored in the colder countries. This was originally a drink of the Baltic states and today is manufactured at Riga in Latvia which broke off from Russia after the war. It has a long and honorable history originally being made on the estate of Count Peter von Pahlen. It is distilled from grain, flavored with the seed of cumin, a plant resembling fennel. Especially recommended after a dinner having game.

Anisette is another of the digestive cordials. It is made from anise and credited to Marie Brizard, one of the first French women to go into the liqueur business. Madame Brizard had inherited the formula from a grandmother who was famous in her neighborhood for curing the ill.

Nationals, emigrating, seem to hold on longer to their racial palates than anything else. They adopt the clothes of their new country and try to learn the speech—but food and drink is set by the pattern of youth. Take the millions of Russians around. They spurn everything but vodka. And they like it not only as a cocktail and after-dinner drink but through the meal. Its favorite ritual is to be downed at one gulp.

The Mexican has a more elaborate process with tequila. It is first necessary to take a suck of a lemon, then put a pinch of salt on your tongue, close your eyes and hope for the fire department to come along.

Sliwowitz, from Austria, is not only a national drink but is almost a sacred drink with many people. It is made from the little red plum that grows in the lower plains and when good, there is nothing better.

America has contributed few cordials. Forbidden Fruit is about the only one that has received foreign recognition. It is made on a brandy base from citrus fruits. Last year the State of Vermont tried out Amerind, made from the maple sap. It was not bad, although on the sweet side. It was claimed that the American Indian brewed himself such a tipple, hence the name. Apple brandy might be included in the small category of American cordials.

Of course, we have made all of the fruit liqueurs but these have been manufactured on imported formulas. These fruit cordials are popular in the South and with those who like a sweet liqueur. They are not amiss as an after-dinner cordial when the dessert is one that has been made with a liqueur of a like nature or similar fruit has been served.

It is almost impossible to give a full listing of cordials as they increase as rapidly as rabbits. The sturdy ones have survived for centuries. Some of the others are worthy and some merely bar decorations. A list is appended of those most in use with a hint as to their nature.

Advocaat: A thick cordial from Holland often called "egg brandy," made of eggs, sugar and brandy.

Apricot Liqueur: Choice dried apricots distilled with fine old cognac. Very popular.

Cassis: Used in France as an aperitif but here mainly for mixing. Made from the French black currant.

Cointreau: Fine old cognac distilled with orange peel.

Crème de Cacao: Heavy and sweet made from the beans that supply us with cocoa, distilled with brandy.

Curacao: Named after the island where the small sweet oranges grow that are used in its composition. Brandy base.

Grand Marnier: A famous version of curacao with a secret formula.

Kirschwasser: Distilled from the wild cherries that grow in Switzerland and the Black Forest.

Mandarin: A brandy base flavored with Mandarin oranges.

Noyau: Made from the crushed seeds of cherries, peaches, plums, apricots on a brandy base.

Pimiento: Made on a Jamaica rum base flavored with the essence of the pepper. Spicy and hot.

Maraschino: A sweet liqueur made from the cherries that grow in Dalmatia. The white brand is a swell addition to any bar and can be used in place of a spoon of sugar. Especially good in the Daiquiri, Cuban style.

Calisay: The national liqueur of Spain, brandy with two per cent quinine, flavored with Peruvian bark.

Apple of Paradise: A native Cuban cordial made from a local fruit.

Cascarilla: Favored by South Americans, made from spices and barks on a brandy base.

Swedish Punch: A rum derivative liked by the Nordics and sailors. Called Caloric because it gives off heat.

Strega: Similar to chartreuse and in great favor among Italians.

Fiori d'Alpi: A sweetish liqueur, flavored with Alpine flowers, featuring a branch of the stem encrusted with sugar in each bottle.

Drambuie: A concentration of venerable Scotch whiskey flavored with honey and herbs.

Crème de rose and crème de violette: Brandy bases flavored with essence of the flowers. Left over from the gay nineties, used mainly in pousse-café.

Goldwasser: Brandy base flavored with herbs in which float small specks of gold. Not enough to change the rate of exchange. The old alchemists believed gold was good for internal as well as external disorders.

Marc: Distilled from the grape skins left over from wine making. So strong the French Government permits only one gallon a year to each farmer.

Prunelle: Brandy base flavored with the pits of wild plums. A swell drink for clearing the palate.

Calvados: French version of our applejack.

Aquavit: Danish version of kümmel, caraway seed flavor predominates.

Grappa: Italian version of marc.

Pisco Brandy: Chilean marc.

Subrouska—A green vodka.

Parfait Amour: Another version of crème violette.

Veille Cure: Another version of chartreuse, formula secret.

Last month we gave some cocktails that can be made with cordials. Here are a few more:

QUELLE VIE COCKTAIL

1/3 Kümmel
2/3 Brandy

ULYSSES

1/3 Cherry Brandy
1/3 French Vermouth
1/3 Brandy
Squeeze orange peel on top

SNOWBALL

1/6 Crème de Violette
1/6 White Crème de Menthe
1/6 Anisette
1/6 Fresh cream
1/3 Gin

MORNING AFTER

1 White of Egg
1 Teaspoonful Anisette Syrup
1 glass Absinthe
Dash of soda on top

POUSSE L'AMOUR

1/3 Maraschino
Drop in 1 yolk of egg
1/3 Crème Vanilla
1/3 Brandy
Egg yolk must not run into the liqueur

NUGENT

2/3 Calvados
1/6 Swedish Punch
1/6 Grapefruit Juice

DREAM

1/3 Curacao
2/3 Brandy
Dash Absinthe

SIDE CAR

1/2 Cointreau
1/2 Brandy
Juice of 1/2 a lemon

MACKINNON

1 Jigger Drambuie
1/4 Jigger Bacardi
Juice 1/2 lime
Juice 1/4 lemon
Shake well. Serve in tall glass with plenty of ice and seltzer.

PRINCE GEORGE

1/3 Grand Marnier
2/3 Bacardi
Juice 1/2 a lime—twist of lemon peel.

POUSSE-CAFÉ

Pour carefully into liqueur glass:
1/3 Crème de Cacao
1/3 Drambuie
1/3 Cognac

GRENADINE COCKTAIL

1 teaspoon Framboise Syrup
1/3 Oxygene Cusenier
1/3 Gin
1/3 White Mint
Shake well and strain into cocktail glass.

NIGHT CAP

1 Yolk Egg
1/3 Anisette
1/3 Curacao
1/3 Brandy

MAIDEN'S KISS

1/3 Crème de Roses
1/3 Curacao
1/3 Maraschino
1/3 Yellow Chartreuse
1/3 Benedictine

DOLORES

1/3 Cherry Brandy
1/3 Crème de Cacao
1/3 Spanish Brandy
White of one egg

BLUE MOON

2/3 Gin
1/3 French Vermouth
1 dash orange bitters
1 dash of Crème Yvette

GYPSY

2/3 Vodka
1/3 Benedictine
1 dash of bitters

PLUIE D'OR

1/3 Gin
1/3 Vielle Cure
1/6 Curacao
1/6 Kümmel

CORONATION

1/3 Italian Vermouth
1/3 French Vermouth
1/3 Applejack
Dash of Apricot Brandy

WIDOW'S KISS

1/4 Parfait D'Amour
1/4 Yellow Chartreuse
1/4 Benedictine
White of egg floated on top

KRETCHMA COCKTAIL

2/5 Vodka
2/5 Crème de Cacao
1/5 lemon juice
1 dash grenadine ##

HITTING THE WINTER TRAIL

IN

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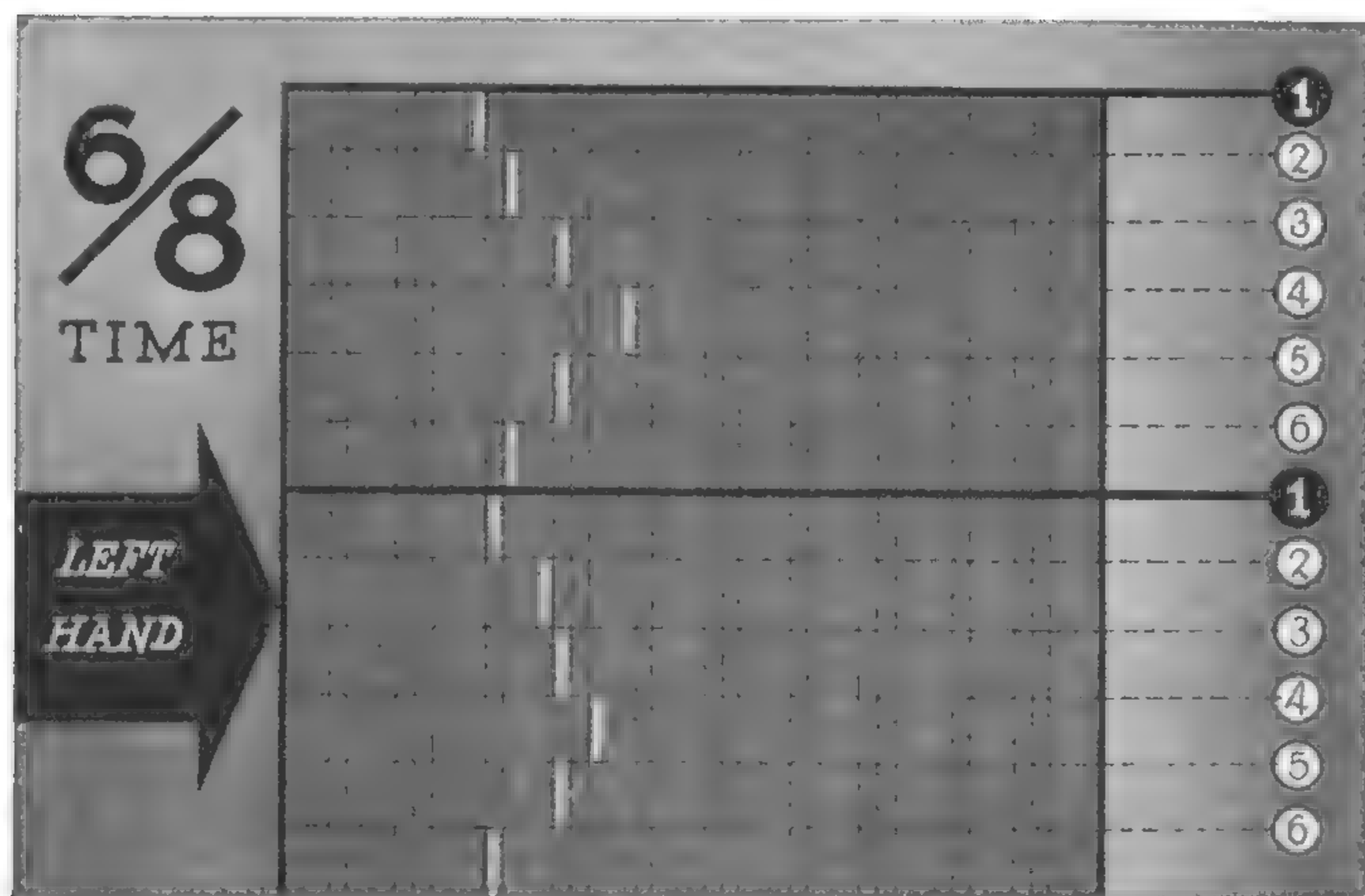
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How to Play Two-Handed Piano

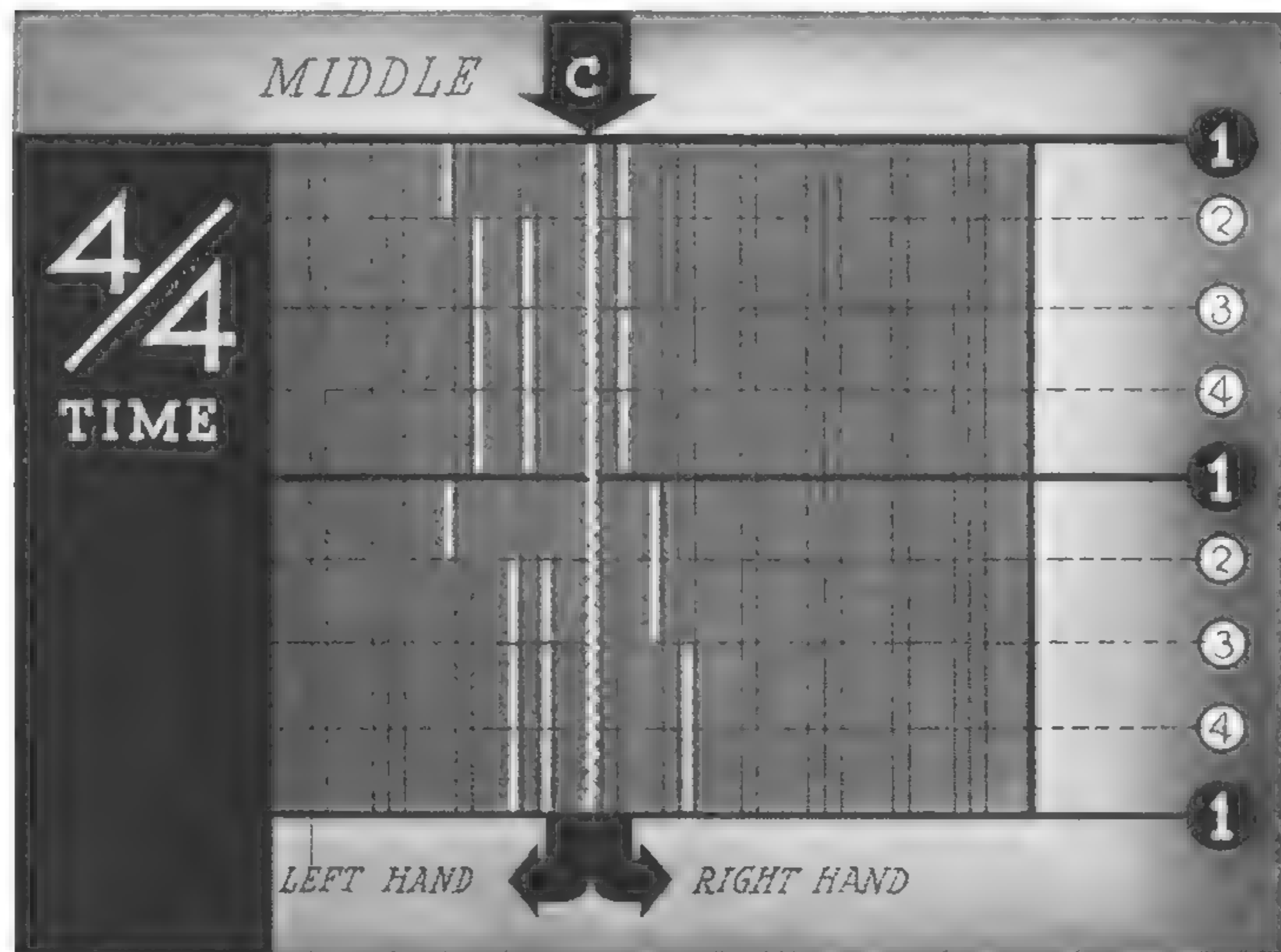
Continued from page 53

Jig-rhythm in "6/8" (6 beats to the measure).

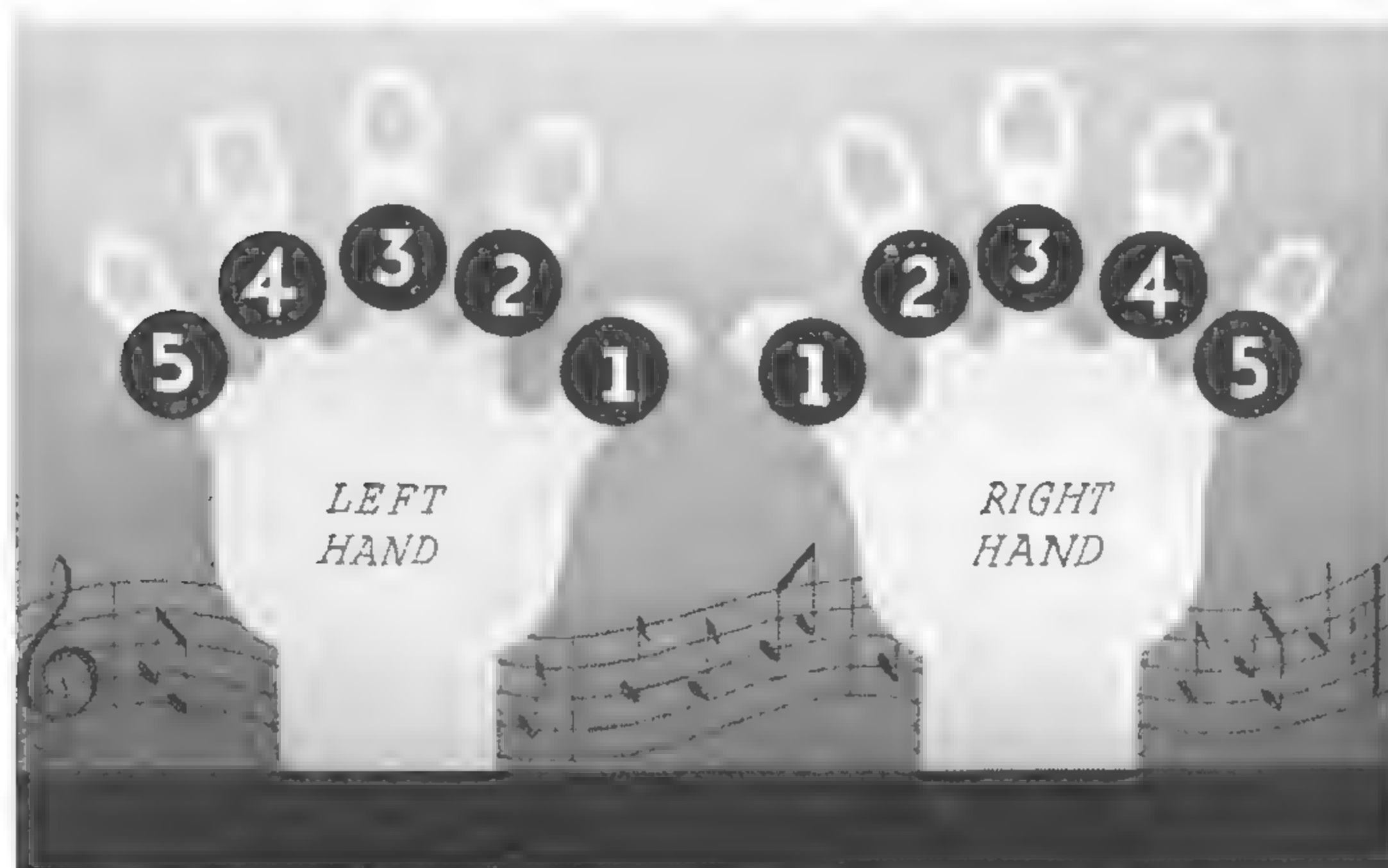


And remember, always, that your main guide post is that little group of two black keys sprinkled all over your piano. So if you can strike the exact middle of your piano and keep those two little black jiggers put and stay put there's no reason why you shouldn't play Chopin, Bach, Stravinsky, or just plain *Home Sweet Home*. And right away.

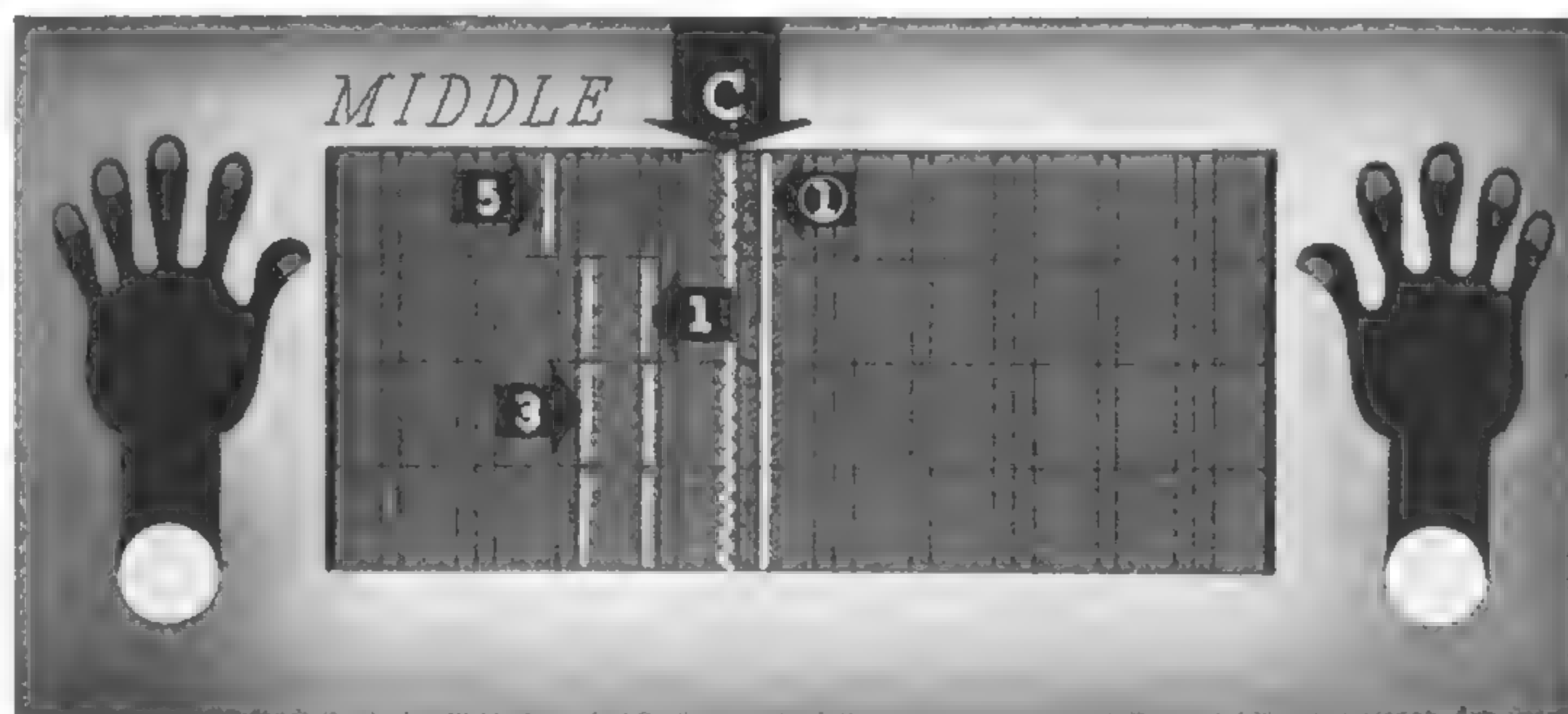
Small bit of *Home Sweet Home*



One more direction before we quit and let you go to work:—we're afraid that in the beginning you'll have a little trouble with your fingering. By "fingering" we mean which finger to put on which note and what finger to follow it up with. So—at the great risk of adding a further complication which might discourage you entirely—we're adding the fingering anyhow and letting you take it, or not, as you please. The right fingering will help you to play your piece faster once you've learned it. The wrong fingering (which is any old finger that first comes to hand) will retard your speed later, although, of course, it's easier at first. Therefore we're going to number your fingers this way:



The left handed fingers we will plain-number and the fingers of the right hand we will ring-number, thus:



We have now completed our "pianola motion picture" of piano playing; all that is necessary is for you to try it. We personally have had the most astounding results with it; in all cases we can guarantee that you will be able to play real two-handed pianoforte pieces with it more quickly than with any other known system of musical notation.

The amateur pianist should constantly keep before him the idea of duplicating and copying exactly a slow motion moving picture of a pianist playing upon clearly visible and exactly placed keys. What matters it to the beginner in what "key", "cleff" or whatchamacallit he is playing? Later on, when he has really learned to play the piano for his own pleasure, he can easily learn this antiquated old system of notation; he will then learn it quickly, for all the real rudiments of music will already be his. But to learn this old system first can only be compared to teaching young students of artillery the elements of catapult-slinging . . . and with a war imminent! So if you love music and want to *play* it, you'll want to get *into music first*—you can learn the history of music later. And to history only belongs the ancient system of notation invented by a well-meaning but hardly scientific monk and still used today—a system which destroys our musical ambitions from the very onset. And this is the way it all works out.##

Streamline Notation Version of "My Country 'Tis of Thee"

	3/4	Middle C	
My			fa-
Coun-			thers
try			died
'tis			Land
of			of
thee			the
Sweet			Pil-
land			grims'
of			pride
lib-			From
er-			ev'-
ty			ry
Of			moun-
thee			tain
I			side
Sing!			Let
—			free-
—			dom
Land			ring!
where			—
my			—



*"I'm sorry, Santa, but the fact that her husband returned suddenly Christmas Eve
doesn't make it an accident"*

What Is a Miracle?

Continued from page 37

of the children. "Open the door." But Rufus did not move.

Soon quite a few of them were at the door and they banged on the window pane. The door opened and they piled in. Eighteen were in the bus and it waited. The other three were shouting: "Merry Christmas everybody!" and were soon skipping across the yard with their art work in their hands.

The door seemed to close without any motion from Rufus and the bus started out of the yard. It went through the village street and took the turn for Meadows. It rolled along a little slower than usual but perhaps this was due to the wet road.

"Uncle Rufus is sleeping," said

one of the children in the back.

"He is not," called Buzzie Clark.

"Does it always snow on Christmas?" the tiny one asked.

"No. Not always. Only when it wants to," replied her sister.

The bus stopped at a cross road and several children got out. When it started again the door was open but soon it closed by itself when the bus swung around a long curve. It went on and on a long down grade of many turns.

In this way, in about an hour, after three or more stops they arrived at the store in Meadows.

"Merry Christmas Uncle Rufus," called the children.

Rufus did not turn his head and did not reply.

"Open the door for us!"

He did not move.

One of the children pulled on the handle and the door opened. All climbed out except the tiny one. She was waiting until all had left so they might not laugh at her.

"Uncle Rufus. What is a miracle?"

He did not reply.

"I wish someone could tell me what a miracle is."

He did not answer.

She paused a moment and then stepping down from the bus ran into the grocery. "Merry Christmas," she called. "Uncle Rufus is asleep."

"Asleep?"

They went out to wake him.

They called Doctor Wilson from next door and he climbed into the bus. But soon he shook his head.

"Looks like an attack. Can't do anything now. You should have called me an hour ago. He's been dead for some time."

"But the bus just arrived this minute," argued the grocer.

The doctor shook his head. "I know what I am talking about. He's been dead at least an hour."

Then the tiny one spoke up. "He was asleep at the school when we left and he wouldn't wake up. All the way he was sleeping."

The large wet flakes of snow brought an added whiteness to his face. And the tops of the graceful elms were lost in the sky. ‡‡

The Radio General

Continued from page 39

they returned to the ground, they might face a firing squad. The only thing to do, then, was to turn their planes in the direction of the frontier. After landing in Portugal, they sought refuge in the Paradise of political exiles—Paris.

In the Café Capoulade on the Left Bank, Queipo could be seen any day sitting beside a pile of saucers telling French journalists about the infamies of Alfonso. Usually he was alone. The republican exiles distrusted him and his Spanish military friends who wanted to retain their commissions under Alfonso shunned him.

At another table in the Café, the fat little republican leader, Indalecio Prieto held a court of republican exiles. Occasionally, the two would have dinner together. They did not get on. Prieto liked French food while Queipo yearned for *arroz con pollo*. He said the French were a nation of belly worshippers—with a sharp glance at Prieto's bay window. In the matter of politics, Queipo was all for putsches, while Prieto believed in appealing directly to the people. "But, General," said Prieto, "in politics problems aren't solved by cavalry charges."

"Oh, I know," Queipo retorted tartly, "A good speech will fix everything up." These two men were to meet later, in another medium.

After Alfonso fell, Queipo returned to Madrid and was made an aide to President Alcalá Zamora. The two men hit it off well, for they both were merely republicans because they hated Alfonso. But when Azaña came to power last year, he quickly ousted Queipo. The latter's remarks about the celebrated warts on the new President's jowl were unprintable and not quite seemly for a President's aide. Azaña sent him to the south as a military governor. It proved to be Azaña's crowning mistake.

It was the good luck of Queipo and—although they were not aware of it at the time—of the plotting rebel generals. Queipo, embittered against Azaña, joined

the conspiracy whole heartedly.

The historic and bloody July 19th dawned. Franco rose in Morocco and captured the colony. But in Madrid, Barcelona, Bilbao, Valencia, all the other large cities, the revolt fizzled. Franco anxiously waited for word from Seville, which was Queipo's preserve. Had he failed, too?

As a matter of fact, the plotting junta had placed Queipo in a difficult spot. "Seville The Red," it was called because of the large anarchist element there. When the revolt broke out, the anarchists as usual were not organized.

Queipo had to move slowly. At the first rumor of trouble, the "roll-call" soldiers disappeared without even the courtesy of a bribe. However, a few companies of Civil Guards obeyed Queipo's orders. On the 19th Queipo saw that the anarchists had got wind of trouble. Crowds were gathering in the working-class quarters.

Something had to be done quickly. Queipo rushed to the Seville radio station, shot the republican manager who tried to refuse him entrance and at the point of a revolver had the staff "jam off" by means of a phonograph broadcast the news which was coming in from Madrid. Madrid was announcing that a revolt falsely labeled "republican" had been started against the Government by treacherous generals and that it had failed in all places but Morocco where loyalist elements would soon have it under control. Thus, by Queipo's stroke, radio listeners, particularly those in the dark streets of the anarchist quarter, were kept in ignorance.

Then Queipo stepped to the mike and made this announcement, "People of Seville, General Queipo de Llano speaking. The republican generals, led by me, have suppressed a revolt of communists to seize the republic. Keep calm, Seville is in my hands. Viva la Republica!" The anarchists' suspicions were aroused by the "communist" angle of the news. But after all, had not Queipo been exiled from the country for

a putsch against the monarchy?

But Queipo was not satisfied. The Civil Guards with their funny hats and cloaks did not provide a very realistic front for a general alleged to be "in control." So he sent a plane to Franco in Morocco appealing for soldiers. Franco replied with a plane-load of Foreign Legionnaires and Moors. When they arrived in Seville, Queipo took the mike again. "Compañeros, the revolt is quashed. Five thousand Legionnaires and Moorish regulars have arrived in Seville and 10,000 more are approaching."

To prove this he paraded the dozen uniformed Moors and Legionnaires through the streets. Seville was placated and the anarchists baffled. By the next day he had recruited, uniformed and equipped several thousand Fascists and was now able to hold the city until Franco came with real help. Then the anarchists seeing their enemies the Fascists in uniform finally got the idea and revolted, with bombs, pistols and any arms they could find. It was too late, however, and Fascist-manned armored cars and tanks did Queipo's bloody work in easily subduing the workers' quarter.

By this clever and energetic action, Queipo saved Southern Spain for Franco. Soon the Moors and Legionnaires, ferried across the Straits of Gibraltar, did march on Seville to join Queipo's forces. The rest is history. But at least a talkative general with radio sense and a mike played a deciding part in making the history.

He had other things to do, meanwhile, besides his evening broadcasts. He admitted to having executed 1,500 "Marxists," which really meant both socialists and republicans. The "ditches" outside of Seville became famous. Every day truck-loads of republicans, dragged out of their homes, were taken to the cemetery, placed in front of a ditch and shot. When the ditch was full, another was dug. Soon the ditches extended beyond the cemetery wall into the country . . .

At the mike, Queipo boasted of

these holocausts and promised more. "Amputating a diseased limb," was his way of expressing it. But he had his charitable moments: "We always give a Red a chance to confess and repent before we kill him."

And some words for brother officers who had remained loyal to the republic. Naming X . . . or Y . . . commanding loyalist units, he said, "I want to tell you, colonel, your wife and buxom daughter are in our hands. We are having a very jolly time with them in their bedrooms." As for the famous women's battalions, "When we capture them, we'll teach those bitches another sort of activity." To the women of Madrid, he proclaimed, "The black Moors like white flesh. Be prepared, señoritas of Madrid."

After a while, Franco's diplomats got busy. This was the kind of talk which made American correspondents in Madrid wire comparisons between Queipo and the famous General "Butcher" Weyler whose atrocities in Cuba helped to bring on the Spanish American War. As secret instructions to the Italian press by Mussolini recently published showed, Italian papers were warned not to print Queipo's speeches.

So Queipo turned to red-baiting and prophecy. "Within two weeks I'll be enjoying an apéritif on the Gran Via in Madrid," he promised. At this, an ironical café proprietor on the Gran Via regularly for two weeks set out an apéritif on an empty table in front of his café with the label "Queipo's Apéritif."

Recently, Queipo has avoided dates in his predictions and has taken to spitting with his old Paris friend, Prieto, the Minister of War in the loyalist government.

"At the eleventh hour," shouts Queipo, "that specialist in retreats, Prieto, in spite of his huge belly, will manage to run across the French border."

To which Prieto broadcasts, "Queipo de Llano? Bah! After all, the Portuguese frontier is comfortably close to Seville." ‡‡



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The Southern Drunk

Continued from page 86

road and stopped, hoping that the oncoming Southern Drunk would miss this stationary object, or at least not be attracted by it. Usually, my friend said, as we watched the gentleman approach, they did miss.

This one didn't. At first we thought it was going to be head on, and we both jumped from our car. But it turned out to be merely a healthy sideswipe that ripped out the sides of both cars. It also ripped the arm of the drunk, which he had outside his brave chariot, so horribly that the doctors at the hospital to which we took him, amputated it. We were both a little sick, but it was difficult to feel sorry.

From this experience I learned that even the Southern sheriffs,

lenient with such drunks who are often their friends, are becoming a little tired of them. My friend and I expected to be held for a lengthy investigation, but even before we told our story to the local sheriff, he nodded his head and said he knew the man and assured us he couldn't see how it would be our fault. To anyone who knows the provincial type of Southern sheriff, this will mean a revolutionary viewpoint.

As to what the Southern Drunk drinks, these items are just about as low as the man himself. Beer and wine, of course, he scorns. Good whiskies and gins he can rarely afford, believes their prices a waste of money, and has no discrimination to taste them in any case. At the best he consumes

cheap varieties of these two liquors, bootlegged if he lives in a dry district. Usually it is moonshine and home-made gin.

The lowest form of Southern Drunk stimulant I have ever witnessed and tasted is a concoction made by opening one eye of a ripe coconut, inserting a few raisins, sealing the coconut again, letting the contents ferment for a week or so, and then gathering the fortitude to down the result. I once gagged heartily on an *eau de vie*, nearly pure alcohol, being distilled surreptitiously on a French farm, but I am not sure that I have yet completely recovered from a gulp of fermented coconut milk.

Here is the Southern Drunk. I give him to you. You can have him. I even offer with him a

slight explanation of his development. He is very probably a left-over from the days of post-Civil War conditions and the dark times of carpetbaggers. He is a product of a hopeless economic situation in which he has been left with no other recourse to getting something out of life than a bit of degeneration. He is the worst of the South made worse by the destruction of the best that formerly had some control over him. He will probably have a sizable lowering of his population statistics by better times. At present his existence is furthered by the fact that prohibition still exists in several Southern states or counties.

I offer the Southern Drunk as the lowest form of life since the universe began. #

Children at Play

Continued from page 45

head, came to him and stood at his side. Ramon saw how she flushed, her face warm and pink upon the brown of her skin; the picture of her and of her blushes hung in the corner of his eyes, and he was wild with joy and a desire to shout as loudly as he could.)

"The farmer takes a wife,

Hi-o-the-merrio,

The farmer takes a wife."

There was a burst of laughter as Elena picked as her child Pedro, who was much taller than the farmer's wife, his game-mother. Then Pedro picked as his dog, Isabela, and she joined the three in the center, her blushes even warmer than Elena's, for she admired Pedro very much.

"What a wonderful game," Maria exclaimed as she danced from one foot to the other. "Let us play it all day long!"

"The dog takes a cat,

The dog takes a cat,"

Again the song rang out. ("I take Ricardo," Isabela said. "Ricci, Ricci," they cried, "you are the cat!" He stood in the center, grinning.)

"Hi-o-the-merrio,

The dog takes a cat."

Whom did Ricardo pick for his rat, but Jacinta? She toddled to his side like a little, round ball and stood very close to him, her finger in her mouth. She was frightened and happy and her eyes grew bigger and blacker every minute.

And of course for the cheese, Jacinta picked her twin, Jacinto, for they loved each other dearly, and could not bear to be apart. When they sang, "The rat takes the cheese," Jacinta trembled, and Ricardo whispered, "Pick somebody, quick."

Her finger came out of her little, round mouth with a pop and she pointed it, wet and pink and wrinkled, at Jacinto. Then there was a royal shout, and everybody laughed and laughed. Jacinto waddled over the street to stand in the center. He was not afraid at all, but grinned all over his round, red face. There, in the center, he was

deserted for a moment, and he stood, very tiny and fat and pretending to be solemn, alone.

"Now," Ramon called, "let us go!"

All of them ran close to Jacinto and pulled their arms high over his head. They clapped their hands as hard as they could, while the cheese cowered and giggled.

"The cheese stands alone,

The cheese stands alone,

Hi-o-the-merrio,

The cheese stands alone!"

"Oh," gasped Maria, "how wonderful, how beautiful. Let us play it again and again."

A sound began in the air.

Faint, ever louder and stronger and deeper, the first sound began to vibrate in the ears. Hardly aware, the people still talked, yet their heads lifted slightly and cocked, before they themselves were conscious that they listened.

Faint; yet that sound grew in the memory long before the whining reality of it was born. Louder, from the skies ever louder, down, down, the vibration growing in intensity and range; until suddenly the people looked up. Suddenly, someone said: "My God, what is that?"

Then, the air was at last saturated, and the vibration and whine could reach no greater fear: then, low and graceful, the airplanes were over the marketplace.

They swooped, and were beautiful and deadly as birds of prey. They looped. As every head turned upward, with the same gesture, and every eye grew wide and blind upon the same single sight, the planes swept back and forth, up and down, until there was no sky, no sun, there were no clouds: there were only the ten planes in the world, there was no world: there were only the planes.

The children were looking and pointing. Ramon stared, thinking with excitement of the men who guided those swift, black things. He wished he could be in one of them. He held the letter very tightly in his hands, wishing sud-

denly that he could fly like that to America, to his cousin Manuel, in the state of Ohio. How surprised Manuel would be. Out of the sky his plane would drop, from heaven itself. Out steps Ramon. "Ah," says Ramon, carelessly, "how do you do, my dear aunt and uncle? I bring you greetings from Spain. Ah, Manuel." He would stretch, smiling at all mention of danger...

Elena looked, shading her eyes. Softly, she hummed:

"Hi-o-the-merrio,

The cheese stands alone."

The ten planes created a perfect, narrow, black V, like the flight of birds who have been trained from birth for just this spectacle. For an intolerable, breathless time, for ever, the V was painted and motionless upon the sky; and all the watching people, men and women, their faces blind and flung upward, said: "Ah." It seemed one sound, from one throat, one sound of awe and terror, low, a little like a prayer of some kind: "Ah."

Then the mouths closed. The faces were turned up, sharp, the necks corded; still, voiceless and still as stone, people were turned toward that magnet in the sky.

The first bomb hit close to where Ramon was standing; it came fast, as beautiful as a live thing, then the others came, almost as fast and as unbearably, things of grace.

The silence was ended.

It was the end of a spell; now that they were released by actual pain and death, the people ran madly anywhere, anywhere so long as they moved. The throats opened so suddenly as almost to split, and the shrieks came faster than the bombs; as if a city of dumb men and women and children had been given voice miraculously. Pain was shrill and maudlin now, in male sound, and female, and the horribly frail, soprano cries of children.

The bombing went on for thirty minutes. Then, the planes were taken from the skies as suddenly as they had been put there.

Nobody knew they were gone.

Nobody knew anything but his own blind terror and single pain. Madly, in horror, the people ran from the planes which were no longer there, and from the bombs which no longer fell. They would go on shrieking and moaning for a long time, not hearing or knowing their own voices.

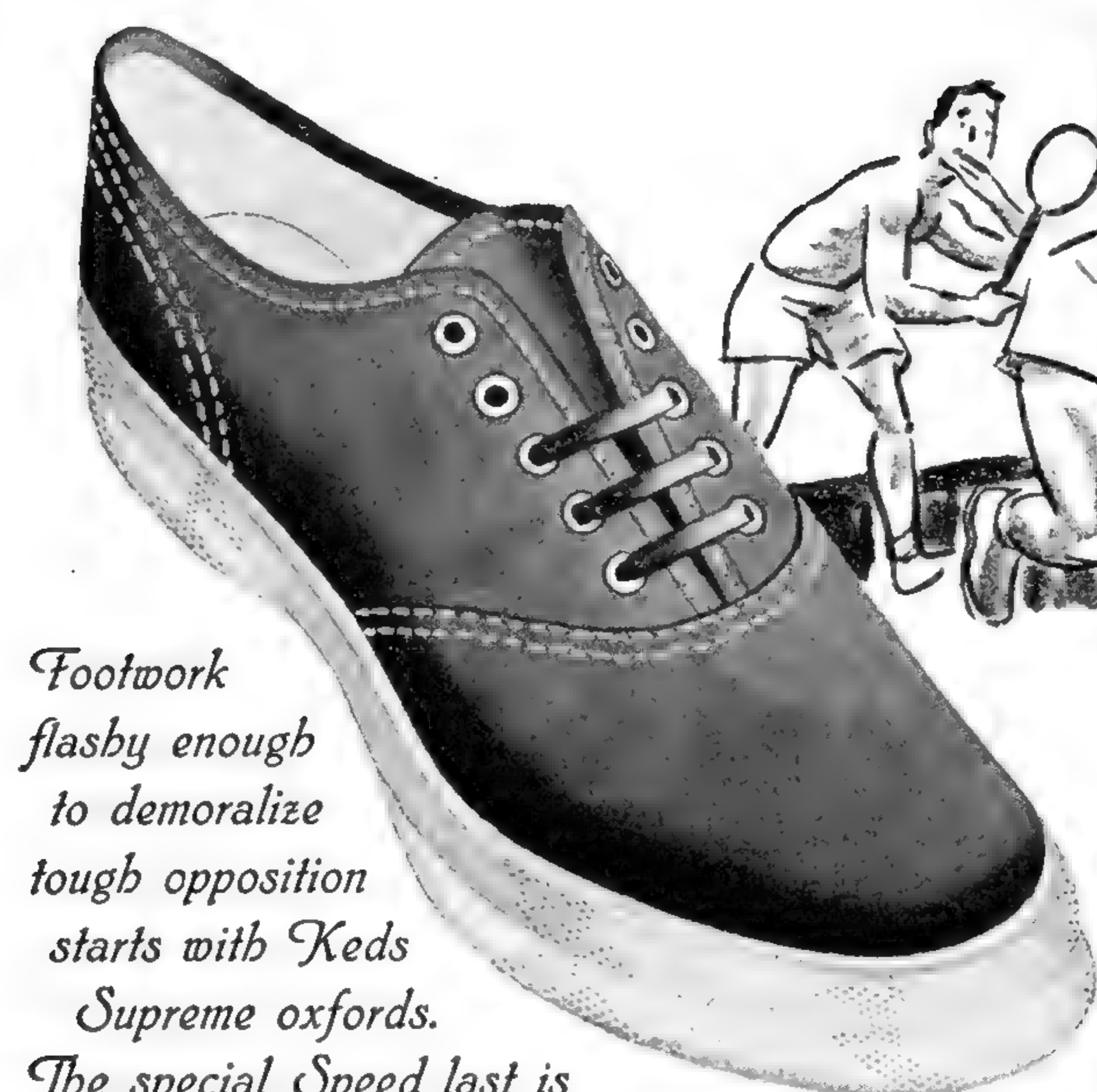
The stalls and long tables which had been flowing with green and yellow and red, and with sunthings were smashed now. The pulped fruits and cheeses were intermingled somehow with shattered bodies, so that the two were almost the same, food, and flesh alive a short while ago. The bits of vegetables, still green, still yellow, the meat and bread, the hunks of fish, all these were hardly to be distinguished from the other fragments, the smashed flesh that had been people.

Ramon lay where he had stood and stared and wished. Ramon lay, headless; and the body that was left him was broken into orderly bits, not scattered, but each piece lying neatly where it had been broken.

The farmer's wife, Elena, lay not far from the farmer, who had been Ramon. Her left leg had been nicely snapped from her body, and it lay, whole and perfect, three or more feet away from her. She lay as if asleep, her curls spread and lovely, near Ramon.

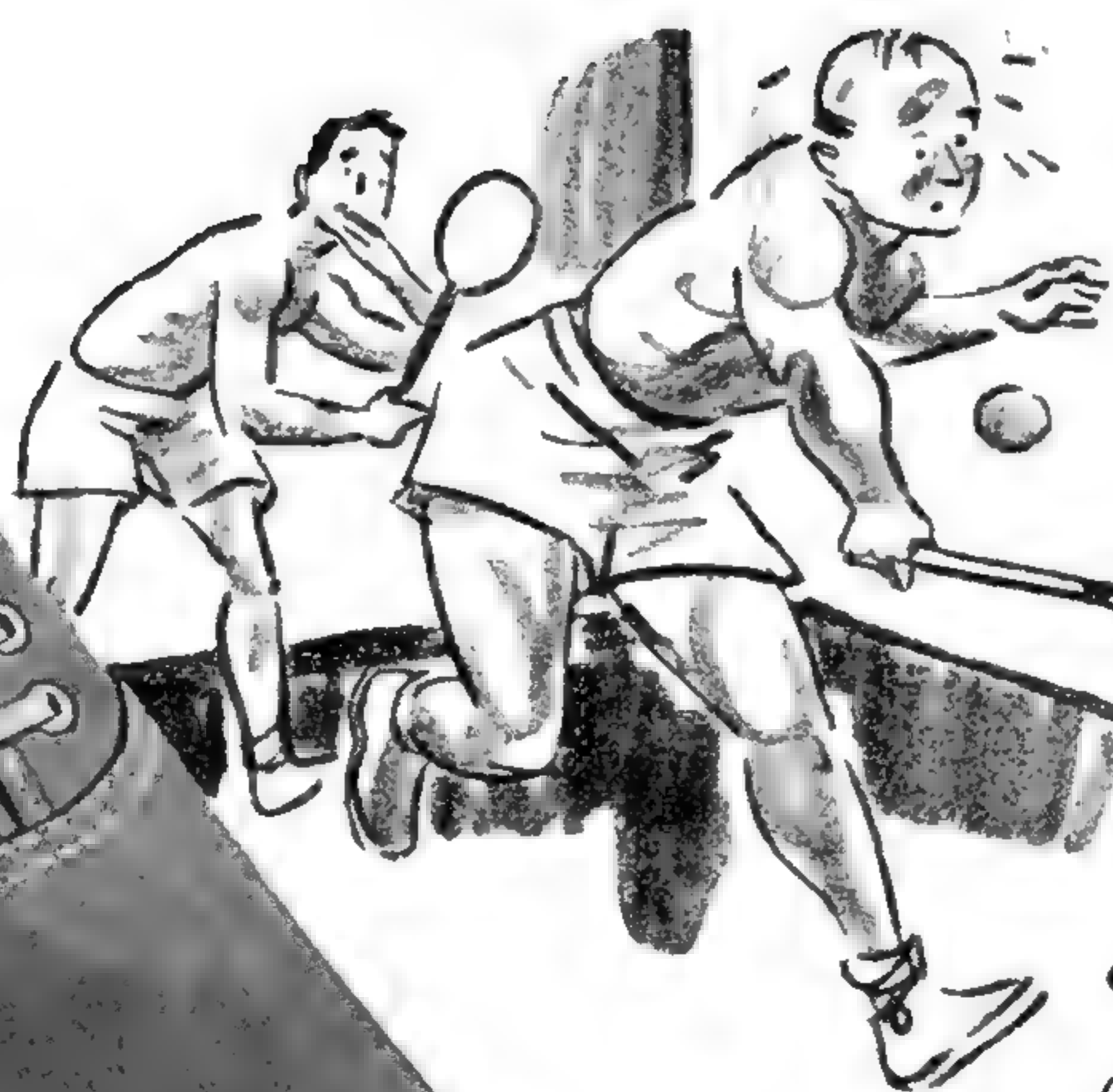
Most of the children were there, dead, or in pain. Some of them wept bitterly, calling for their mothers. Others whimpered, dazed, their eyes staring. Many others were silent.

And the cheese, the poor, little cheese, Jacinto; he was not to be seen at all. The tiny, round baby boy had disappeared completely. His twin, Jacinta, crawled slowly upon the pavement, behind her the bloody, squat marks her hands left upon the stone. She was almost silent, her moans fragile as scent in the air. Perhaps she was looking for her brother, who had been the cheese when they had played the game. #



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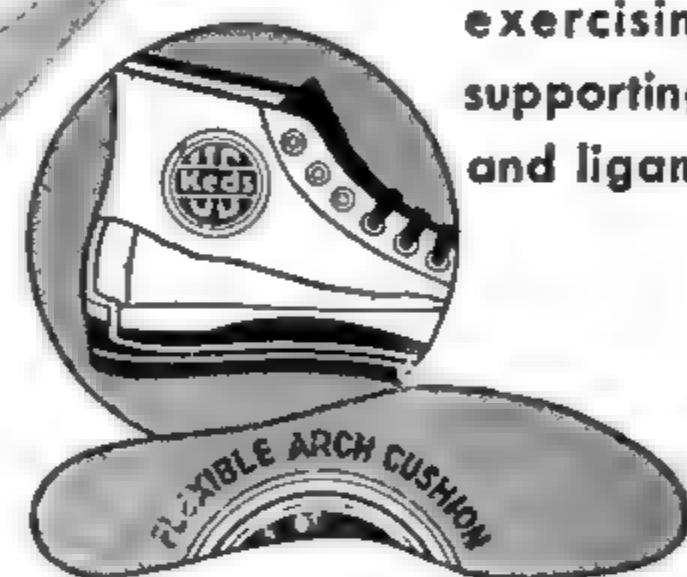
"Shock-Proof"
insoles.
Vulcanized
crepe soles.



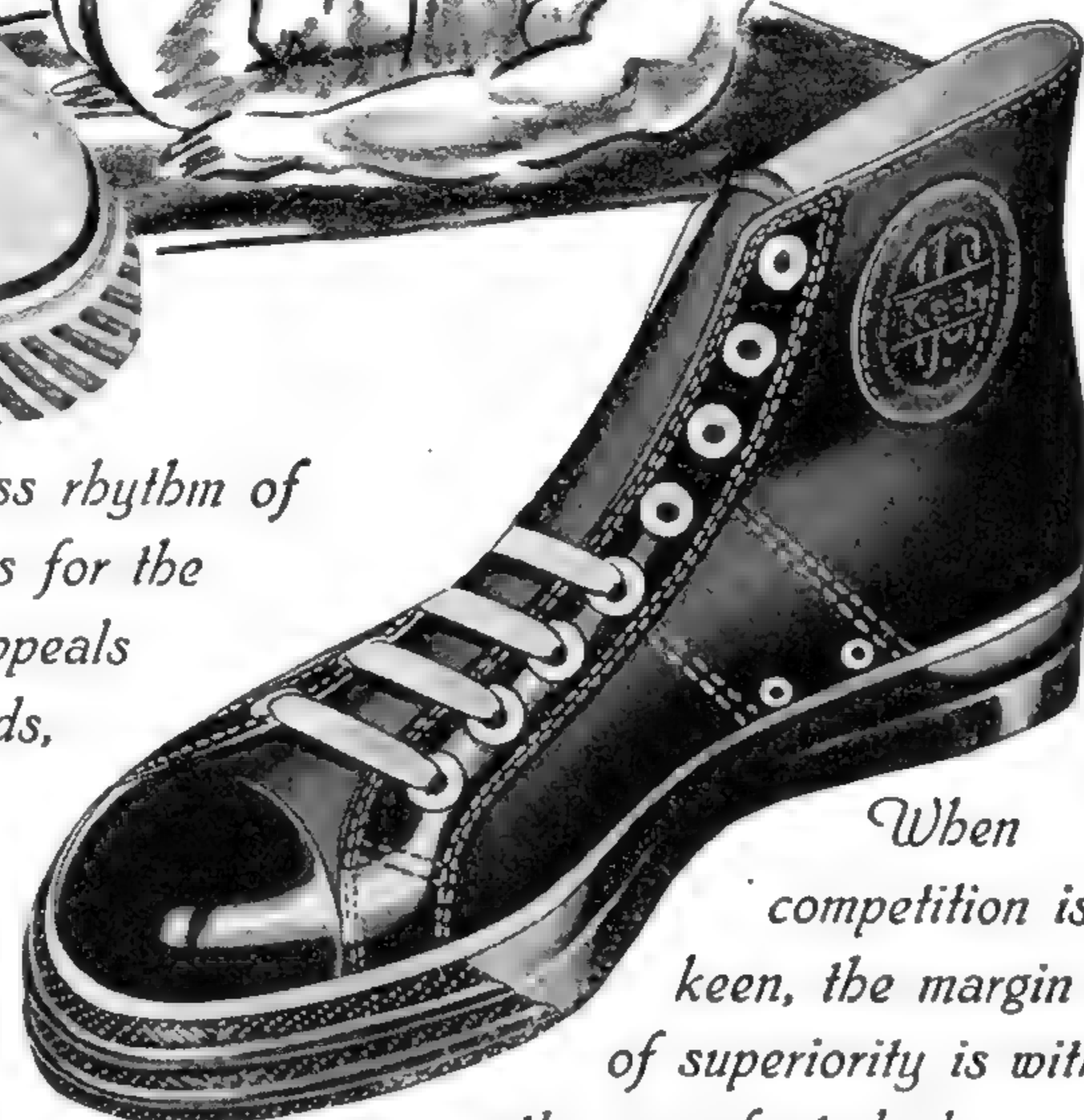
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Roulades and Cadenzas

Continued from page 112

and his courtship is unending.

Listeners hearing him for the first time are excited by his dynamics and invariably remark about them afterwards. Toscanini is a virtuoso conductor and excessive dynamic contrasts have been, since the first strumming of the lyre, the sign of the virtuoso. Obviously, Mr. Toscanini's virtuosity is more subtle and of a different quality, but it is of the same order as the tenor's, whose B flat bursts like a boiler. On the uninitiated, the effect is the same.

A majority of listeners prefer Mr. Toscanini's individual interpretations of music. They find his taste more to their liking and so his talents command more at auction. That, however, doesn't make his view of music less subjective. In fact, all talk of eliminating personality is glorified sophistry. First, it is impossible and, second, if it were possible, no normal person would want it.

Let's admit it: Among other things, it is Mr. Toscanini's personality that causes people to scream, tear their hair, and pay \$40 a seat to hear him. He makes their blood pressure rise and chills creep up their spines. The reason is certainly his personality revealed in his unerring instinct for the rectitudes of musical form and musical texture, his unparalleled sense of the dramatic, poetic, or pictorial image that may lie within the music, and his ability to convey that image, or some other equally thrilling, to his listeners.

* * *

A popular superstition about Toscanini is that he never compromises: for him, it is either perfect performances or no performances at all. If this were true, he would not transpose arias down for Lotte Lehmann and his *Queen of the Night* at Salzburg. Nor would he accept in certain European orchestras horns which unmistakably give Wagner's *Valkyrie* the asthma. It may be that Mr. Toscanini makes fewer compromises than other conductors. He undoubtedly tries to get the best he can and makes the most of it. In Europe, he gets less than he does in New York. But, even in his Philharmonic-Symphony concerts, he accepted second-rate soloists.

It is, also, unfortunately true that artists singing or playing with Mr. Toscanini are often so frightened and so overcome with the importance of the occasion that they fail to give their best. They become marionettes. The fault may not lie with Mr. Toscanini, but with the soloists who are not in complete command of their resources. Nevertheless music thrives under difficulty when it is fed on fear.

No complete account of Mr. Toscanini's work would omit mention of the fact that he has presented his share of second-rate music, including some tenth-rate transcriptions, or the fact that he is not an adventurous program-

maker. Perhaps it is not fair to expect him to do more than repeat the old war-horses since he keeps them fresh and vital. In his day he is said to have done his share of pioneering. But, on those now rare occasions when he conducts contemporary music, he might reasonably be expected to seek out more representative works than those banal Italian trivialities which he dignified by performance in New York.

Finally, and this we know is heresy, Mr. Toscanini is by no means the born conductor of every work he undertakes. The claim cannot be substantiated that when he begins a work, the "spirit of its composer rises from the clay and wings an ineffable flight across the skies." He is catholic in his tastes, but some composers escape him: he has little sympathy for their inner natures and sheer musicality is not sufficient to give them more than an adequate portrayal. Every conductor has his distant acquaintances and his old cronies among the immortals. Mr. Toscanini is no exception.

* * *

These qualifications concerning music's God-head are stated with no intention of belittling its unparalleled achievements. It is rather to indicate that, exceptional as he is, Mr. Toscanini is human. He would be the first to admit the fact.

His accomplishments as a conductor are sufficient to withstand sober and reasoned examination. Why not, therefore, say less about his summoning vast spirits from the misty deep, about his wizardry, his genius, and his occult powers . . . about his "playing every work exactly as the composer dreamed it," and talk more about his scholarship, his profound comprehension of orchestral tone values, his skill in adjusting them, and his ability to get results? Much of Toscanini's genius, after all, is his "infinite capacity for taking pains."

From him we will hear better orchestral performances, by and large, than we have heard since he left. And, no greater privilege is likely to be offered us during 1938 than to spend a dozen evenings with Toscanini. But we would gain more respect for ourselves, and the great man for us, if we ceased repeating as canonical dogma second-hand clichés and, instead, set out to determine, according to our own individual and informed taste, what he does well and when he does it well.

Last year I attended a Toscanini concert in Budapest. The Lord Mayor in full regalia from golden chain to boots, glittering nobles of the *ancien régime*, grafts and gapers alike, were there. Prices were trebled. It was the climax, socially and artistically, of the Budapest season, Toscanini's sole appearance, and expectancy bubbled all over the hall. The Vienna Philharmonic, Toscanini's orches-

tra on this occasion, had one of its frequent hang-overs. In the opening overture the horns broke and sputtered, letting out asinine sounds. The audience was not pleased and showed it. Shostakovich's *First Symphony* followed. The Hungarians didn't like it—at least, as Toscanini conducted it—and there was not enough hand-clapping to usher the great conductor off the stage. After the intermission—Toscanini had evidently given the boys a "pep-talk"—they were magnificently in the vein, persuasive and polished and hit off a great performance. The house stampeded.

Our public seems utterly incapable of exercising such discrimination. We are as happy with the label as with the content.

RECORDS

Toscanini's recordings, few as they are, are disappointing. The essence of his performance in its fullness and beauty is yet to be cut into wax. The reason, undoubtedly, is his impatience with the mechanics of reproduction and his unwillingness to co-operate with technical experts. In the days when, as the first major conductor to make records in the old Baptist church in Camden, he came up against the inflexible red light, there was trouble. "I do not need a red light to tell me when to start playing. I begin to play when I am ready," he retorted. After they made a trial impression and announced they would play it back to him, he frowned and snapped, "I do not need to hear a record to know how my orchestra plays."

The Toscanini discs divide themselves into three categories, according to the period in recording history during which they were impressed. The earliest: Overture to Donizetti's *Don Pasquale*, the *Rakozki March* from Berlioz' *Damnation de Faust* and the finale from Beethoven's *Symphony No. 1*, *opus 21*, are no longer in the American catalog. For them Toscanini used the inferior operatic orchestra which he brought to the United States from Milan in 1919. Those were the days of acoustical recording with horns. The results are not more than caricatures of the original. The stumpy sounds resemble weak coughs. Coloring and phrasing are impossible. Insistent tempi, decisive beat, and unison playing are all that are left to remind you it is Toscanini conducting.

The second group include two complete symphonies, the so-called "Clock" *Symphony in D Minor* by Haydn and the *Mozart D Major* (dedicated to "Haffner"), the overture to Rossini's *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, the preludes to Acts I and III of Verdi's *La Traviata*, the *Scherzo* from Mendelssohn's incidental music to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, the *Dance of the Blessed Spirits* from Gluck's *Orpheus*, and Dukas' ef-

fective chronicle of *The Sorcerer's Apprentice*. These were all recorded with the Philharmonic-Symphony of New York in the middle stages of orthophonic history, and convey the external form and the outline of Mr. Toscanini's interpretations, but not the warmth and color. They are mere etchings compared to the oils recently issued. The overtones and the suave richness of Mr. Toscanini's orchestral tone are not there. The listener, familiar with his work would detect at once that the interpretations were his. The linear symmetry, the delicate adjustment of one phrase to another and to the whole, the rhythm, the accents are unmistakable; but it is as if Mr. Toscanini had borrowed someone else's voice.

The remaining records, made in 1936, have more "fidelity" than most ears will stand. The variations in dynamics are exaggerated. They are alternately too loud and too soft. On the older type reproducing machine, which most people possess—the *pianissimo* passages are barely audible and the *sforzando* blast and choke incessantly. To hear them with any degree of comfort, therefore, one must "park" on the volume control. On the best high-fidelity machines the brilliance and sonority of these records—Beethoven's *Seventh Symphony, opus 92*, the overture to Rossini's *Italiana in Algeri*, and four Wagnerian excerpts: the preludes to Acts I and III of *Lohengrin*, the *Siegfried Idyll* and *Dawn* and *Siegfried's Rhine-Journey* from *Die Götterdämmerung*, are thrilling and exhilarating. Here Mr. Toscanini, as an interpreter, is on a terrain on which he stands alone. It is unfortunate that the recording levels are so uneven and the perspective so distorted that you get only an approximation of what you hear at his concert. The breaks necessary for changing from one disc to another, especially in such passages as the middle of the *Lohengrin* prelude, are maddening. All of which indicates the compromises recording still exacts.

Despite their faults, these latest records will probably remain the "standard" unless Mr. Toscanini should re-record the same compositions. Increased familiarity with the processes of recording and an understanding of the principles involved would enable him to secure better results. Since his name will cease appearing in print very shortly after his death—all interpreters write their names in sand—and since records are the only means posterity will have of verifying the Toscanini legend, he should be willing to try.

Nearly all the music he broadcasts this winter will be recorded and it may happen, as the concerts take place in a studio equipped with innumerable devices for acoustical effect, that the reproduction of his performances will be improved. ##



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A Peaceful Death

Continued from page 64

to the father. "You have no idea who might have shot your son?" the dick asked.

"No," the father said quietly and dully. "He was a good boy. Always worked hard. Had a good girl and they were going to be married soon. We, my wife and myself, were saving up to buy them something real nice. He was a good boy, always at home or working or with his girl. He never hung around with loafers. He never was in trouble. Never."

"I guess they must have mistook him for somebody else," the detective said.

The father nodded and stared at the polished floor.

The doctor came back into the room and said: "Your wife is sleeping. You must get some rest

too. It was a terrible thing, but you mustn't let yourself go. She'll need somebody to lean on," and he pointed to the next room.

The old man said: "I'm all right. He was just twenty and such a good boy. Always he was a good boy. I would have liked to talk to him before he died," the father added.

"He never came out of the coma, never knew what hit him. That hemorrhage finished him. But he never knew what was happening."

"That's good," the father said. "I'm glad of that. At least he died peacefully."

"I was with him to the end," the detective said easily, "and he never opened his eyes. It was a very peaceful death." #

Room and Bath at the Hotel Florida

Continued from page 35

a shellfragment had set her room on fire and burned up all her shoes, and the censor had seen a woman made mincemeat of beside him when he stepped out to get a bite of lunch. It's not surprising that the censor is a nervous man; he looks underslept and underfed. He talks as if he understood, without taking too much personal pleasure in it, the importance of his position of guardian of those telephones that are the link with happier countries where the civil war is still being carried on by means of gold credits on bankledgers and munitions contracts and conversations on red plush sofas in diplomatic anterooms instead of with six-inch shells and firing squads. He doesn't give the impression of being complacent about his job. But it's hard for one who is more or less of a free agent from a country at peace to talk about many things with men who are chained to the galley benches of a war.

It's a relief to get away from the switchboards of power and walk out in the sunny streets again. If you follow the Gran Via beyond the Plaza de Callao down the hill towards the North station, stopping for a second in an excellent bookshop that's still open for business, you run into your first defense barricade. It is solidly built of cemented pavingstones laid in regular courses high as your head. That's where men will make a last stand and die if the fascists break through.

I walk on down the street. This used to be the pleasantest and quickest way to walk out into the country, down into the shady avenue along the Manzanares where the little fat church stands that has Goya's frescoes in it, and out through the iron gate into the old royal domain of El Pardo. Now it's the quickest way to the front.

At the next barricade there's a small beadyeyed sentry who smilingly asks to see my pass. He's a Cuban. As Americans we talk. Somehow there's a bond between

us as coming from the western world.

There are trenches made with sandbags in the big recently finished Plaza de Espana. The huge straggling bronze statues of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza look out oddly towards the enemy position in Carabanchel. At a barracks building on the corner a bunch from the International Brigade is waiting for chow. French faces, Belgian faces, North of Italy faces; German exiles, bearded men blackened with the sun, young boys; a feeling of energy and desperation comes from them. The dictators have stolen their world from them; they have lost their homes, their families, their hopes of a living or a career; they are fighting back.

Up another little hill is the burned shell of the Montana Barracks where the people of Madrid crushed the military revolt last July. Then we're looking down the broad rimed street of the Paseo de Rosales. It used to be one of the pleasantest places in Madrid to live because the four and fivestory apartmenthouses overlooked the valley of the Manzanares and the green trees of the old royal parks and domains. Now it's no man's land. The lines cross the valley below, but if you step out on the Paseo you're in the full view of the enemy on the hills opposite, and the Moors are uncommonly good riflemen.

With considerable speed the sightseers scuttled into a house on the corner. There's the narrow hall and the row of bells and the rather grimy dark stairs of the regular Madrid apartmenthouse, but instead of the apartment of Señor Fulano de Tal on the third floor you open a ground glass door and find . . . the front. The rest of the house has been blown away. The ground glass door opens on air, at your feet a well opens full of broken masonry and smashed furniture, then the empty avenue and beyond across the Manzanares, a magnificent view of the

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smart

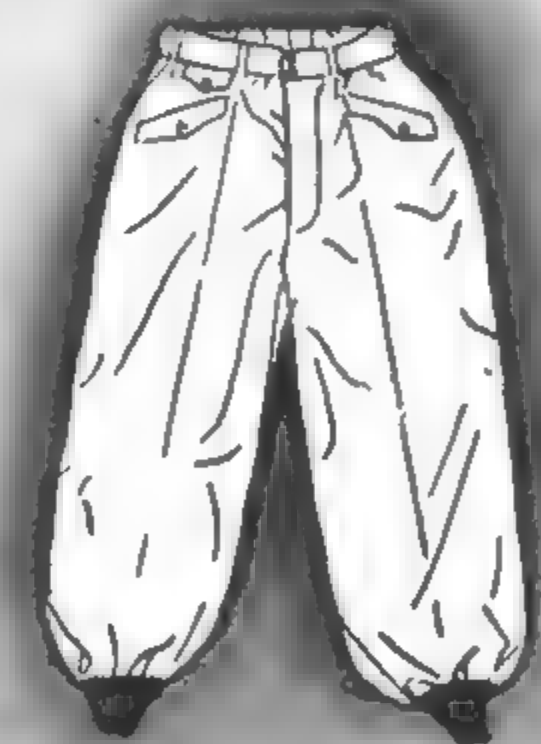
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Room and Bath at the Hotel Florida

Continued from pages 35-131

enemy. On the top floor there's a room on that side still intact; looking carefully through the half-shattered shutters we can make out trenches and outposts at the top of the hill, a new government trench halfway up the hill and closing the picture, as always, the great snowy cloudtopped barrier of the Guadarrama. The lines are quiet; not a sound. Through the glasses we can see some militiamen strolling around behind a clump of trees. After all it's lunchtime. They can't be expected to start a battle for the benefit of a couple of sightseers.

Walking back to the hotel through the empty streets of the wrecked quarter back of the Paseo we get a chance to see all the quaint possibilities of shellfire and airbombing among dwelling houses. The dollhouse effect is the commonest, the front or a side of a house sliced off and touchingly revealing parlors, bedrooms, kitchens, dining rooms, twisted iron beds dangling, elaborate chandeliers hanging over void, a piano suspended in the air, a sideboard with dishes still on it, a mirror with a gilt stucco frame glittering high up in a mass of wreckage where everything else has been obliterated.

After lunch I walk out into the northern part of the city to see the mother of an old friend of mine. It's the same apartment where I have been to visit them in various past trips. The same old maid in black with a starched apron opens the door into the dim white rooms with the old oak and walnut furniture that remind me a little of Philip II's rooms in the Escorial. My friend's mother is much older than when I saw her last, but her eyes under the handsomely arched still dark eyebrows are as fine as ever, they have the same black flash when she talks. With her is an older sister from Andalusia, a very old white-haired woman, old beyond conversation. They have been in Madrid ever since the movement, as they call it, started. Her son has tried to get her to go to Valencia where he has duties but she doesn't like to leave her apartment and she wouldn't like the fascists to think they'd scared her into running away. Of course getting food is a nuisance but they are old now and don't need much, she says. She could even invite me to lunch if I'd come some day and wouldn't expect to get too much to eat. She tells me which of the newspapers she likes; then we fall to talking about the old days when they lived at El Pardo and her husband the doctor was alive and I used to walk out to see them through the beautiful park of liveoaks that always made me feel as if I were walking through the backgrounds of Velasquez's paintings. The park was a royal hunting preserve and was protected, in those days of the Bourbons, by mantraps and royal

game keepers in Goya costumes. The deer were tame. Over the tea and the almond paste cakes we talked of walks in the sierra and skiing and visits to forgotten dried-up Castilian villages and the pleasure of looking at the construction of old buildings and pictures and the poems of Antonio Machado.

As I stepped out into the empty street I heard shelling in the distance again. As a precaution I walked over to the metrostation and took the crowded train down to the Gran Via. When I got out of the elevator at the station I found that there weren't so many people as usual walking down towards the Calle de Alcalá. There was a tendency to stand in doorways.

I was thinking how intact this part of the town was when, opposite Molinero's, the pastry shop where we used to go in the intermissions of the symphony concerts at the Price Circus and stuff with almond paste and egg-yolk and whipped cream pastry in the old days, I found myself stepping off the curb into a pool of blood. Water had been sloshed over it but it remained in red puddles among the cobbles. So much blood must have come from a mule, or several people hit at one time. I walked round it. But what everybody was looking at was the division El Campesino in new khaki uniforms parading up the Calle de Alcalá with flags and Italian guns and trucks captured at Brihuega. The bugles blew and the drums rattled and the flags rippled in the afternoon sunlight and the young men and boys in khaki looked healthy and confident walking by tanned from life at the front and with color stung into their faces by the lashing wind off the sierras. I followed them into the Puerta del Sol that, in spite of the two blocks gutted by incendiary bombs, looked remarkably normal in the late afternoon bustle, full of shoeshine boys and newsvendors and people selling shoelaces and briquets and paper covered books.

On the island in the middle where the metrostation is, an elderly man shined my shoes.

A couple of shells came in behind me far up a street. The dry whacking shocks were followed by yellow smoke and the smell of granite dust that drifted slowly past in the wind. There were no more. Groups of men chatting on the corners went on chatting. Perhaps a few more people decided to take the metro instead of the streetcar. An ambulance passed. The old man went on meticulously shining my shoes.

I began to feel that General Franco's gunner, smoking a cigarette as he looked at the silhouette of the city from the hill at Carabanchel, was taking aim at me personally. At last the old man was satisfied with his work, and set down on his box again to

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“You misunderstood me, Mr. Whitney. What I said was come up and help me dress the tree!”



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Gifts by

Lenthéric

Room and Bath at the Hotel Florida

Continued from pages 35-131-132

wait for another customer while I walked across the halfmoonshaped square through the thinning crowd, to the old Café de Lisboa. Going in through the engraved glass swinging doors and sitting down on the faded chartreusecolored plush and settling down to read the papers over a glass of vermouth was stepping back twenty-one years to the winter when I used to come out from my cold room at the top of a house on the other corner of the Puerta del Sol and warm up with coffee there during the morning. The papers, naturally, were full of victories; this is wartime. When I come out of the café at seven o'clock closing, and head for the Hotel Florida it's already almost dark. For some reason the city seems safer at night.

The correspondents take their meals in the basement of the Hotel Gran Via almost opposite the Telephone Building. You go in through the unlit lobby and through a sort of pantry and down some back stairs past the kitchen into a cavelike place that still has pink lights and an air of night club jippery about it. There at a long table sit the professional foreign correspondents and the young worldsaviours and the members of foreign radical delegations. At the small tables in the alcoves there tend to be militiamen and internationals on sprees and a sprinkling of young ladies of the between the sheets brigade.

This particular night there's a group of British parliamentary bigwigs, including a duchess at a special table. It's been a big day for them, because General Franco's gunners have bagged more civilians than usual. Right outside of the hotel, in fact under the eyes of the duchess, two peaceful Madrileños were reduced to a sudden bloody mess. A splatter of brains had to be wiped off the glassless revolving doors of the hotel. But stuffed with horrors as they were, the British bigwigs had eaten supper.

In fact they'd eaten up everything there was, so that when the American correspondents began to trickle in with nothing in their stomachs but whiskey and were fed each a sliver of rancid ham, there was a sudden explosion of the spirit of Seventy-six. Why should a goddam lousy etcetera duchess eat three courses when a hardworking American newspaperman has to go hungry.

A slightly punchdrunk little exbantamweight prizefighter who was often in the joint wearing a snappy militiaman's uniform, and who had tended in the past to be chummy with the members of the gringo contingent who were generous with their liquor, became our champion and muttered dark threats about closing the place up and having the cooks and waiters sent to the front, lousy profiteers hiding under the skirts of the C.N.T. who were all sons of loose

women and saboteurs of the war and worse than fascists, mierda. In the end the management produced a couple of longdead whittings and a plate of spinach which they'd probably been planning to eat themselves, and the fires of revolt died down.

Still in Madrid the easiest thing to get, though it's high in price, is whiskey; so it's on that great national fooddrink that the boys at the other end of the wires tend to subsist. One of the boys who'd been there longest leaned across the table and said plaintively, "Now you won't go home and write about the drunken correspondents, will you?"

Outside the black stone city was grimly flooded with moonlight that cut each street into two oblique sections. Down the Gran Via I could see the flashlight of a patrol and hear them demanding in low voices the password for the night of whoever they met on the sidewalk.

From the west came a scattered hollow popping, soft perforations of the distant horizon. Somewhere not very far away men with every nerve tense were crawling along the dark sides of walls, keeping their heads down in trenches, yanking their right arms back to sling a hand grenade at some creeping shadow opposite. And in all the black houses the children we'd seen playing in the streets were asleep, and the grown-ups were lying there thinking of lost friends and family and ruins and people they'd loved and of hating the enemy and of hunger and how to get a little more food tomorrow, feeling in the numbness of their blood, in spite of whatever scorn in the face of death, the low unending smoulder of apprehension of a city under siege. And I couldn't help feeling a certain awe, as I took off my clothes in my quiet clean room with electric light and running water and a bathtub, in the face of all these people in this city. I lay down on the bed to read a book but instead stared at the ceiling and thought of the pleasantfaced middleaged chambermaid who'd cleaned my room that morning and made the bed and put everything in order and who'd been coming regularly every day, doing the job ever since the siege began just as she'd done it in the days of Don Alfonso, and wondered where she slept and what about her family and her kids and her man, and how perhaps tomorrow coming to work there'd be that hasty loudening shriek and the street full of dust and splintered stone and instead of coming to work the woman would be just a mashed-out mess of blood and guts to be scooped into a new pine coffin and hurried away. And they'd slosh some water over the cobbles and the death of Madrid would go on. A city under siege is not a very good place for a sightseer. It's a city without sleep. #

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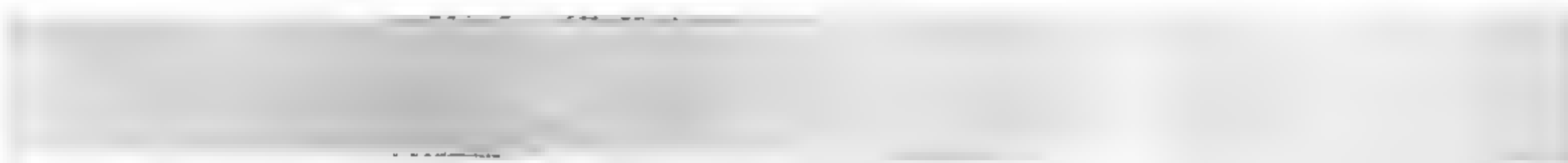


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The Folk of Bloody Mountain

Continued from page 69

phasized too much. I remember that once my wife and I, riding horseback through a county where we had never been before, came upon a mountaineer seated by the side of a stream. It was a hot afternoon and the stream was cool-looking, it invited us to dismount and drink. As we got off our horses, the man approached holding a gallon bottle of corn liquor in his hand. But he was not drunk.

"Howdy," I said. "It sure is hot today. I guess there won't be much of that stream left by the time I'm through drinking."

"I reckon you ain't gonna tech thet water," he said. "I reckon you're gonna buy this bottle of corn—an' thet's gonna cost you a dollah."

I decided to test him, God knows why! "Neither of us likes corn," I said. "We'll stick to water."

"An' be dead quicker'n billy-be-damned," he said, pulling a pistol from his shirt.

"You wouldn't shoot me just because I don't want to buy your liquor, would you?"

"Why not?" he asked calmly. "Hit's a good reason."

I was convinced by his slightly astonished "Why not?" I bought the corn liquor. At least he couldn't make us drink it.

The hills of Kentucky are splendid country for tourists and artists but tourists are unknown here and the only artist is Edward Fern, a Cincinnati painter who wandered into the hills by mistake and then decided never to return to Cincinnati. It is the lack of automobile roads, the hostile

mountaineers, the absence of summer hotels, and the presence of many snakes that has kept out the city people who would so much love the hills of Kentucky. Frankly I am rather glad of this. One of the reasons why I am so fond of this country is its non-conformation, its refusal to be assimilated or changed by Progress.

These people have an articulate love of nature. Many city persons maintain that the farmer does not appreciate his surroundings because he has always lived in them. This is of course untrue. The idea probably derives from superficial knowledge of the New Englander, who will say of a particularly lovely scene, "I like that," and say nothing more elaborate. But the hill people are more effusive folk and, since they still retain much of the language of Chaucer, their expressions have a charm and poetry that one does not encounter elsewhere in the United States. They are almost as articulate as the Irish farmers and like them they have created myths and legends for all the natural phenomena that surround them. For example, they say of the trillium flower—"ef hit were picked in the dark of the moon by a virgin boy, ef hit were placed on the eyes of the blind, t'would cure." And they believe that anyone born in the hills can nowhere else find happiness.

These are the folk of the Kentucky hills. They have lived this way for the last two hundred years and I doubt whether the next two hundred will find them changed. I hope not. ##

The Alumni Discover Education

Continued from page 51

month for haircut money. The old grads of a major eastern school made a proposition of \$65 a month during the freshman year and \$85 a month if he made the varsity team. A recruiting group from another big eastern school financed a four-day inspection trip of the boy to the varsity, and made a firm, flat offer of \$1,000 a year.

Bucking that sort of competition for kids isn't easy when even an athletic scholarship has been ruled out as trading material. The boy was given overtures of the Illinois sales talk by several high school coaches in his city; coaches who were Illinois alumni. After those missionaries had worked on the kid the alumni dotted-line squadron went into action. The lad wavered but he couldn't forget the cash factors in competitive alumni offers. You can't blame the kid for that.

The master alumni salesman who got the boy as one of the 85 on the 1937 freshman football squad at Illinois was the genius who put up the following line:

"Go ahead, son, and take the highest varsity cash offer if you want to play pro football after you get through university. A lot of

the pro footballers are very nice fellows, not the gashouse gang you expect. They don't get as much money as they ought to have, considering that they devote to pro football a good part of the four or five highly important years at what ought to be the start of their business careers. It will be kind of hard, too, for you to be taken out of the rich alumni pet class and thrown in with hard young men who are on a strictly cash basis in football, but if you are going on a strictly cash basis in football you might as well start now. But figure where you wind up financially in ten years compared with other boys who are now going primarily for educations."

When the alumni goes in for this kind of sales talk naturally the first fellows sold are the alumni. Consequently the Alumni Foundation, which is what the University of Illinois alumni calls the fund tapped out of the old schoolmates and the organization for administering the fund, became more concerned with higher salaries for the faculty. The alumni of most universities currently do not rate themselves as specialized experts in pedagogy. There is very little

Continued on page 140



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The Alumni Discover Education

Continued from pages 51-139

of the theorist left in fellows who have been able to make a living the last eight years. They are content to think that if the university pays more money it gets better instructors and with better instructors the kids get better educations. By that process of reasoning the alumni gets to its objective, which is triumphant and well publicized athletic teams and school bands. The alumni recruiting revival is active even to the extent of making earnest solicitations for star tuba tooters.

The alumni gets the satisfaction of reflected glory. And who is there to say that the smug satisfaction of being connected by college ties with the snappiest college band in the country isn't as valid a cultural boast as that of the scholarly recluse who rates himself a foremost authority in Aztec music?

Vicarious alumni of Notre Dame who account for the greater part of the crowd at the Notre Dame-Army games in New York, are at any one of those Gotham football sessions probably five to six times greater in number than the entire alumni body of the South Bend school. Their fervor has been censured by the alumni of other schools who have diploma ties with their own institution, but what has been the direct result of this enthusiasm? A very positive and noticeable elevation of educational facilities and scholastic requirements at Notre Dame. All the folks get a good show and Notre Dame a higher scholastic status. When all the evidence is studied, the faculty at almost any university can find no damning strength to its ritual criticism of the alumni: "All you're organized for is football teams." Better football teams are generally the first indication of an alumni interested in any part of university affairs.

Robert Maynard Hutchins, president of the University of Chicago, comments on alumni in his provocative book, *The Higher Learning in America*. He writes: "In this country that strange phenomenon known as the alumni plays a weird and oftentimes a terrifying rôle. . . . The noise they make is in inverse proportion to the amount they give. The devotion of alumni is highly desirable. They can be useful in defending their alma mater from the public and in representing in their own persons the virtues for which it stands. Unfortunately their energies are often directed to quite other objects. They are interested in all the things that do not matter." Maybe football is among "all the things that do not matter." Hutchins is suspected by the general public and probably by the alumni of taking a slug at college athletics. Probably he does, but if so, by implication mainly if one is to take *The Higher Learning in America* as the Hutchins platform.

Dr. Hutchins bats out this:

"Descartes, Hume and Rousseau, for example, did not find it in the least absurd that they should begin to think as though nobody had ever thought before. They did not even regard it as egotistical. It was merely natural; mankind had progressed to the point where it was necessary to cast out old errors and begin to develop a really intelligent program."

The correct answer, of course, will have to be figured out by Hutchins, but it seems to many that the alumni associations that have begun to put forth education instead of finance as the snare for the potential college athlete are ahead of the mass of educators themselves in properly placing the function of the universities. A brighter torch of learning may be coming onto the campus from the stadium with the alumni supplying the candle-power in the form of a troop of vigorous youngsters who have had education instead of cash-and-carry football sold to them as the main reason for the collegiate four years.

There is basis for a hunch that certain advanced alumni associations are progressing more rapidly in their work as recruiting agents for colleges than the educators are advancing in their attitude toward the broad problem of collegiate education. As an example: Dartmouth's alumni, one of the pioneers in sectional organization for appraisal and recruiting of kids, of late years has been paying special attention to the corraling of youths with high scholastic records ahead of athletic and social qualifications.

On the west coast there also is developing an inclination to investigate the high school educational record of the potential varsity athletes although the alumni activities in this direction have not yet been what you might call over-balanced. Football on a spectacular basis is comparatively new to the west coast schools so the team material gets a slightly better break than in any other part of the country except in certain parts of the south. The west coast proselyting of athletic youths is gradually getting into the field of pure evangelism because the alumni has found it unprofitable to buck professorial opposition. There are educators who see no reason for hiking athletes' marks, especially when it is suspected that the alumni overlooked something in thinking about the finances of the kids, but not those of the kids' teachers.

Yale and Princeton alumni have been riding the range in search of unbranded young gridiron animals with more earnestness than the herders for Harvard and the strange thing about this case in the collegiate Divine Trinity is that some exceptionally competent young muscle-men have strayed into Harvard for Education, thus confirming in one of several conspicuous cases, the general finding

Continued on page 142





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The Alumni Discover Education

Continued from pages 51-139-140

of the Illinois alumni research that education is the most powerful attraction for the potentially best college athletes. In a way that Big Three situation contains a rousing and sardonic laugh, for Harvard, with its kitty of \$125,000,000 and an alumni that reeks with lucre, could shove in enough chips to drive all competitors dokey in a slave market for athletes. But they don't have to spend a mill apparently. The Harvard alumnus can stick his snoot toward the stars and sniff in hauteur when confronted by a chance to capture some high school star for one of Fair Harvard's future teams. The kid can either come on his own or to Hell with him, which is the dismal and inevitable destination of those who don't go to Harvard (thinks the Harvard alumnus).

The Illinois alumni survey in determining the present sound attitude of the majority of most desirable young athletes toward education revealed an attitude that deserves more recognition than it has been getting from most educators. It is not remotely possible that some leading American educators are far behind in knowledge of what's going on among high school and college athletes.

The danger in education to the professional educator is that he pronounces himself a very smart guy and the outsiders as superficial and overly enthusiastic nuisances. The more quotable an educator is the more he seems to take the license to run the rest of mankind.

That eminent man of letters and self-approved educational expert, H. G. Wells, tipped himself off as having fumbled the pedagogic ball in his address, "The Informative Content of Education," before the 1936 annual meeting of the British Association. Indignant educators asked what the bloody Hell? They exposed Mr. Wells as being "hopelessly out of date" in his knowledge of present-day education. It is unfortunate that American critics of the Wells' spiel on education include many who criticize the alumni of their schools for the alumni athletic recruiting. The critics are still living in the time of the famous Carnegie exposé of athletic over-emphasis. Changed conditions, new kids and a differently-dominated alumni, all have come into action since the Carnegie blast was shot.

Have the schools themselves become aware of the change? President Conant of Harvard said: "Here at Harvard we regard it as essential that all sides of the controversies in the social sciences be represented," and the remark was truly echoed by the heads of other universities. However, there has not seemed to be a keen recognition of the significant part the alumni has recently been taking in ballyhooing and nurturing the Higher Education by careful selection of athletic propagandists. The alumni has been considered a necessary nuisance when the old

school needs some more of that uncultured stuff that it takes for new buildings and the meat, taters and fixin's for the faculty families. Now, through the desire of Illinois alumni to muster stronger athletic teams, an alumni discovers itself in the paradoxical position of having secured youngsters who primarily are students rather than athletes and on the spot to contribute money for Education rather than primarily for championship teams.

There may be, in the numbers and merit of the young athletes who are being brought into the Higher Learning by alumni campaigns on the order of the Illinois plan, a start toward the Socratic Republic, subject of the first of the famous More Abundant Life tracts. Plato, Socrates' public relations expert, put it down in the book (*Republic*, Book III on The Arts in Education) that the educated athlete is a "presiding genius (who) will be always required in our State if the government is to last."

Record enrollments at universities in the autumn of 1936 and the disclosure of the Illinois alumni investigation that the best athletic material signs up quicker for education than for spot cash, may have some hopeful significance to our own Republic. You can't say yet that the kids have displaced the Frank Merriwell type of college hero with a brain-truster idol, but you can take a chance at believing youngsters who are superior physically, have an unsuspected interest in education for its intellectual, cultural and commercial value.

Maybe the alumni have something in that Illinois finding made during the hunt for triple-threat kids, Herculean young linesmen and hotcha bandsmen. If they have, they're going to embarrass but eventually delight educators who haven't had the most sincere regard in the world for the Joe X. Collegiates as helping hands in the nation's intellectual uplift.

It may take some time for the ace educators to catch up with what's going on to sell education as a result of alumni solicitation of varsity athletic material, but the educators can put up as an alibi, "Our people have little knowledge and much opinion." That jolt, quoting the forthright Dr. Hutehins again, was directed at the uneducated holders of college degrees but it can stand another bounce.

The alumni recruiting agents have taken plenty of bouncing around themselves from critics whose opinions are 50 points ahead of their knowledge and only a minute left to play. The alumni is toughened to that kind of treatment. They want winning teams and b'god they'll get them even if they have to stand scornful raps from the intellectuals and even if they are caused by their desperation to offer Education to the unsullied young. #

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Left: One button peak lapel lightweight dinner jacket with black dress trousers of same material. White silk dress shirt with three inch center box pleat. Ribbon shape black tie. Patent leather oxfords. Clove red carnation.

Right: Lightweight wool half sleeve sport shirt with silk necker-tie. Flannel slacks. Lisle hose. White buckskin shoes with red rubber soles and heels. Striped belt.

Below: Double-breasted blue blazer has brass buttons, patch pockets. White flannel trousers. Brown and white shoes. White silk scarf.

Lower right-hand corner: Three button notched lapel single-breasted natural tan washable summer suiting. Reverse calf shoes, monk fronts. Tan madras shirt. Striped reptie. Pith helmet.



Left: Double-breasted terrycloth beach robe; with brown knitted swimming trunks, Norwegian slippers.



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A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES



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"I was working late at the office and my wife dropped in"

Exactly Six O'Clock

Continued from page 79

"Gloria," he said suddenly, "will you dine with me tomorrow night?"

His fear of hearing her make the excuse of a previous engagement was miraculously unfounded. To his delighted surprise she accepted promptly and with evident pleasure. The hour and place were settled, then silence fell between them while John's watch clicked its secret soprano to the harsh baritone of the devil clock, whose pied-à-terre was near the window.

As if to fortify himself against the double intoxication of Gloria and alcohol, John decided to concentrate coldly on the scene through the window for the few moments left before he must be on his way. The river was like a mirror. A small steamboat moved along it with the gliding speed of a sharp knife slitting paper. An airplane wheeled into view. On the opposite bank strings of street lights were battling with the waning daylight, while headlights flashed by like pale shooting stars.

John marked the contrast between the apparent calm of the scene and the pandemonium being made behind their backs by the other guests, enviable pandemonium that need not cease at six o'clock, as his own pleasure must.

Suddenly he stared, tingled and thought: "My God, that plane has stopped!" He had tried to make the exclamation aloud, but, actually, no words came, a fact which he fleetingly attributed to his own alarm.

The plane had, indeed, come to a full stop, and seemed to be tottering on the brink of a dizzy descent. The odd thing was that it didn't fall, but remained absolutely stationary in the air. John couldn't take his eyes off it. So great was his agitation that he couldn't even speak. Gloria, too, remained silent, and perfectly still, as if impaled by terror. John Chubb then realized an extraordinary thing. Although he kept his eyes on the plane, in awful fascination, his wider vision, the edges of

his eyes, as it were, took in the fact that the little steamboat had also come to a dead standstill, that the ripples of its wake appeared to be frozen in a fan of ice, and that the flashing headlights on the opposite bank had ceased to move.

At the same instant he realized that the noise of merrymaking at his back had been extinguished. It was as if everyone in the room had observed the phenomenon and was as petrified as he. In fact, although he could not see them, he could in some strange way feel them through the back of his head, with a sort of mental vision, standing about the room in groups, like waxworks, poising glasses, parting their lips in the midst of speech or laughter that did not come. The stillness was absolute.

John struggled wildly against the nightmare of fixity. Still, that damnable airplane remained static. He must be drunk or mad—suffering from some strange mental disorder that stopped the brain's perception of motion as if it were a defective movie projector.

In the midst of his agony he realized with a painful jolt that at this rate, by George, he'd never get away by six o'clock. Worse still, he found it impossible to communicate with Gloria, the undulant and vivid Gloria who only a moment ago had promised to dine with him tomorrow night, and who now stood dumb and unheeding at his side, like a mindless doll.

He strove to look at his watch, but couldn't move.

He wondered whether he could see the time on the devil clock, and trying in vain to turn his head, he listened closely for its odious ticking. But all his ear received was an awful impact of silence.

It was only then, in the flickering instant before his mind slowed to an eternal standstill, that the hideous truth flashed through his brain.

The clock had stopped. Everything had stopped. #

Utopia in Arkansas

Continued from page 60

acter concerning the school."

Commonwealth broke into the headlines again in connection with some labor troubles in Harlan County, Kentucky. Always interested in such conflicts, two teachers and three students drove over to Kentucky in the college truck, to get some first-hand information from the striking miners. They were met by a mob of Kentucky gentlemen who took them into the woods and manhandled them severely. It is said that these fellows intended to castrate Director Koch, and actually had a doctor on hand to do the job, but finally let him off with a savage flogging. The marks of the whip were still visible on these boys' backs when I visited the school, and a damage suit against the Kentucky gentlemen was still pending.

Probably the most important thing that ever happened to Commonwealth was the ousting of Dr. Zeuch and the election of Lucien Koch as Director. This happened back in 1931, I think, while Zeuch was in Europe on a Guggenheim Fellowship, studying labor colleges in France and Germany. Whether the change was for better or for worse is still a matter of opinion, and the people whom I have interviewed are not at all agreed about it. Under Zeuch's leadership Commonwealth was merely a "liberal" college, while at present it seems to be rather more militantly communistic.

Another time, in 1932, a sort of local revolution took place, and the insurgents captured the school. For several days about half of the student body paraded about armed

Continued on page 148

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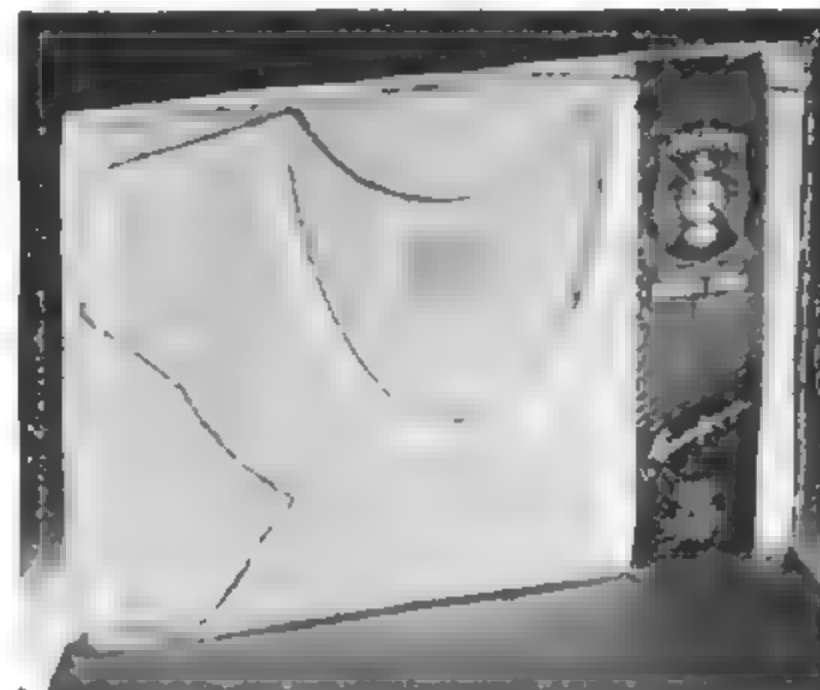
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Utopia in Arkansas

Continued from pages 60-147

with clubs, refusing to let anybody leave the campus. The college folk are still a little vague about the cause of this difficulty, but I was assured that it had nothing to do with the ousting of Dr. Zeuch or the election of Director Koch. Finally Clay Fuls, professor of agriculture, slipped through the picket lines and brought the sheriff out from Mena. Upon this the rebels left in a body, and the "strike" was over.

And so we sat and talked on through the twilight, but about nine o'clock the various groups began to dwindle, and I thought best to turn in. And by ten-thirty the whole colony was quiet, and the Commonwealth campus lay in darkness.

Just after daylight next morning I heard a noise, and looked out to see one girl and two boys hurrying across the clearing toward the Commons. This was the "breakfast gang," whose turn it was to cook breakfast for the entire college. Hoping that they were good cooks, and that they took plenty of time about this business of getting breakfast, I rolled over and went back to sleep.

At six-thirty came a great clanging of the college bell, and I dressed hurriedly and hastened over to the Commons. Breakfast is served from six-thirty to seven, and no later. This goes for everybody, and even the Director must go hungry if he does not get to the Commons by seven o'clock.

The breakfast was excellent that morning. We had oatmeal, milk, a big square of scrambled eggs, bread, butter, and good black coffee. I tried to buy a cigar at the Commissary, but there was none to be had. "Nobody can afford 'em here," a student said, "and they look bourgeois, anyhow."

The first classes are called at seven-thirty, and since the groups are small they usually meet in the teachers' cottages. Bill Cunningham, who teaches English, asked me to address a group of people who were interested in writing. This Cunningham is quite a fellow, and has written an astounding novel called *The Green Corn Rebellion*. There were probably twenty-five students crowded into his little living room. The ordinary classes are smaller, however, and Bill told me that the average attendance was not more than twelve. There is no roll call or compulsory attendance at Commonwealth. As Cunningham says, the students are paying for their education, and they are free to take it or leave it alone.

After my talk, which dealt largely with the practical mechanics of hack writing, several students came forward with some questions about "proletarian literature," of which I know nothing. One sad-eyed boy was horrified when I said that, in my opinion, Jim Tully was a much better writer than Michael Gold!

I tried to impress these radical

boys and girls by telling them that I was once an editorial writer on the old *Appeal to Reason*, the pioneer Socialist weekly. I told them, too, that I knew Gene Debs and Bill Haywood personally, and that I had met Emma Goldman and John Reed. But they didn't seem much impressed. It made me feel very old somehow. Those were names to conjure with in my day, but doubtless young people have other revolutionary heroes now.

Later on I visited other classes, where small groups were studying economics, economic history, the history of unionism, social psychology, and commercial law. Most of the students were preparing themselves to be labor agitators, or teachers in labor schools, or working-class lawyers, or radical journalists. They tell me that the amount of work done in the three-year course is equivalent to that for which the ordinary college grants the bachelor's degree. No honors or degrees are given at Commonwealth, but several alumni have been admitted to very good graduate schools—notably that of the University of Wisconsin—without examination.

The fifth class period ends at noon, and the afternoon is devoted to manual labor, for everybody works at Commonwealth. And when I say everybody I mean just that. Each student buys his own books, and pays about three dollars a week for his tuition. But nobody is allowed to pay any cash for food, lodging or laundry. These things must be *earned*, and every student has to work four hours a day, five days in the week. Teachers and students toil together at cutting wood, plowing, herding cattle, milking, hoeing corn, cooking, canning vegetables and so on. The only difference is that teachers work only fifteen hours to the student's twenty. When some fellow wants to earn his living, without being either a student or a teacher, he is called a "maintenance worker," and is expected to put in thirty hours of labor per week.

But most astonishing of all is the fact that the teachers at Commonwealth get no money at all for their labors. They are supplied with food, shelter, clothing, books and incidentals such as shaving-soap and toothpaste, but never a cent of cash. Very able men they seem to be, too, with a respectable sprinkling of Ph.D.'s among them.

They are all of the same type, of course—fellows who combine a love for the simple life with a passion to teach something that cannot be taught in the ordinary university. For there really is academic freedom here. Commonwealth sponsors no particular religious, social or economic dogma. A man may teach anything that he pleases, in any way that seems good in his eyes.

Bill Cunningham quoted one of the founders to the effect that "we have had practically every

Continued on page 150



"Darling, I'll be over at the glove counter while Santa is telling you some lies"



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Utopia in Arkansas

Continued from pages 60-147-148

ism represented on the faculty except Communism and Fundamentalism. But we have never yet found a Communist willing to live the communal life, nor a Fundamentalist preacher willing to work four hours a day."

This statement may have been true when the learned founder made it, but at the time I visited Commonwealth the Communists seemed to be in the majority. I don't recall any Fundamentalists, but there were Socialists, Anarchists, Syndicalists, Behaviorists, Atheists, Agnostics, Pacifists and Humanists, to say nothing of certain more or less incoherent individuals whose precise labels I have forgotten. But they all seemed to be radicals of a quiet, bookish, humorous type. Much less alarming than some of the so-called "pinks" whom I met at Harvard.

The fortunes of the school have varied widely at different times, but there is always a need for money, of course. At one time, I was told, the College treasury contained only thirty-four cents. In addition to the original gift of thirty thousand dollars, there have been many smaller cash donations from friends of the institution. It appears that a number of very eminent people are interested in the Commonwealth experiment, and a list of recent contributors includes such names as James Harvey Robinson, John Dewey, Robert H. Davis, Aaron L. Sapiro, Floyd Dell, Arthur Garfield Hays, Edward Alsworth Ross, Jack Conroy, Scott Nearing, Roger N. Baldwin, Vida Scudder and many others. The name of a Supreme Court Justice on this list especially intrigued me. It is somehow odd that a Justice of the United States Supreme Court should contribute \$100 per year to maintain what some people say is a Communist college in the wilds of Arkansas!

The Commonwealth plant now includes 320 acres of land, about half of which is in cultivation. There is plenty of timber, and a small stream which the students have dammed to make a passable swimming pool. There are several cabins, occupied by the teachers and their wives, and a number of barns, poultry houses and the like. There are a central water system and an electric plant, but both of these are hopelessly inadequate.

Besides the Commons (which is really a kitchen, dining room and auditorium combined) there are two dormitories, a cannery, a laundry, a commissary, and a small print shop, which turns out a very creditable magazine known as the *Commonwealth College Fortnightly*. James Harvey Robinson once wrote the editor: "The *Fortnightly* has served to support a sometimes tottering suspicion that the young might acquire an education, if the elders were not permitted to spoil the game"—and he enclosed a check for a twenty-five year subscription!

The school has a few pigs, several mules, some goats, a little herd of cattle, and a fine flock of chickens. It has some rather antiquated but still useful farm machinery. Some of the boys showed me a splendid truck garden, and introduced me to the Austrian gardener. His surname slips my mind, but everybody called him Otto, and he was one of the most interesting persons I met at Commonwealth. It was Otto who pointed out the big stone fireplace which George Milburn helped to build, and I remembered that Milburn once told me that he spent several months here in 1917. "Commonwealth is a strange place," he wrote later, "and the nearest approach to Utopia I ever expect to find in this world."

It was Otto, too, who told me that William E. Zeuch, the real founder of Commonwealth, was living only a few miles away. I drove over to his lonely shanty at the foot of Rich Mountain, where he lives alone with his books and his typewriter and a few primitive cooking utensils. I found the *Herr Doktor* lying flat on his stomach in the dusty road, naked except for a sort of G-string round his waist.

"First a swim, then a sun bath," said he, "and there's nothing like it." He was a muscular chap about forty-five, and this sun-bathing discipline had tanned him to the rich color of an old saddle.

Zeuch took his doctor's degree at the University of Wisconsin, but he had also been a student at Cornell and at Clark University, where I went to school years ago. He remembered Stanley Hall and other old friends of mine, and in talking of these matters I almost forgot to ask him about the local situation. He spoke freely enough of his studies and his writings, but did not care to discuss Commonwealth in any detail.

"They kicked me out of the directorship," he said grimly, "while I was studying in Germany. My opinion of the school and of the new Director are naturally colored by personal feeling. I wish 'em well, but as for myself, I am definitely through with labor education."

Zeuch grinned tolerantly when I told him about the old man whom I met in the little grocery store.

"Oh yes," he said, "the local people have always complained about nudism and free love at Commonwealth. Perhaps there has been some mixed nude bathing, and maybe some of the married couples are not legally married—I don't know. But you must not forget that the native hillfolk have some very peculiar notions about moral matters. For example, they think that a co-ed who smokes cigarettes is a shameless hussy, but see no harm in their own women dipping snuff and chewing tobacco."

Back on the campus that night I talked with Oliver Carlson, teacher of economics, who told me

Continued at top of page 152

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PIONEER

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Philadelphia

Utopia in Arkansas

Continued from pages 60-147-148-150

some good stories of his experiences at the University of Berlin. Later on we walked over to the Carlson cabin, where the professor's wife sat darning her husband's socks by moonlight.

After a while came Clay Fulks, a lawyer who forsook the bar to lecture on farm problems and write articles for the *American Mercury*. Fulks is one of the few native Arkansawyers at Commonwealth, and he gave me some valuable information about the Ozark dialect and folklore. I met other members of the faculty, too—Mildred Price, Harold Coy, Charlotte Moskowitz, David Englestein and others whose names I have forgotten.

On the whole, I had a pretty good time at Commonwealth, but both faculty and students are so earnest and serious-minded that I felt a little out of place among them. Having no organized athletics or social activities, these people throw themselves into their studies with a fanatic zeal quite unknown at ordinary colleges. In my own student days I regarded myself as pretty much of a grind, but I never worked as hard as these boys and girls appear to do, and I never knew any professors who took their work more seriously than those on the Commonwealth faculty.

It seems to me that the people whom I interviewed in Mena have an altogether erroneous conception of Commonwealth College. I

spent four days on the campus, went everywhere, and met everybody. I saw no picturesque Bohemians, no wild-eyed bomb throwers, no dangerous radicals, no wild parties, no gambling, no liquor except a bottle of whiskey that I brought with me from Little Rock. There seemed to be no nudists, either. Everybody that I saw had pants on, though it must be admitted that some of them wore very little else. And if there was any free love in circulation, I certainly saw no evidence of it.

I reflected morosely upon all this as I drove slowly back through the village, past the Antlers Hotel, past the Elks' Club, past the red brick office of the *Mena Star*. I thought about it some more as I bumped across the railroad tracks and turned north on Highway 71, toward Fort Smith. I had nothing but praise for Commonwealth College, and yet I felt disappointed somehow, and cheated. George Milburn and the old man in the grocery store had painted the place in such glowing colors that the reality was a little drab, a little depressing.

So I took a long pull at the bottle which I had carried all the way from Little Rock, and felt somewhat better. One must not expect too much in this vale of tears. Commonwealth College is all right. And the fault, if there be any fault, must be divided between George Milburn and the old man in the little grocery store. ##

First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from page 99

back, and that was precisely the effect registered by Mr. Davies' self-conscious and pseudo-intellectual protagonist. How anyone, including even Mr. Davies' semi-moron hero, might become emotionally excited over such a creature evaded the comprehension of even a cut-rate audience.

In the third place, Mr. Hopkins committed the error of staging at least part of this intrinsically fantastic fable in a realistic manner, which only added to its ridiculousness and impossibility of serious acceptance. What is more, even had a so-called stage realism been proper and suitable, the Hopkins handling of it was still on the humorous side. His set representing the boat was realistic enough, that is, while it was supposed not to be moving. But when, in obedience to the plot and dialogue, it was supposed to be moving and when the characters on it ecstatically described its flight through the waters and when all that the audience saw was the boat remaining solidly stationary in front of a wrinkled blue backcloth, a critic might have been forgiven for rushing right out and sending a prayerful telegram to Langdon McCormick or a cablegram to Gordon Craig, both collect. However, even if the boat had moved, the sailor hero with enough pink makeup on

his face to serve an entire *Follies* company wouldn't have much helped the illusion.

This sailor hero, in the fourth place, was played by Mr. Henry Fonda, of the Hollywood art studios, who comported himself throughout the evening as if the stage were marked off with camera chalk-lines and as if it were essential that he sedulously confine himself within their bounds, the histrionic impression being of prisoner pacing a narrow cell. And in the fifth place, the female Ph.D. and psychoanalyst was Miss Doris Dalton who, doubtless personally and intelligently appreciating that the character which Davies had drawn would not have stimulated the libido of even his miscellaneously inclined sailor, sought to give at least a faint measure of persuasibility to Davies' theme by dressing herself in a series of costume changes infinitely less suggestive of and appropriate to a female Ph.D. and psychoanalyst than to a movie star having the time of her life at Antibes.

* * *

The Hungarians are still writing the play about the immaculate butler in the high-toned household who indicates his intellectual superiority to his employers by pronouncing the first two syllables of *conscientious* as if they were an

Continued on page 156



"I'm sorry but I never accept gifts from strange men—why don't you come up and get acquainted?"



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Sun Valley has become the St. Moritz of America, and winter sports enthusiasts from the East and from the West coast have made this place a fashionable winter resort, where life is typical of the European winter spas.

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IF YOU can match the man in this sketch, you're an expert skier until proved otherwise. Chief ingredient in his expert appearance is the gabardine ski suit. The coat is double breasted, with a four-button front and is cut a bit shorter than the jacket of a regulation suit. The back of the coat is plain, the armholes are high, and the shoulder blades are comfortably full. The lapels are cut so they may button closely about the neck. The trousers are

cut full but taper quite a bit to the bottom. They are tucked inside the boot. And heavy ski socks are worn underneath the trousers, instead of on the outside. The outfit is completed by a cotton flannel plaid shirt, wool tie with Tyrolean figures, black Tyrolean hat with green cord band, Norwegian model boots and wool mittens. This suit is ideal for after skiing; in high slopes of course, a wind jacket or parka would probably prove to be more practical.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)



Drinks

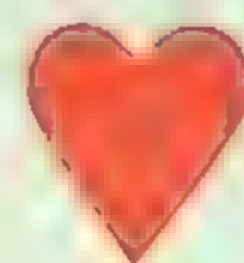
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First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from pages 99-152

Englishman complaining of his bad eyesight and who is therefore fallen in love with by the proud daughter of the family. The latest to come forth with the knickknack is Bus-Fekete (pronounced Bes'-Forgetit). It is known in its American version as *The Lady Has a Heart* and it amounts in essence to little more than the kind of thing which those eminent local Hungarians, Ladislaus Tarkington and Fédor Bus-Wilson, used to grind out for popular consumption some twenty-five years ago. Bus-Fekete has added a bit of political commentary to the old dish, but for the rest it is simply William Hodge redivivus dressed up like the Broadway idea of a Hungarian butler, comporting himself after the stereotyped stage conception of butlers (which is generally a cross between Noel Coward afflicted with rigor mortis and A. E. Matthews conscious of the presence of a bad odor), and accordingly impressing to the point of amour the hitherto distant and snobbish Olive Wyndham cast as the Countess Katinka. If you will take the trouble to go over to Cain's storehouse, I'll give it to you as a gift.

The butler in the present rehash was Vincent Price and the countess, Elissa Landi, emerged for the occasion from the California celluloid Corinth. Mr. Price, who bears something of a resemblance to a Chicago-company Brian Aherne, denoted the *soigné* austerity of the man-servant rôle by conducting himself throughout the evening like a slightly paralyzed six-foot icicle recently and very self-consciously graduated from Harvard and, when complimented by one of the characters on the precision of his French, promptly proceeded to demonstrate the propriety of the encomium by proclaiming, "Après moile délooj!" Miss Landi, a comely houri, haplessly betrayed her infection with the *streptococcus filmus* by acting the young countess like James Cagney dressed by Jay-Thorpe. One actor appeared with the other performers, Mr. Lumsden Hare.

On *Location* was an evanescent little stinker by one Wiley. It was, in intent, a comedy, and its perspirational purpose was to entertain its free list with a view of what occurred when an idealistic movie director hied himself off on an outdoor-scenes shooting trip. The movie theatres in New York have lately been having considerable trouble with labor miscreants who have employed stench-bombs to express their displeasure with the manner in which the houses are being operated, to the infinite physical, spiritual and olfactory discomfiture of the audiences. Let the miscreants be here forewarned that, if they do not like the way the legitimate theatres are being run, not to be so foolish as to try any stench-bombs on such occasions as this. Once the curtain is up on the On

Locations and the shows get going good and strong, they wouldn't be even faintly perceptible.

* * *

As an American theatrical commentator who last year had to take it on the chin from the English press for observing that many of the English actors who came over here suggested that they were blood relatives of as many leprechauns, and as one who the year before had to take it even harder on the jaw from the same press for reflecting on the atrociousness of many English actors' speech, it is both gratifying and critically flattering to note that that press is now belatedly finding itself in regretful agreement.

As to the dowdy speech of the English actors, St. John Ervine, critic for the London *Observer*, has led the British protest and has done a fine job of it. His indignation over the inaudibility of the Piccadilly and Shaftesbury avenue shapejacks and his ridicule of what he designates their "refayned" diction and popinjay manner of enunciation and articulation have made tasty reading. Week after week he has pursued the topic and week by week he has taken the absurd English mummies for an increasingly mortal and increasingly deserved ride. Ivor Brown, his critical sidekick and also a fellow of considerable shrewdness, has now brought up his artillery to assist in Ervine's campaign. I quote one pointed shot out of many. Discussing the English actor, James Mason, making his appearance in Dodie Smith's latest dose of wham, *Bonnet Over The Windmill*, thus Critic Brown: "His diction was slovenly. Why call *not*, *nut* and *Great Scot*, *Great Scart*?" From Mr. Brown's various critiques one gains the impression that the English stage is currently overrun with Masons and that it may not be long before they will have to import hitherto despised American actors to teach them how properly to speak their own language.

The dramatic critics, moreover, are not the only Englishmen who are beginning to sympathize with the American animadversions on the manner in which English actors garble the English tongue. Mr. M. Gulick, Honorable Secretary of the Association of Teachers of Speech and Drama, 32 Belgrave-road, London, S. W. 1, has rushed into the combat with a message to one of the leading British journals admitting that "We are a nation of mumblers. Members of this association have labored long and arduously to remove this reproach, and have to some extent been successful. Much, however, remains to be done. Surely more time ought to be devoted to training speech as well as to improving the general physical condition of the nation."

In both *George and Margaret* and *French Without Tears*, the brace of imported English herrings

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“Maybe I’m wrong but the gentlemen that sent you these gifts are supposed to be my friends”



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**REMOVES DANDRUFF—CHECKS FALLING HAIR
NOT GREASY—MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE**

First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from pages 99-152-156

which I discussed in these pages last month, there is renewed evidence of the dropped-squeak, chipped-tweet, elided and mottled British actor locution. For years, American audiences, still in a state of ignorance and cheap snobbery, were given to a mistaking, or at least to an acceptance of, such speech as very high-toned and as the last word in worldly smartness. But today they are on. They have come to realize that, so far as smartness goes, most English actors speak like valets and footmen, especially when they are cast in the rôles of educated gentlemen, and they have come further to realize that what they once mistook and accepted for something very genteel, well-bred and extremely doggy is in actuality nothing more than illiteracy, affectation, and crass ignorance.

As to the English critics' admission that many of their native actors and even playwrights seem unmistakably to have been born in the Grimms' inkpot, we have already in these columns recorded the reflections of Mr. George Munro, of the *Empire News*. Now comes the *Era*, the London equivalent of our own *Variety*, with a surprising paragraph implying concurrence. And now follow no less than a dozen published London newspaper letters from British theatregoers complaining of the peculiar fowl and lamenting the corruption of so much of dramatic effect through their presence in various irreconcilable rôles. And now, lance flashing in the sun, lunges forward the wittily merciless Mr. James Agate himself, acute critic for the London Sunday *Times*, with the free allowance that at least one of England's favorite actors is apparently a little too much on the girlish side in speech, manner and comportment to do full justice to the tragic, masculine rôles he vaingloriously essays.

The New York newspapers recently carried a U. P. cable telling of the attempted suicide in London of Russ Brown, an American actor, who was hissed by the English audience and panned by certain English critics the week before at the opening performance of *Take It Easy* at the Palace Theatre. If Brown gets well, wishes to take another chance at the London theatre, and wants to get the applause of its audiences and fine notices from the certain critics aforesaid, I'll give him a tip. Let him begin at once to practice speaking the English language as if it were recorded on a rapidly revolving Berlitz phonograph disc which someone has promiscuously chipped with a scissors and then let him rehearse himself day and night until he can proficiently suggest that the maternity hospital nurse was something of a prevaricator when she breathlessly announced to his prematurely proud papa: "It's a boy!"

* * *

Ben Hecht who, with his col-

laborator, Charles MacArthur, has spent a considerable share of his life playing pranks at the expense of others, has now unwittingly played one on himself. It is called *To Quito and Back* and it has given Hecht not only the hot-foot, the hot-seat and a large gob of itch-powder, but in addition has dropped a hot penny down his collar and simultaneously given him the old fraternity grip with a smear of Limburger in its hand. It happened this way. Hecht, as you know, is the Bright Boy of Hollywood, the Schopenhauer of the Sam Goldwyn lot, the Voltaire of the Paramount studios and the Oscar Wilde of Astoria, who early last autumn published a statement—after signing a fat new contract with Goldwyn—proclaiming that the theatre and its drama couldn't hope to compare with the matchless art of Mr. Goldwyn's movies. Having made the statement, he thereupon cockily set himself to the composition of a drama which, he felt certain, would prove that anyone could write a satisfactory, nay, even a relatively remarkable play for the theatre with one's left hand, whereas the writing of a good movie, for all the habitual sneers, was something else again and required the full-time genius of even such a genius as himself. It would, hee haw, be a corking joke at the theatre's expense, chuckled Hecht between a couple of mordant quotations from Remy de Gourmont, and wouldn't he have the time of his life, after his play proved it, derisively thumbing his nose at those who considered his autumnal statement, in view of his Goldwyn connection, both pretty dubious and ridiculous, hee, haw, ha!

Well, *To Quito and Back* is Hecht's blusteringly cocksure challenge, his glove slapped across the theatre's face, and is *To Quito and Back* a prat-fall! Unanimously dubbed pretentious blah by every critic, reviewer and even columnist in present practice and setting its audiences to such a loud snoring that the Guild Theatre on the opening night sounded like a cage of elephants to whom Charlie MacArthur had fed lighted cigarettes in lieu of peanuts, it eloquently attests to what Hollywood has done to Hecht, however indirectly. Trying vaingloriously to wrench himself away from his Hollywood moorings and, for all his posturing, trying with every ounce of his resources, he reveals himself as a writer who has apparently lost all his one-time understanding of the theatre and drama and who imagines that a good play for the metropolitan stage may be handily achieved simply by writing it over the heads of the Hollywood low-brows. And then—following the prevalent principle of highly paid Hollywood scenario writers when they return to the theatre—by intimating a lofty indifference to Sam Goldwyn and his big weekly

salary checks and incidentally persuading folk that he has not been contaminated by Hollywood mazuma through an incorporation into his play of a defense of Communism.

No, Ben, old boy, it can't be done. *To Quito and Back* is merely the Hollywood idea of a very intellectual play and the New York idea of a very juvenile and very bad one. After it, Sylvia Sidney, whom you brought East to play in it and who, with Leslie Banks, did all she could to help you, will probably be overjoyed to get back to Hollywood where, whatever their many other incontrovertible faults, the movies at least don't sententiously pose an erudition by talking profoundly for two uninterrupted hours about nothing at all.

In conclusion, *Susan and God*, by Rachel Crothers. A wife and husband are separated by the wife's faddish foolishness (in this instance an obstreperous adoption of Buchmanism). Their little

daughter finally brings about a reconciliation. (See *The Ladies' Home Journal* 1895-1925.) Miss Crothers is a fairly proficient dramatic craftsman, but her stage people, partly due to her writing and more so to her direction, seem frequently to be characters playing actors rather than actors playing characters. Gertrude Lawrence, save when given to a periodic overstatement and overplaying that here and there approach the intemperance of a young dramatic critic reviewing his first play, again reveals her happy high-comedy talents in the rôle of the wife. Paul McGrath for the most part lectures the rôle of the husband instead of acting it. The youngster is Nancy Kelly, who will bear watching. She has a good voice, an appealing manner, and a gift for projecting the impression of whole-souled sincerity. But she should look out for her diet. There is little room in the theatre for ingénues under twenty-five over one hundred and twenty-five. ##

A Smiling Matter

Continued from page 57

bits of her were lit up, stray unchosen bits, three long fingers, a wedding ring, a line of chin and throat quickly lost, an instep blazing in the firelight, a bunch of white violets, a diamond earring that had been mysteriously caught by the rays of a distant lamp.

She shifted her position and turned to me, but the shadow was like an inverted yashmak covering her eyes and her nose.

"Yes, he is intolerable, isn't he?" she said. I felt elated, flattered by the gift of the "yes." She wanted me to know that "she" was agreeing with me.

"Yes," I said stupidly, because at the moment I was particularly pleased with that word.

"I often wonder what he was like twenty years ago. He must have been a wine then, you see. Not a *premier cru*," she added reflectively. "But perhaps a vintage second *cru*. Now he has become claret-cup without enough ice in it."

I wanted more light.

How silly we are! A lowered voice represents a confidence, shadow presupposes intimacy, a chandelier invites wit.

We listened—or rather heard—the rumble of the general conversation, a game coinciding with post-mortems.

Then: "I wanted so much to meet you. Because I admire and like your books. Only I couldn't begin by saying that, could I? It would have sounded like saying something nice or polite."

"I am so glad," I murmured.

How ridiculous that each word should suddenly represent its own absolute meaning. How ridiculous that when this happens words become meaningless.

She went on: "Please don't think me impertinent. Among many things—so many things—do you remember . . ." (giving to me a supreme independence).

When people criticize our works they almost always want us to express something that we do not mean. They seek for us alternatives rather than precisions. That is why, though we are inevitably humble—if we be artists—we must seem arrogant to those who would wish us different.

"Eve" described to me a bit of my own book. The description was so brilliant and at the same time delved so exactly into what it had aimed at, that I was plunged into silence. "It wasn't as good as that," I mumbled feebly. "I wish it had been."

I became exasperated by the way in which everything I said took on some sound of politeness, whereas I was simply using ordinary words. Shorn for once of their insincerities. She was still talking about my books, coaxing meanings out of hidden corners. I was—there is no other word for it—exultant. The first airplane, invented and piloted by me, was rising into the air.

"The only difference between men and women is," Assheton-Abbott was announcing, "that women pick flowers."

"Did you like Eve?" Hilda asked.

"I thought her charming."

But then I had known that when Mrs. Charlton left the room words would resume the absolutely meaningless.

"I am so glad," Hilda said, "Eve is . . ."

I did not listen.

I began philandering with time. It is a delightful occupation. Eve had a house, a street, a telephone number, an address, a butler or a charwoman (certainly not a parlormaid), a drawing-room (certainly not a studio), a tree (barely a view).

At any moment I could write to her or ring her up.

No wonder that I kept my secret

Continued on page 160

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A Smiling Matter

Continued from pages 57-159

to myself. She was bound to share it sooner or later. The later the better and even the last moment would be too soon.

Hilda wanted to talk about Eve. "You remember," she said, "the woman like Manet's portrait of Berthe Morisot—?"

I had never seen Eve's face, and obviously she was not "like" anything.

"Do you know the Berthe Morisot at Bayonne?" I said.

There is no Berthe Morisot at Bayonne, but Hilda seemed to remember it—not out of snobbishness, but from a laudable desire not to disappoint. Hilda deceives the vulgar because they lend her some of their own vulgarity. Her hypocrisy comes from a wish to please, never from personal vanity. She feels—very properly—that not to have heard of something is a rude way of treating it. We can only afford to ignore the greater masterpieces and that in itself presents certain difficulties.

Inevitably the day came when I went to see Eve. The drawing-room was—as I had determined it should be—a withdrawing-room. Here at last, thank God, no pickelled paneling, none of the scentless aridity of our most intelligent decorators, none of the "taste" which, though it may banish the ugly, never achieves the beautiful.

Chairs that had not been recovered, books that had been read, the trailing litter of a personality, not so much as a piece of blotting paper unstained. And the flowers—the flowers seemed to me to be most characteristic of all. They looked as if they had been put into tumblers rather than vases—small irises, cyclamen, snowdrops, bright pink parma violets, straight from their frames—I could see the gardener picking them with the frost still coating their leaves. Strange flowering plants, the haul of cold conservatories, flowers whose names I asked and forgot, but always the higgledy-piggledy of a garden, flowers that had appeared before their time, flowers that knew nothing of groups or color schemes—in fact, flowers.

Everything was beautifully right. The butler, a vintage butler with just the lack of memory that we call memory—in fact a capacity for forgetting everything that has happened during the last twenty years. We do not "remember" what we did yesterday. When Sturgiss, to whom yesterday and tomorrow were matters of indifference, said: "Miss Eve," he was the very incarnation of memory. Perhaps what Hilda had said about Eve's face was true. I don't know. I never have known anything about her—except the door-

bell. I was always a little ashamed of knowing that. I alone among all those silly people had eavesdropped, and I could never ring without feeling a tiny bit like a cad.

Nor could I confess.

"I wish you would get it off your mind, whatever it is," Eve would sometimes say irritably.

Mr. Charlton was dead, but he had left behind him the frames and the cold conservatories, the early flowers and the strange plants, and there were trees planted by his grandfather that excited botanists because they mixed up soils and climates and seasons in a way they had never been mixed before. At least, so I gathered. To me there are roses and lilies and carnations and violets and yellow and blue and mauve and white flowers that I cannot disentangle.

Nevertheless I found Charlton's contribution to Eve's life entirely satisfactory. I know nothing about him, not even his Christian name. Not that I believe he had one. He was just "Charlton," as in an old novel.

I was of course in love with Eve. I always had been and in a way I always shall be. But I don't like that kind of relationship. I am a lazy passionate man, and I consider that psychology should be kept in its place—in fact, in my

books, I was always telling Eve that she was an immoral woman.

"You mean a woman without lovers?"

"A woman without lovers who lets men love her."

"You needn't love me."

"Of course, I need to."

"I didn't mean you."

"We—one."

"Besides, it's not immoral not to be a disappointment." (This is one of Eve's favorite points.)

"My dear, you would not be a disappointment (I was feeling nasty). You might not even be you."

"Then why bother about its being me?"

"I have a feeling that I should like it to be you."

"How nice you are."

We always have that particular argument, though we phrase it differently. And it nearly always ends by my being rude and Eve laughing.

My rudeness invariably makes Eve laugh. She is disgustingly invulnerable. And yet there is that doorbell. Sometimes the knowledge of it drives me almost mad.

"Women are not meant to lead tidy lives," Assheton-Abbott was saying. "It is unfeminine. Look at Eve Charlton. She never gets into a mess."

Hilda looked a little distressed.



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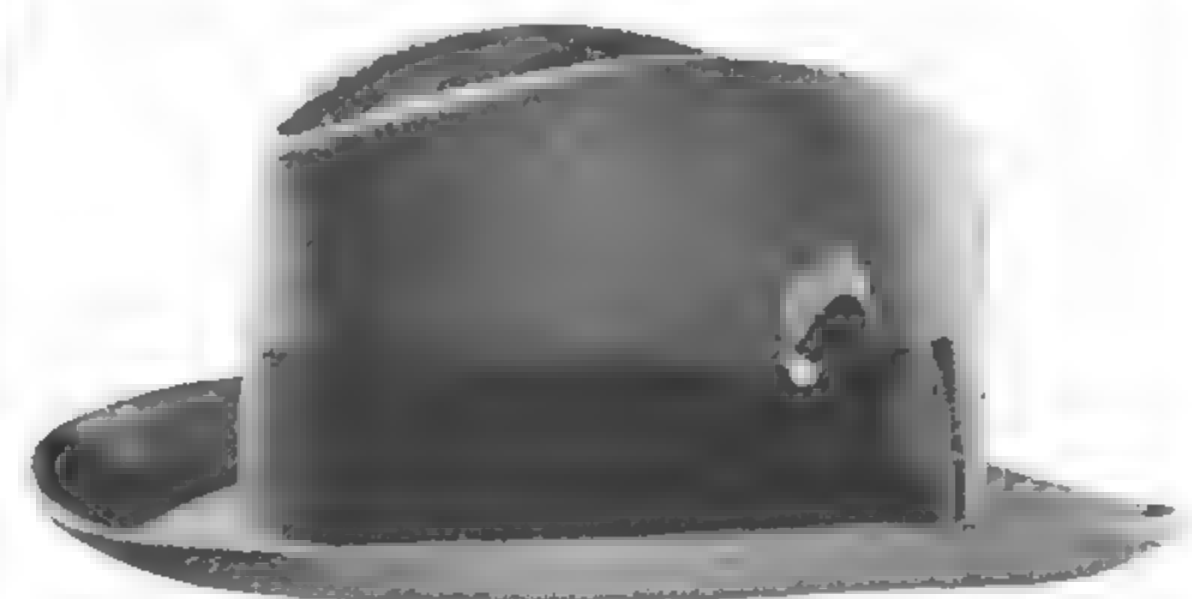
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She didn't want Eve to be done out of anything, not even a mess.

A change has come over my feelings for Eve. I have discovered that I love her.

It is summer, and the flowers are, I suppose, less early. Even the worst gardeners and the most ungrateful soils are catching up.

I came upon Eve looking out of the window. She hadn't heard me.

"What are you looking at?"

"Nothing."

"For?"

"Nothing."

I realized how blind I had been. Blind to her absolute, perfect, complete unhappiness.

An unhappiness that no grief could stir.

"Eve," I said, "I love you."

"I know."

"No, you don't. I have only just discovered it."

"If you only knew—" for the first time since that first day in Hilda's drawing-room I heard her voice shaken by its own echo.

I was silent.

Then she said—as if she were making conversation—"Isn't love a curious word? We are always stuffing it up with meaning or emptying it of significance, and yet when two people love one another I doubt if they use it at all."

"I expect you are right," I was bitterly hurt.

"You see," she said gently, "it is an explanation, and there are moments, thank God, which nothing can explain."

I went away.

The next day she was her old self again. That is to say that she was wearing all her beautiful armor of gaiety and wit and understanding.

I hated her.

"Eve, I told you yesterday that I loved you. It wasn't true."

"Of course it wasn't true."

"How dare you say that?"

"It was only what you said."

"I am entitled to lie if I like."

"And I am entitled to believe you."

"Don't be so tiresome, Eve, I love you."

"Of course you love me."

She was laughing. Laughing with a nice genuine trickle of laughter.

"It is no laughing matter," I grumbled. Somehow the tone of the conversation had gone wrong.

"A smiling matter," she said, putting her hand on mine.

* * *

I went to see Eve. There were workmen.

"Do you mind knocking, Sir, the bell is out of order."

I knocked.

Eve was looking infinitely tired. There were roses everywhere. Masses of roses. Roses are flowers that I can recognize.

She was very gentle, making me a present of her mood, and I was very grateful. Eve rarely undresses so much as a headache.

We heard a knock and then a voice saying to Sturgiss: "Yes, Mrs. Charlton is expecting me." The voice sounded Russian to me, it turned each word into a lullaby.

I looked at Eve. First of all, she had gone absolutely still, everything about her taut and strained. Then she shivered. Shivered as a dog shivers when it has heard or smelt something.

A man came into the room. He took her hand and kissed it. She mumbled my name.

"I knocked," he said, "your bell is out of order."

"Yes," she murmured.

"It is nicer to knock, do you not find? Then the door seems to be opened to you, whereas a bell—"

* * *

"I suppose that Eve's engagement didn't come as a surprise to you?"

"No."

"Do you know him?"

"I have met him."

"Is he attractive?"

"I had no opportunity of judging."

"I see."

The damned fool! Of course she didn't see.

Hilda's manner, on the other hand, was like a half averted mirror. She wasn't sure whether she was meant to reflect or not. Her attitude had a tentative air of half-mourning. She had pulled down the blinds for my unhappiness, but she had not drawn the curtains. That would have been indiscreet and crude. Besides, she expected me to know—and I did know—that an adjoining window was wide open to Eve's happiness.

Something, she felt, must be said to me.

But what exactly?

"I saw Eve this morning."

"Did you?"

She looked—I don't know how to put it—frightened, scared—as if she had seen a ghost.

"Why shouldn't she be frightened? Eve isn't a fool. Think if the greatest happiness that you had ever believed in, and that you had ceased to believe in, suddenly came to you, wouldn't you be frightened?"

"Frightened of what exactly?"

"Of dropping it, or touching it, or feeling it. You would know that it could never come back again."

Hilda looked at me with a certain irritation. She would have liked me to be sad and a little silent. Had I been someone else she would have liked me to be miserable and very self-revealing. But she didn't like to see me picking Eve's happiness as if it were a lock.

I tried to smile her out of her irritation. We were lunching together: "Let us drink to Eve's lost future," I suggested.

"That is a delightful toast," she agreed, determined to believe that I was behaving well—and to make me believe it.

That evening I rang up Eve. "When are you coming to see me?" she asked.

"Tomorrow, I think."

"Tomorrow, please."

Eve's manners are charming.

"Has your bell been repaired?"

"The poor doorbell! I haven't noticed. Come and see." #



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The Little Flower

Continued from page 75

it would be hers to play with.

Still outside the city, her confidence increased at the sound of firing. The capital might awe her, but battle she had mastered. Where the houses came together and the road turned to a paved street, she began meeting troops in formation. Twice she was stopped, but Cucup's name and her own passed her through.

Reaching the Alameda, she saw the Hawk sitting at a café table under a deep colonnade, with soldiers all around him. He looked up and called:

"Florecita, oye! Come in out of the rain!"

While she wondered what he meant, a bullet snapped close by her. She rode in under the columns and dismounted. Bullets thudded against the pillars from time to time, knocking off sprays of plaster, men came and went under high tension around the general, but he sat calm, on his face the familiar look of quiet elation.

"You're just in time for the end," he said, turning suddenly to her. "What are you doing?"

"Looking for Colonel Cucup."

He raised one eyebrow and half smiled. She blushed hotly, and then was angry. He had no right to be funny about it, it was all his fault.

"I have my own campaign," she told him.

"La General Florecita." He laughed. "He's at the end of Avenida Pérez, opposite the Presidential Palace."

An officer came up on the other side of the table.

"Can I leave my horse here?"

"Your horse? Yes." He was hurried. "We'll keep it for you."

"Many thanks." He wasn't listening. She said "By your leave" with elaborate, furious politeness.

She hurried across the Alameda and continued along a side street. She stopped to stare almost timidly into a dress shop, the figure in a lovely, red silk dress, sleeveless and apparently backless. There was a sort of corsage of gold leaves and flowers. She centered her attention on that one dress. Was that the mode, the very mode from France? She hoped the place wouldn't be looted. She went on, pausing again at a small cantina, its iron shutters tightly closed. In an alley beside it was a wooden door, locked. She looked around, saw a broken flagstone, and hove it up in both hands with an effort, smashing it at the latch, which gave way with the second blow. Automatic in hand, she went into the half dark bar. A bullet which shattered several bottles and broke the mirror woke the proprietor from crouching on the floor to full activity, hastening to furnish this vicious soldadera with half a dozen bottles of cold beer, bread, ham, cigarettes, a bottle-opener, and a basket to put them in. With that small plunder she departed.

She sneaked and ducked along

Avenida Pérez, dodging bullets, till she came to the big, side carriage entrance of the house at the end.

Cucup stood just inside, directing operations. He looked tired, grimy, very dark, competent. He always took off his shoes to fight. She took a breath and went in.

"I thought I'd never find you."

The light in his eyes again, doubt, pride, and the simple male. "Have you a cigarette?" A sort of symbol.

"Here's a pack." She held a light for him. "Would you like some beer?"

"Beer! Por Dios, yes. And I'm hungry, I forget when I ate."

Just then the Indian woman came out of the house with her gourd of water and some tortillas. She spoke to the colonel in their dialect, ignoring Florecita. He told her something that made her face go painfully blank, and took the sandwich and beer the Castilian offered him. He looked uncomfortable.

"We're about to attack," he said. "It's going to be hot for awhile. You'd better go back."

"Go back? I?" She laughed at him.

His eyes gleamed. "¡Bueno! Vamos!"

Things proceeded in a familiar pattern, only that Paca followed too, and a private, deadly war hung in suspense between them. Then it was over, and the Hawk set to organizing the city.

Cucup told the women, impartially, "My goods are in that little pink house as one comes into town. Go get things ready."

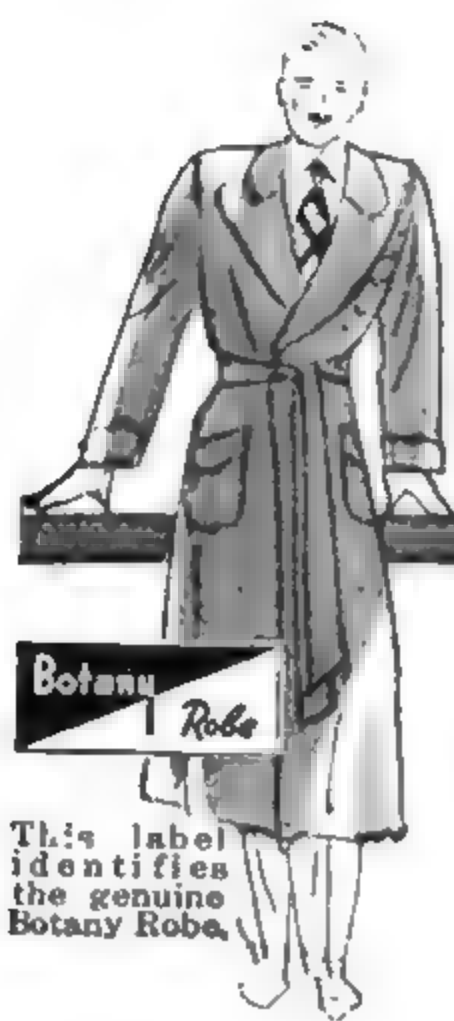
"My little stupid," Florecita said, "give me a squad and I'll get you a palace. You're finished with little houses now."

He looked pleased. "All right. Here, you, corporal . . ."

She was so tired, and still so much to do. Years had got into this day, somehow. Cucup, it sounded like an upset stomach. His house ought to be near the Palacio Presidencial. She found a place, far enough back from the plaza not to have been shot at, a mansion which ought to have delighted her, its gilt furniture, bric-a-brac, the lovely, tasseled beds, a dream realized, but now she didn't care. Paca tried to knife her, and then she couldn't shoot the girl, she felt sorry for her. The Indita wept quietly, and she took her knife away and sent her to the kitchen. The woman fell into a servant's rôle by nature. Somehow this wasn't what she had planned on, it just looked like a long road. Overtired, perhaps. Leaving the squad on guard, she went out.

They were gathered on the steps of the Palace, facing the Hawk who stood under the fanlight, giving the last orders for the night. She held back from the group, not quite ready yet, to have them see her with the man she had so cold-bloodedly picked out for herself. Not quiet yet. She was looking at

Continued on page 164



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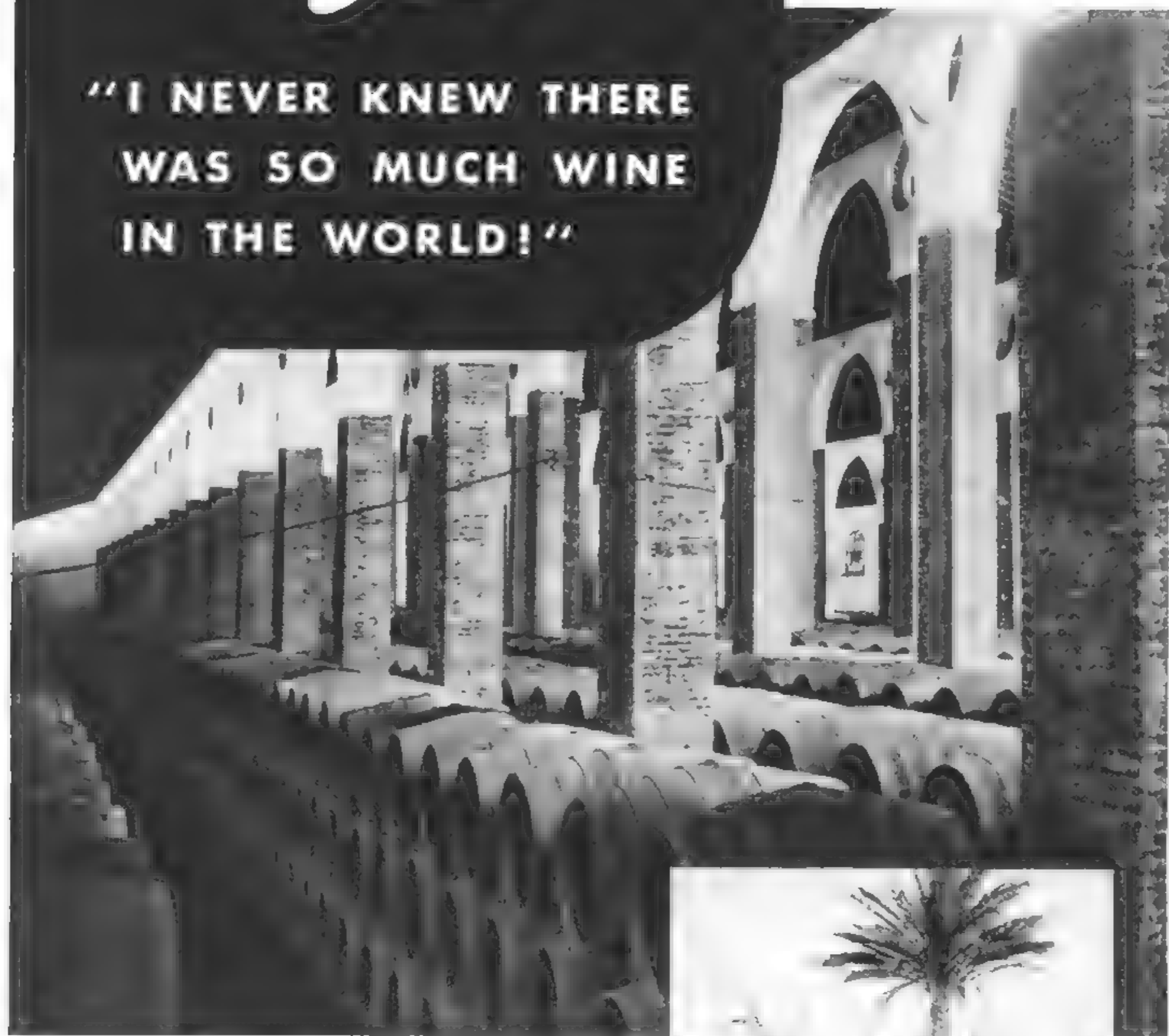
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The Little Flower

Continued from pages 75-162

something she knew and loved, the enclosing mass of horses and orderlies in the darkness, the hard-faced men, their leader there, hearing his quiet voice, hearing them laugh at a sudden joke—how often had she seen this, and felt the personality, the union in a common struggle, of her army?

He spoke to the Indian, calling him "General Cucup." So it had come, her choice was proved wise. He thanked the man for his services in these last days, told him he knew he was exhausted. "I'll need you tomorrow, now you have earned your rest. Go to bed." She saw the President's eyes roam swiftly over the crowd, to rest finally on her for the briefest of moments. Damn him, he always understands too much. As Cucup went to his horse, she joined him.

She rode with him in silence, and found little to say when she took him into his new quarters. He hardly even looked about him in the spacious hall, but yawned cavernously and stretched.

"Ay, the sleep I feel. I'm dying of tiredness."

The stairs seemed steep and infinitely long. She watched her empty self move, switch on the light in the gorgeous bedroom, heard her flat voice say, "Here it is." Her legs felt weak.

He looked at the bed. "It's good. How well you've done."

He relieved himself of his heavy weapons, then pulled off the constraining shoes—he must have had an orderly carry them, and put them on for his promotion. He looked sidelong, rather apologetically at her as he sat on the bed, yawning slowly and wiggling his released toes.

"All I want is sleep, and then sleep. Yesterday, all last night, and all today—" He hesitated. "Better I stay alone."

"All right. So much you have done. Tomorrow is tomorrow."

She went out, and almost ran to another room. As she locked the door she leant against it, thinking she would faint, but it passed off. Little by little—not tonight, thank God. Ah, but the bed was welcome, not only he was tired; but her mind stayed tautly awake. It was he, not she, who had held back, another advantage. A day of years, so much crowded into the time of a girl not yet twenty. Slowly she relaxed. This lovely room. She'd keep it for her own. A door that one can lock.

The next day after lunch she sat watching Cucup turn and turn before his full length mirror, looking at the general's uniform she had got for him. On his face was simple delight at himself in this costume, in this room, with that Castilian woman over there in the new, silk dress, his also. Her mind kept humming, jumping about, away from the thing which made a frozen feeling in the pit of her stomach. Why did Paea stay on? Did the Indita feel towards this

man as she would like to feel towards one? When Agapito snatched her out of innocence, she had loved him in one way, which would not recur. Pedro called forth something else and then destroyed it. This was a decent little man, but yet—could one not love one's lover?

He took off the jacket, laid it reverently on a chair, and sat down on the bed. "It's siesta, *querida*. Let us rest a little." His eyes detailed her.

Without plan, she said, "Marcos, there's one little thing you have to do."

"What will that be?"

He looked at her indulgently, wishing to be gallant. He didn't really like a white skin, but it was all part of the achievement; a blonde would have been even better. He had fought his way up to The Little Flower, he must do things the right way.

"Your name. Now that you're a general, that Indian name doesn't fit well. You should choose a Spanish name."

"We'll think about that later."

"Let's settle it now, so that from the start I can think of you as, say, Marcos Aguilar, the famous general."

She feared that her voice had become too earnest. Suddenly it became a major issue, the key to their future relationship. She felt tense and jittery, but knew she must keep calm.

Cucup's eyes narrowed. "Mine is a good name, a strong one. This is a people's revolution, I am a people's general. I don't intend to change."

Her temper flared traitorously, and she asked in a sharp voice, "What does it mean, that noise? King of the Lions, or Mud Puddle?"

He flushed under the darkness of his skin. "It means—" He broke off, looking at her, his mind moving in a simple channel. From a woman, an Indian wants peace, union, a hearth. The loveliest of spitfires is a nuisance. One must start right at the beginning, then all goes well. He walked to the armoire, and took out his quilt.

"A woman has to know her place. I'm going to teach it to you, then we'll remain content together."

This was right. A fighting man could become mazed among the luxuries and the complexities of being important, if he didn't master them first. This was right.

Her gun was in her room. Agapito had beaten her once, and she'd deserved it, but that was different. Agapito. This Indian. Intolerable. She stood, a white flame of anger and pride, looking hard into his eyes. He took a step and hesitated. Through all his days until a few years ago, he had doffed his hat to women like this and received their orders. That was why it was so important to have her now. Since when he

joined the Hawk, he had been seeing her, so many times from the outer edge of the rings of men he had watched her dance, The Little Flower.

Her proud face confronted him, the flaring nostrils and contemptuous eyes. He ought to do it, he could if he were only drunk, but it was impossible in cold blood with anger faded. He stood, bewildered, and the new boots cramped his toes. He didn't understand himself.

She nodded slowly. "Well, go ahead. Beat me. I haven't my gun with me."

He threw the whip into a corner. She saw his uneasiness, his half fear.

He could hear the army laugh—Cucup got La Florecita to go with him when he was made general, and in one day, señores, she walked right out. The Indian couldn't hold her...

She told him calmly, "Sit down," and took a chair herself. "If you want me, you have a long way to go, friend."

He said gloomily, "Why do you want me? I just want my woman to lie down with, not all this trouble."

"You know me, I am for warriors. I picked you out because you're a fighter. Just now you've taken away my taste for love, but all you want is waiting for you, if you truly want it."

His face cleared. Knowing her, one could readily believe that she would love a man for his fighting qualities. "I do want it."

"All right. Then let us start as we should. Look here—we'll give a great party here tonight, a celebration, we'll have the Hawk and all the generals, champagne, a very fiesta. You'll proclaim yourself, the General Marcos Aguilar. We'll start in style."

"Magnificent!" He looked at her admiringly. "Everyone will be ready for a good celebration, and we'll give it. It'll be like a wedding."

"A conqueror's wedding." The last word was bitter in her mouth, everything looked grey and stale. She pulled herself together. "Now I've got to get everything ready. Take your siesta. Tonight—you'll be content."

Before she returned, he had gone on duty, thinking hard about peace in one's home, complexity, Paca, this curious business of having what one wanted and being afraid of it.

Near dusk, after a vain attempt at resting, she rose, perfumed herself, powdered, dressed. She put on lace underthings, the red silk dress with the gold corsage, gold, openwork stockings, red shoes with high, gold heels. Earrings. A hat? She'd bought one, but perhaps they didn't wear them at night. The image hadn't had one with this dress. A mantilla? This was the mode, but still—The back was so very low. She twirled before the long mirror, seeing the skirts rise about the golden stockings, and brought her heels down stamping. One can't dance without a shawl.

A mantilla's too staid, but the Chinese shawl with the red figures she'd bought—She watched herself again. When a man throws his hat in and you kick it out, so—It wouldn't be Pedro whose hat she finally accepted. She saw the tables and lights and the new uniforms, the Hawk at the upper end in the center, and she had to see Cucup—Aguilar—beside him. Aguilar, that's something. He's not used to champagne or cognac, perhaps he'll get too drunk. She tried the shawl and turned again. It was right. He'll be unconscious by midnight, that's certain.

She went downstairs. In the dining room the tables were snowy white and brilliant with glass and silver.

She supposed they'd shoot up the painted ceiling, it couldn't be helped. She spoke with great hauteur to the headwaiter, and hearing Cucup's voice, went to the hall. Paca was with him, wearing a new, blue rebozo, and he looked beamingly triumphant. She stopped still.

"Florecita," he said, "I have the pleasure of presenting my wife." He grinned from ear to ear. "We were married in the Cathedral. The President attended."

It seemed that she stood gazing for hours. The Indian had solved it, and the great, roaring joke was on her. After one day of her he went off and married his original Indita... The Little Flower was ridiculous now.

She said stiffly, "I felicitate you, Señora Cucup, and you, General." She bowed slightly. "With your permission."

In her room she thought, get out of here, anywhere, but get out. She swept a few things, including her pistol, into the shawl and made a neat bundle, then she put on the full dignity of her new mantilla.

She went down the stairs slowly, and slowly out the door, hearing the servants' whispers and laughter behind her. Everyone would know of it. When she had gone half a block, she heard the first guests arriving. She walked with her high heels clicking, and in all the whirl of thoughts kept feeling the sharp pain of a girl in her first beautiful dress, deprived of her first great party.

She started to cross the street to avoid a group coming towards her, then kept straight on. Not I. The bundle under her arm was unfortunate. Her step hesitated when she recognized the Hawk, looking strange and rather grand in a dress uniform. She hated him. Womanless, as ever. As they met, she could feel the prying eyes of the men and women, the laughter and comment withheld.

"Where to, Florecita?" the Hawk asked.

"Retreating in good order, *mi general*." She kept her voice level.

"The campaign was lost?"

"In a church." She laughed. "That's hardly my natural terrain." If he mocks me, I'll scratch his eyes out.

He nodded. "And now?"

Continued at top of page 166

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The Little Flower

Continued from pages 75-162-165

"Oh—I'm looking for another war." She was tired of this play. In another minute she'd lose her temper. She said coldly, "With your permission, Señor Presidente. I have an appointment with myself, and Your Excellency will be late for the wedding party."

He checked her with a hand on her arm. "One of you take the lady's bundle," he called over his shoulder.

An orderly came forward, saluting.

The Hawk put his arm through hers. "Come along, it would be no celebration if our Little Flower didn't dance. Besides, I need a

companion." His hand was strong, urging her along. "How ridiculous, the President of the Republic alone has no one to escort." She was walking in step with him now, hearing her heart hammer. The Hawk. "We've been through the wars together," he said in her ear. "I know your quality. So long as you don't ask me to change my name—" He chuckled.

The Hawk. Her lovely dress and the perfume and triumph and the lace underthings. The Hawk. "Ay!" she said with sudden concern. "Tell the man to have my shawl ready. I can't dance for you in this silly mantilla." ##

The Clothyard Shaft

Continued from page 89

fifteen or twenty yards with a 60-pound war-bow, the same type used by the English archers at Crécy. There was a sharp ringing sound, a flash of sparks, and when they came to look at the museum's nice new suit of armor, it had a hole in it you could push a rat through, the sacking had been penetrated, both sides of the box shot through and the arrow-point was embedded in the back of the armor. The man who had wanted to wear it swallowed hard a few times and didn't say anything.

Speaking of the 60-pound war-bow brings up the point that bows are rated by a system of poundage which has nothing whatever to do with weight. The poundage is determined by putting a spring-scale on the string and using it to pull the bow as far as it would be drawn in launching an arrow. The reading on the scale then represents the amount of pull necessary to shoot the bow, and if it is 60 pounds, means you have a 60-pound lift to make with one hand and a 60-pound push with the other every time you fire an arrow from that bow. Doing this a hundred or more times in an afternoon (necessary for a "York round" of target archery) would develop muscles on a grasshopper.

In practice the 60-pounder is much too heavy for the average man. The English bowmen who went to the wars used from this weight up to the 80-pound, but they had been brought up on archery, that is, had trained at it ever since they were big enough to toddle, when they began by standing in the front yard four hours at a stretch with a bowstave in one hand at arm's length and the other arm bent with the hand behind the ear in the position of drawing a shaft to its head. In fact, the necessity for practice from childhood is the main reason why the bow dropped out as a weapon, and not the invention of the gun. When England fought the Spanish Armada in Queen Elizabeth's day, there were still a few good bowmen around and Drake had some of them on his ships; they outranged the Spanish musketeers, got greater accuracy and fired more rapidly.

And in 1786 the bow was still so much the better instrument than any existing hand-gun that Benjamin Franklin, certainly nobody's fool, introduced in the Pennsylvania legislature a motion to arm the state regiments with the 80-pound bow and train them in its use.

The reason for the 60-80 pound bow for war use was its greater range. A 30- or 35-pounder will do quite as good work up to 125 yards, which is as far as anyone can shoot well without a good deal of experience, the heavier weight producing only muscle-strain, quivering and consequent inaccuracy.

Most hunters with the bow prefer to use a 40- or 45-pounder in the field. It has enough power to drive the heavier killing arrow at about the same angles of flight as the 35 does a target shaft. Perhaps an even heavier poundage could be used with advantage in some of the new spring-steel sectional bows with piano-wire strings that have been appearing in the sporting-goods stores recently; they seem remarkably springy, with a good easy pull. A good deal seems to depend upon the material of the bow in spite of its registered poundage; Dr. Pope, who found a 45 the best bow under ordinary circumstances, found no difficulty in handling a bow he imported from Turkey, built up of tiny slivers of horn set in glue, which pulled at over 100 pounds.

In any case, if you are going in for archery you had better buy your bow, as making them is a difficult and recondite art. With arrows it's different. They are expensive, you're always losing them, breaking them, or tearing the feathers off. The sooner you learn how to make and repair your own, the better. The raw materials are dowel-rods and cartridge cases which you can get in the hardware store for very little and turkey feathers, which you can get in the butcher shop for nothing. And once you do learn to fletch your own arrows you will find archery the most inexpensive, enthralling and healthful of sports. Yare! And let free the clothyard shaft. ##

For a Merry Christmas 🎄 give a man one bottle of Johnnie Walker

For a Merry Christmas 🎄 a Happy New Year 🔔 and holiday

warmth and pleasure on many a cold wintry evening... 🔥

Give him three bottles of...
JOHNNIE WALKER



BORN 1820
...still going strong



Special Holiday packages
of Red or Black Label
containing 1 and 3 bottles.

Where can you find a better or more suitable gift for the Season of Good Cheer than genial Johnnie Walker? Why not send your friends Christmas packages of one or three bottles of this fine old Scotch. The pleasant tradition of letting Johnnie Walker convey greetings (it has contributed to holiday enjoyment since 1820) is more than appropriate. *It's sensible to send Johnnie Walker.*

JOHNNIE WALKER
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

RED LABEL, ALL 8 YEARS OLD

86.8 proof

BLACK LABEL, ALL 12 YEARS OLD

CANADA DRY GINGER ALE, INC., NEW YORK, N. Y.; SOLE DISTRIBUTOR

Name It and You Can Have It

Continued from page 102

The reason Oskar prints his bill-of-snacks in English is because his place has been a noted gourmet gathering spot for English nobility ever since 1888, which is nigh half a century.

When King Edward VII, grandfather of David of Windsor, was Prince of Wales, he used to put in a lot of time there, as a well-known roving *bon vivant*.

For years before he became King he was accustomed to drop into the celebrated snack shop and ask for an Oskar Special consisting of calf sweetbread and ox-tongue, with fresh mushrooms delicately poached in dry wine, all on toast and accompanied with a beaker of something as tasty as the Hausmarke Weisser Specialwein. And today his grandson, who inherited the appetite if not the paunch, is also a well-known customer at Oskar's, along with most of the other titles of England and half of all those in Europe.

The menu alone is a delight to read when you're thousands of miles away. Among international *bon vivants* it has a deserved reputation. Connoisseurs count this longest bill-of-fare in the world a curious collector's item, not only because it holds the record for length, being much longer than any snacker's arm (45 inches to be exact), but because it gives

luscious details of 186 mouth-waterers, thus forming a classic reference list of masculine taste, with a like number of drinks and smokes on the back.

To be sure, some of the menus handed out in celebrated Bavarian Rathskellers and Hofbraus are bigger than the big tablecloths themselves, and list an incredible choice of pigs' knuckle *mit* the best of *wurst*, but they are mere gullet plugs compared to those nifty knickknacks of delicate finesse high finish and *sagesse* of Oskar's creation, or adoption. For his is the art of knowing just which pickle each fish takes best, great go-with lore that borrows from all cuisines, standardizing *beurre noire* as the only sauce for ray-fish, vinaigrette with calves head, grapes peeled and heated to make a poached sweetbread sing, all the maitre d'hotel butters, drippings, meat glazes and things that melt on the palate.

Even a superficial scanning of the bill imparts a culinary luster that is lacking in many a static cookbook, for here are recipes readymade, written down in a single line so that any *homme de bouche* who runs through Copenhagen may read and, if he can boil water without burning it, later reproduce the snack exactly and without any chef's aid—excepting

such local things as grilled Limfjord mussels with curry mayonnaise, although Yankee mussels will do just as well.

For instance, Snack No. 40 on the long sheet calls for smoked sprats and scrambled eggs. Nothing simpler than that. Any delicatessen stocks Arnold's Serensens Sprötes put up in Riga in a little round can with a black label, and domestic cackleberries for the scramble abound. The trick lies solely in the correct combination, the proper go-with, which in this case is merely sprats, with the w. k. egg, yet without Oskar's guide who would think offhand of that. And we can even improve on Oskar at home by adding just a dash or two of American Tabasco.

Likewise, fresh (not canned) salmon, with one scrambled egg, or fresh salmon with stewed mushrooms, fillet of herring in aspic and a single sardine with olives and a tomato slice. The secret lies throughout in the simplicity of perfect mating, such as chopped radishes with sprats. Nothing hard about acquiring a little reputation as a dabster of dingle-doo. Take any one of Oskar's specialties and play it on your own Toastmaster. Here's a honey that looks a little obvious on paper—1 sardine between 2 anchovies, smothered with

oyster cocktail sauce, on buttered crisp rye toast—but just try it!

And getting prime preserved fish over here is neither difficult nor expensive. There are as good "herring tidbits" in nickel cans as in all Copenhagen. And as for sardines, besides the Southern ones, try Norwegian Brislings for a change, the King Oscar Brand which goes for a dime is juicy as tenderloin. Indeed, almost any Scandinavian snacking fish with a slice of tomato and any buttery sauce makes a perfect go-with for toast.

Or try your hand at covering a combination of sardines and anchovies with aspic made from a store package, cooled in the ice-box and stepped up with a squeeze of lime or lemon, even kumquat for a change, since the flavor of orange with preserved fish is counted a minor miracle in far-North snacking spots.

The whole succulent subject of whets is simpler than we imagine till we try it. Take Oskar's No. 34 for example—fish cake and capers. Just that. Any fish cake alone would be apt to taste flat, so capers add the go-with inspiration, and this combination is even improved by dabbing on some mayonnaise. Also, anchovies in chili sauce with chopped egg and capers makes something to write

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GOOD LIQUORS



home airmail about. Or two anchovies with a scrambled egg and a fistful of spring onions. Tie that! Oskar does right by anchovies all down the list, combining two of them with oyster cocktail sauce and pouring them over a fried egg on toast, or three in a mixture of catsup and chopped beets.

Anybody can skip the eel and cod or herring roe specialties if his tongue isn't yet attuned to such melodic splendors, but nobody can overlook homemade goose-liver paste on toast, and that can be improved by spreading with chicken fat or dripping in place of butter, a toothsome trick we haven't yet fully imported. No need to buy a terrine of truffled Strassbourg pâté, however; all that's necessary is to get hold of goose, duck, turkey or chicken livers and fry them to your own fancy, pounding to paste afterward, or not. And before we leave liver, a great Oskarean specialty that's a cinch to reproduce even in a room of one's own, is grilled calf's liver with fresh mushrooms steamed in Madeira. Or lamb's liver, which costs less than half as much.

Danish tradition is carried out by No. 54 which offers Hans Anderson's own Favorite Snack for the price of one Danish crown, less than a quarter. This pet dish of the great Scandinavian writer has a touch of his own fairy tales in it . . . with crisp bacon, tomato, liver-paste with truffles, meat-jelly and horseradish. But since imported truffles are not so good, fresh mushrooms take their place over here.

Meat jelly, aspic, game dripping and all such concentrated essences make marrowy miniature meals, and just beef bone marrow by itself, quivering like jelly on buttered toasted rye, is a sensation.

Here are other succulent snips of meat and their most suitable go-withs:

Roast duckling and cucumber salad.

Roast pigeon and jelly on buttered white bread.

Roast lamb with fresh cucumber and tomato salad.

Raw scraped fillet of beef with 2 anchovies in oyster cocktail sauce, 1 egg yolk and chopped onion.

Roast beef and curls of horseradish scraped fresh from the root.

A small beefsteak with fried egg, bread and butter.

Small porkchop, beets, bread and butter.

Freshly fried juicy steak with bacon and onions.

Brisket of beef with tomato and 2 anchovies.

Hot grilled veal kidney with bacon and scrambled egg.

Grilled sweetbreads or calf brains with remolade sauce.

Lamb's liver, fried tomato and mushrooms.

Fried forcemeat cakes, red cabbage, meat jelly and cucumber salad.

And here is a combination fit for either gourmand or gourmet:

Truffled liver paste piled on toast spread with duck fat and meat jelly, the whole covered with a thin slice of salt beef.

When it comes to salt and smoked meats Oskar is most at home. His hot fresh boiled ham sandwiches are marvels, because they're never left just plain, but pepped up with game or chicken livers, pickles and horseradish, even Madeira jelly.

Of the entire 186 irresistible combinations so many stand out that it's hard to make a representative selection, so anybody who wishes to pursue the subject should write directly to Oskar who is always pleased to send a souvenir bill-of-fare, with which almost anybody can both astound and instruct his snacking cronies. And the best of it is, with a little trying, each masterpiece can be duplicated on grill or toaster right at home. Such things as crisp bacon on toast with Camembert cheese; or bacon on toast with stewed mushrooms poured over, are a cinch; or bacon with fried egg on toast spread with full cream cheese; and maybe a slice of salt beef (not dried beef) with meat jelly and duck dripping, on rye.

Some exotics like Danish corned duck and freshly smoked leg of lamb would be hard to get here, but our own smoked turkey makes a swell substitute. Try it with duck dripping and spring onions, or just a big fresh dill pickle squirting out between thumb and forefinger.

When it comes to Eggs, Salads, etc., à la Oskar the bill-of-fare spreads itself with such delicacies as "calf sweetbread with ox tongue and fresh mushrooms steamed in white wine, on toast."

Bombay toast, consisting of rice, chicken breast and jewels or snips of dark meat, with egg, curry-flavored mayonnaise, shrimps and chutney.

Or try one poached egg with mushrooms and lobster meat, on toast.

As for drinks "A small selection from the Wine List" is pregnant with choice crus and vintages, all of which can be ordered from almost any dealer over here and will help prove that among snacking go-withs really good wine is no mocker:

Clarets: Chateau La Tour Blanche '29, Chateau Senilhac '28, Chateau Maletcot '26.

White Bordeaux: Chateau Haut Bouyet '26.

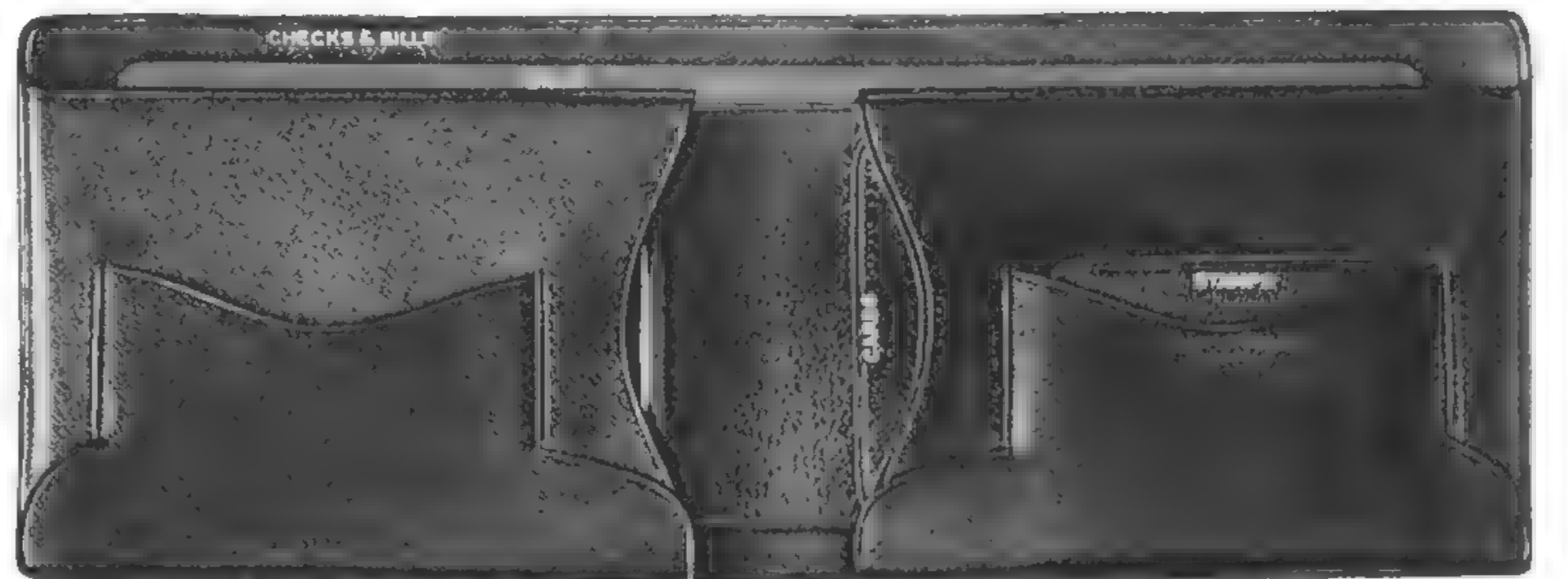
Champagne: Veuve Cliquot Ponsardin, Brut, '21.

Sparkling Wines: Jules Boode, St. Peray Mousseux; Kupferberg, Assmannshäuser.

Also a sparkling list of schnapps and aperitifs that includes: Amer Picon and Grenadine, Vodka, Aalborg Akvavit, Absinthe Pernod fils, Quina Rosa, Kneckbein with Cacao, Calorie Punch and miscellaneous kümmels and kirsches without which no Scandinavian would consider his smörgåsbord or hors d'oeuvre snack table complete. ‡



LOOKS LIKE THERE'S
NOT A STITCH ON



Even a Sailor Can't Sight an "Invisible Stitch"!

Bring on your binoculars—you'll have trouble detecting the stitches in an "Invisible Stitch" Billfold by Prince Gardner. But the stitches are there just the same, cunningly placed to add months of wear, yet inconspicuous to the vanishing point. The "Invisible Stitch" construction is found only in billfolds by Prince Gardner. Starting as low as \$1.00 there's a model to suit every taste—all genuine leather, of course. The gift sensation of 1937.

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F O R T H E D E S E R V I N G



M E N O F A C T I O N . . .

Gifts by **Lenthéric**

Blampied: French Peasant

Continued from page 76

Arts and Crafts, under the instruction of H. S. Hartrick.

So much does the work of Blampied mean today to the print collector that even the flotsam and jetsam from his etching needle have been almost reverently gathered and catalogued and commented upon. One particularly famous connoisseur triumphantly salvaged the catalogue of the first exhibition in which Blampied's work was shown, an exhibition held March, 1914 of the work of students of the London County Council Art School, in which Blampied had entered seventeen etchings and nine drypoints, of which at least seven have disappeared and most of which the artist himself has disparaged.

The build-up of his reputation was no overnight matter. Nor did flashes of inspiration bring him his best effects. He may have etched two plates during a single night of work but again and again he composed the same subject three or four different ways until he had found the best result. The war was partly responsible for the delay in his recognition. In 1914 the Leicester Galleries in London offered to represent him as dealer but it was not until 1919 that he made his debut as an etcher in a one-man show in London. Early in August, 1914 he had married and had departed with his bride for Jersey where he joined the island militia, serving for the duration.

It was while he was in khaki that he used a six-inch nail with which to etch the plate known as *The Argument*, one of his most successful. The 1919 exhibition established him and from then on the story is a record of work done. Shortly after 1919 he was elected a fellow of the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers, which puts an official stamp of approval on unofficial excellence in art.

* * *

The work of Edmund Blampied eloquently manifests how an artist can possess a place more truly and more completely than the man who owns it. More than 51 years old today, his home is still where the heart is, the place which he left when he was not yet seventeen, to make his name and fortune.

He has lived in London almost three times as long as he has lived in Jersey, but if there is a touch of London in the body of his work (not counting of course the bulk of his journalistic illustration) it is only incidental. Except for *Sunshine and Shadow on the Seine*, all the watercolors reproduced with this article fix on paper memories of Jersey boyhood. These memories were something he could tie to in his loneliest moments and they were the warp and woof of his triumph in art. Any artist can give the world architectural glimpses of London, and most artists have, and their work has been only a little less stony than their subject matter, but Blampied gave

the world a parish which had only a cold existence in the encyclopaedia until he came along.

His earliest work treats frankly of horses and cows placed in surroundings which are only vaguely suggested. Even today there is only just enough landscape around his animate figures to suggest the function and the place of those figures in their settings. In *Cheap Lodging House* and in *Little Politics*, both reproduced, observe how much of the sense of place is suggested by people rather than by fixtures. Always by animate and often by animated figures. I believe that that is the characteristic of his art. There is nothing hard and set about his work. It is a fluid thing. There is emotion and even violence. Few of his people are discovered quietly sitting in chairs and ruminating. He may even tell a story as in, for example, *The Farmer-Dentist* and *The Joy Ride*, which latter shows a ragged looking tramp giving a small boy a ride in a wheelbarrow, to the delight not only of the boy but of the dog racing along and turning in his tracks.

Or take *Flies*, which is just a picture of a horse in the throes of battle against its traditional pest. Or *Stable Language*, in which there is affectionate reproach by a stable hand of a horse which has kicked over a pail of water brought for washing up the floor. These are work horses, not racing fillies, for which Blampied engages your attention, your affection and your understanding—even if you have the smell of gasoline too much in your nostrils to know how to go about giving a dray horse a lump of sugar.

Art bridges gaps and gives understanding. Through art and through the art of Blampied do we arrive at an understanding of the life of Jersey peasants. Towards them he is affectionate without condescension.

His art represents a communal sharing of their life. He tells us what the coming of a letter to the noonday table means to them, how seriously they take their politics, big and little, their delight and exuberance in the taste of cider, how they sing in church and the manner and method of their normal activities on field and seashore.

Edmund Blampied's art has given us the key to a simple and a happy world, a world in which a horse represents all that is known of horse power and men and women live by routines we might easily but not condescendingly call primitive.

In the heart of workaday London Blampied lives his creative life in a kind of golden age. If steam power has invaded Jersey at any point, Blampied has rigidly excluded it from his vision. He has found the elements of living, the simple relations of man and beast to each other and to their labor, much more interesting and much more rewarding. ##



Often the best man— never the groom

EVERY year he watched another of his closest friends get married. He envied them. It was bitter medicine to realize that he was still a bachelor; more than all else he wanted to "settle down." But one by one the girls who had attracted him, quickly dropped him to marry men with far less to offer. Arnold never knew why. That's the insidious thing about halitosis (bad breath): You yourself never know when you have it and the subject is so delicate that even your best friend won't tell you.

No Laughing Matter

People no longer laugh about halitosis. Research has established this offensive condition as being so real, such an everyday threat, that only the ignorant and careless fail to take precautions against it. The fastidious, realizing it is the fault unforgivable, are continually on guard.

A Notable Deodorant

There has always been one safe product especially fitted to correct halitosis pleasantly and promptly. Its name is Listerine, and it is the pleasantest tasting, most delightful mouth wash you can use.

Many imitations of it have failed either because they could not do what Listerine does; because they did not meet standard requirements for an antiseptic; or because they were too strong, too harsh, or too bitter to be tolerated.

Of the imitations that remain, a very large number lack Listerine's speedy action and efficiency.

For more than 50 years, Listerine has been used in hospital work because of its marked deodorant and antiseptic properties. When you rinse your mouth with Listerine Antiseptic here is what happens.

Four Benefits

- (1). Fermentation of tiny food particles (the major cause of breath odors) is instantly halted.
- (2). Decaying matter is swept from large areas on mouth, gum, and tooth surfaces.
- (3). Millions of bacteria capable of causing odors are destroyed outright.
- (4). The breath itself—indeed, the entire mouth—is freshened and sweetened.

Don't Offend Others

When you want such freshening and deodorizing effect without danger, use Listerine Antiseptic. Use it every morning and every night, and between times before business and social engagements, so that you do not offend.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL Co.,
St. Louis, Mo.



For HALITOSIS use LISTERINE



The World and Mr. Nathan

Continued from page 42

To bear them company,
For He was the only One ever
knew
Why the other two should be.
And so they sailed away, these
three—

Mencken,
Nathan,
And God.

And the two they talked of the
aims of art,
Which they alone understood,
And they quite agreed from the
very start
That nothing was any good.
Except some novels that Dreiser
wrote
And some plays from Germany.
When God objected, they rocked
the boat
And dropped Him into the sea,
"For You have no critical
facultee,"

Said Mencken
And Nathan
To God.

The two came cheerfully sailing
home
Over the surging tide,
And trod once more on their na-
tive loam,
Wholly self-satisfied.
And the little group that calls
them great
Welcome them fawningly.
Though why the rest of us tolerate

This precious pair must be
Something nobody else can see
But Mencken
Nathan
And God!

Giving up the *Smart Set*, they
became editors of *The American
Mercury*. Confining himself more
and more to the theatre, Nathan
soon withdrew from the task, and
became contributing dramatic
editor.

Much has been said about the
rift between them. It was never
serious.

Better than all others, Nathan
has pegged Mencken: "He is my
friend. He favors bloody wars in
which hundreds of thousands meet
their death, and collects cigar
bands for his little four-year-old-
niece. He is a champion of the
Nietzschean doctrine, and spends
considerable time each year in
Swartz's toy store picking out doll
babies and choo-choo cars for the
youngsters of his married ac-
quaintances. He has above the
writing table a large framed photo-
graph of the Iron Chancellor, and
on his writing table a small framed
photograph of a very pretty girl.
He chews tobacco and his favorite
musical compositions are the
waltzes of Johann Strauss.

"He is a foe of democracy and
politely sees every person, how-

ever asinine, who comes to call on
him. He believes and stoutly main-
tains that one strong enemy is
more valuable than two mediocre
friends, and then makes friends
with the strong enemy soon after
he shows up. He is in favor of a
merciless autocracy and collects
postage stamps for his brother's
little child. He is a rabid anti-
prohibitionist and gets a violent
attack of heartburn and a sour
middle whenever he drinks two
cocktails.

"He scorns society, but has his
evening clothes made by one of
the best and most expensive of
Fifth Avenue tailors. He lustily
derides golf players and amuses
himself every afternoon playing
with some pet turtles in his back
yard. He champions Germany and
the Germans to the full power of
his talents and runs a block to
keep from meeting the average
German who wishes an audience
with him. He writes vehemently
against quack doctors and has
tried ten of them in an attempt to
get rid of his hay fever. He insists
that he likes only the company of
middle-aged women, and associ-
ates solely with young ones. He
ridicules any man who is vain in
the matter of personal appear-
ance, and goes out and buys a new
necktie if the one he has with him
does not match the shirt he is

wearing. He is an exponent of the
'Be hard' doctrine, is in favor of
killing off the weak, and sends
milk twice a month to the starving
babies of the war-ridden European
countries. He is a fatalist and
doses himself daily with a half-
dozen various philters."

And Mencken says: "We differ in
many ways. Nathan is greatly
amused at the theatre even when
it is bad, whereas I regard it as a
bore even when it is good. Con-
trariwise, I am much interested in
politics, whereas Nathan scarcely
knows who is vice-president of the
United States."

As an editor with Mencken he
encouraged such writers as Sher-
wood Anderson, Ben Hecht,
Eugene O'Neill, James Huneker,
George Ade, James Branch Cabell,
Carl Sandburg and Willa Cather.

With Mencken he was the first
to give an American audience to
Havelock Ellis, Lord Dunsany,
Henrik Ibsen, Hauptmann,
Strindberg, Sudermann, Nietzsche
and Shaw.

When Ray Long of *Cos-
mopolitan* refused W. Somerset
Maugham's *Miss Thompson*, it
was published in *Smart Set*. Among
Maugham's great stories, it was
dramatized as *Rain* and became
the talk of the nation.

Many of his reflections are not
unworthy of La Rochefoucauld.

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Dubonnet

(Say Doo-bo-nay)

Call for this great French appetizer when you're
in the mood for extra pleasure! A secret blend of
rare wines—Dubonnet wakens your taste
sense with its bitter-sweet tang. Try it be-
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THE FRENCH WAY... Dubonnet straight, well-
chilled... no fuss, no bother, very smart!

THE AMERICAN WAY... the Dubonnet Cocktail,
half gin, half Dubonnet... suave, delicious!

A. M. Cassandre



EITHER WAY... TRY DUBONNET... TODAY

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"The most pitiable of all human emotions is the gayety of despair."

"It is only strong men who suffer pain from petty tragedies."

"The most beautiful and attractive of women loses much of her beauty and attractiveness when she becomes emphatic."

"Great drama is the reflection of a doubt in the heart of a great sad gray man."

A bachelor, he can enjoy long solitude and revel in the gloomy day.

"The beautiful day, the day of blue and gold and sunshine, is God's gift to the plain people; the bad day, the day of gloom and gray and rain, he has reserved for the exclusive pleasure of the aristocracy. The artist, the connoisseur of emotions, the philosopher, these have no use for the fair day; it distracts them, summons them from their introspection and solitude, calls them into the open. On such a day work and those pleasures dear to men with a taste for the sequestered are impossible; the outside beckons too persuasively and too disconcertingly. But when the world is full of wet and fog and the monotony of rain, then the artist, the connoisseur of quiet, the philosopher and all their brothers are happy. For it is on such days when the yokelery is melancholy because it cannot be eating dill pickles and cheese sandwiches on the roadsides, or riding in Fords through the Jersey swamps, or chasing little white gutta-percha balls across the grass with a repertoire of clubs, that men of soul and sadness revel in the happiness that only God's elect can comprehend."

He is quick at repartee. While Walter Winchell tried to explain the miracle of America to St. John Ervine, I asked Nathan why Al Smith took himself so seriously. "Because," was the instant reply, "he hasn't yet learned the humor of being beaten."

Winchell turned from the Anglo-Irishman. "I can't let a crack like that go."

The remark lead his column.

In arranging a meeting between Nathan and Jack Dempsey, I said, "You'll find him the best dressed man in New York." Nathan, who might claim such an honor, was instantly alert. The great bruiser, wearing his expensive clothes as easily as a tiger its skin, using words as forceful as the blows that slaughtered Firpo, was not embarrassed. The texture and coloring of the pugilist's attire did not escape Nathan. When Dempsey left the table for a moment, he said, "You're right."

Later when Jack gave a "literary dinner," Nathan and I watched the men of words arrive.

Edgar Lee Masters, slightly bent, tired and lonely looking, was brought to our table.

Soon a loud voice asked, "Is Jimmy Tooley here?" Like the Biblical pictures of Moses, the speaker's beard was long and red. Six feet six, he was immensely broad.

His cap, with a pasteboard peak,

and several sizes too small, was perched on the top of his large head. He had a wooden leg. Out of his fiery shrubbery peered sincere eyes.

"I'm Peter Freuchen," he said, holding out a ham-like hand.

Breezy as a wind-blown robin, Walter Winchell came next. Others trailed in. The dinner began.

Nathan might have been a professional interviewer, so deeply did he probe Freuchen. That gigantic writer, the greatest ever to invade the North Country, enthralled him. He had married an Eskimo girl. His leg frozen, he had amputated it himself.

"He has genius twice," said Nathan when the huge Dane left. "For writing and living."

"He's quite a man," said Dempsey.

Edgar Lee Masters nodded agreement.

Winchell, for once, was silent. His eyes followed Freuchen.

I pondered for a moment the daredevil drama of my colorful land.

Of those at table, two had been road kids, another a hooper, one an Illinois bumpkin, another an aristocrat, and the remaining three bubbles of talent who had survived strong winds.

Nathan, who covered his retreat from life with the shrapnel of cynicism had written: "What interests me is life—its music and color, its charm and ease, its humor and its loveliness. The great problems of the world—social, political, economic and theological—do not concern me in the slightest."

"I care not who writes the laws of a country so long as I may listen to its songs. I can live every bit as happily under a king, or even a kaiser, as under a president. One church is as good as another to me; I never enter one anyway, save only to delight in some particularly beautiful stained glass window, or in some fine specimen of architecture, or in the whiskers of the Twelve Apostles. What concerns me alone is myself, and the interests of a few close friends. For all I care, the rest of the world may go to hell at today's sunset."

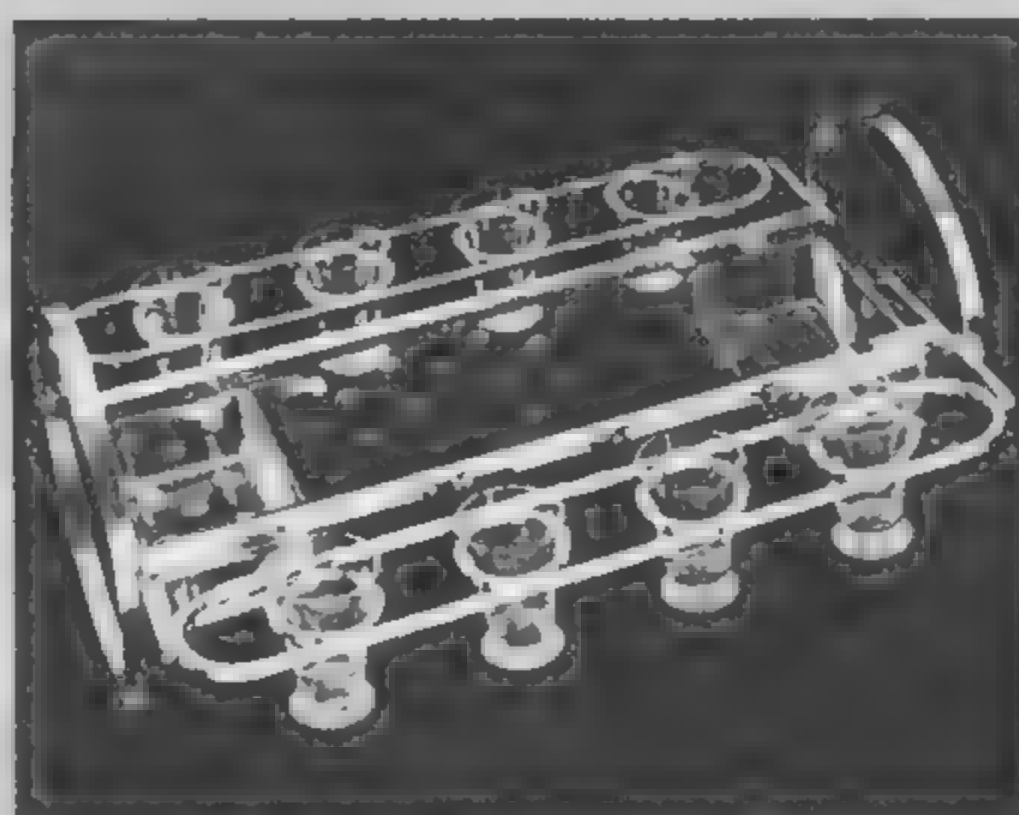
"I was born in America, and America is to me at the time of writing, the most comfortable country to live in—and also at the time of writing the very pleasantest—in the world."

"Give me a quiet room, a pad of paper, eight or nine sharp lead pencils, a handful of thin, mild cigars, and enough to eat and drink—all of which, by the grace of God, are happily within my means—and I do not care a tinker's damn whether the nations of the earth arm, disarm, or conclude to fight their wars by limiting their armies to biting each other."

Reading this, a caustic critic said that Nathan lacked the imagination to embrace humanity. Rather, he might be called the First Apostle of the Self Centered with the courage to admit it. #

GIFT GUIDE

for belated buyers



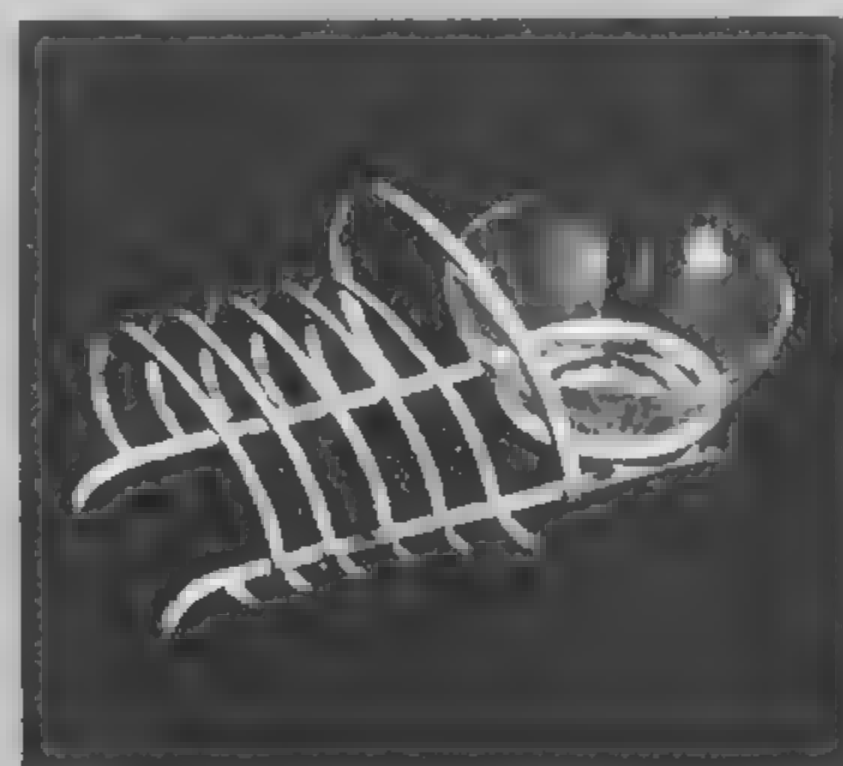
Ingenious non-tip cocktail service. The chromium frame holds 2 glass hors d'oeuvres dishes, glass center tray for sandwiches—and 8 cocktail glasses, hand cut with polka-dot design, \$37.00



You turn the crank to mix your drinks when you use the Hurdy Gurdy beverage mixer, chrome and crystal, \$12.00.



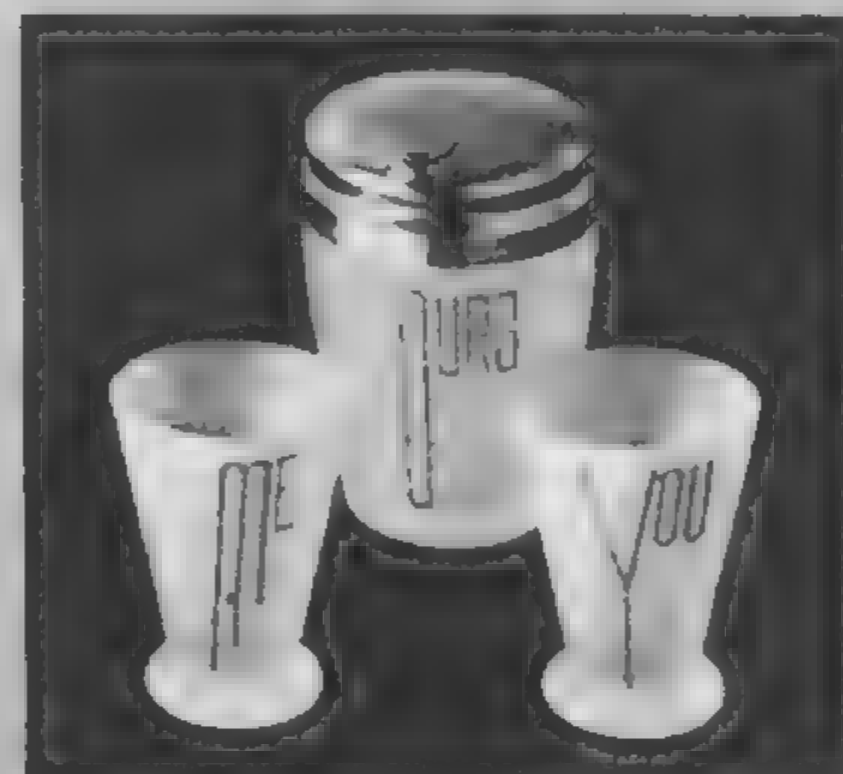
Personal cocktail glasses on crystal or cool frosted glass with large enameled colored numbers on their sides for identification. Can be had in any numerals. \$15.00 a doz.



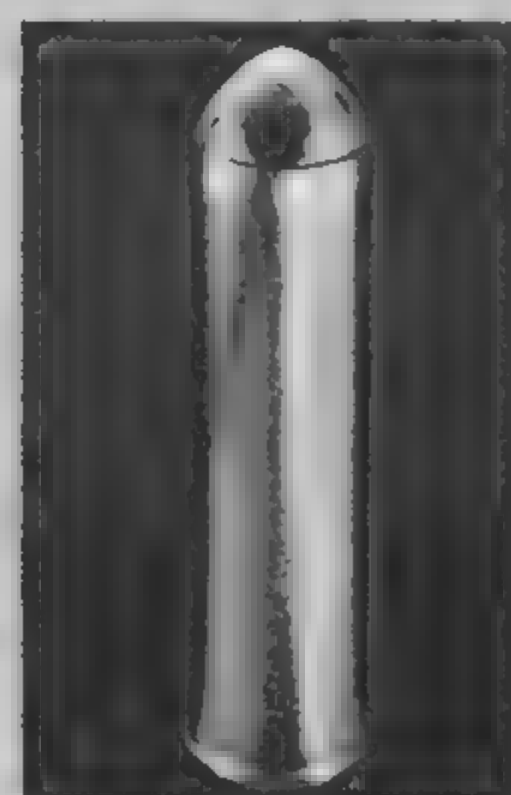
An addition to any breakfast table this smart little chromium rack for toast and engraved glass jam dish attached, \$7.50.



"Town Crier" bell turns out to be a cocktail shaker. Chromium, silver plated inside and genuine walnut handle through which you pour, \$10.00.



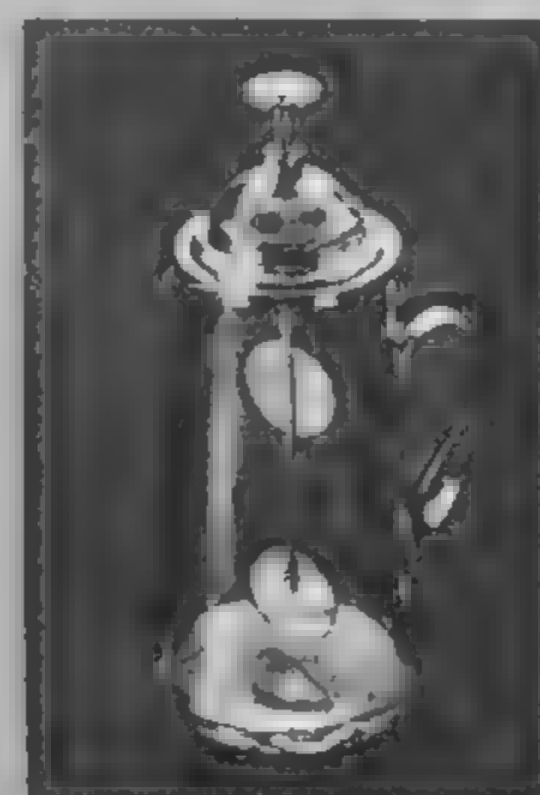
For "intimate" drinking, 3 pc. set in frosted or clear crystal glass, 2 glasses marked "Me" and "You", and a miniature shaker which says "Ours", \$3.50 the set.



Give this to your Army and Navy friends — cocktail shakershapedlike a bullet. Chromium with copper top, \$10.00.



Beverage pitcher with glass tube to hold ice cubes. Keeps ice from diluting the drinks, tube removable so pitcher can be used for general purposes, \$5.50.



London Mixer glass cocktail shaker has pump with paddles which mix the drinks, \$9.00.

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Sure! Sit under a G-E Sunlamp. 5 minutes a day. Or 5 minutes, *twice* a day, if you're doubly earnest. And remember this, taken as per directions, a G-E Sunlamp won't give you a lobster-look. A G-E Sunlamp gives you an even color that's very flattering. Let it beam on chest and face. And all along your spine.



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Name

Address

GENERAL ELECTRIC SUNLAMPS

Keep that Outdoor Complexion

Petticoat Arabian Knights

Continued from page 48

women of the harems. As soon as the cries and shouts reach the neighboring harems, strange women pour into the house. They see your wife lying on the floor, and start crying and shouting themselves. Finally the midwife is summoned, the most dastard of all the witches. She employs cruel methods, not to heal your wife (there is nothing wrong with her), but to change your mind. And amidst this noisy spectacle, you are willing to accept anything, only to stop that awful show."

"And what about children?" I asked.

"We men, we love children. Our wives hate the idea of having them. They do everything to avoid the consequences of married life. Here again the midwife helps. Our wives are constant casualties of these terrible women, they always suffer from the consequences of some awkward operation, or at least they pretend to suffer, so that we are forced to go to the girls if we feel that way."

Every Arab town, village, even the smallest hamlet possesses a street where these girls live in masses. An Arab girl is only rarely to be found among them. They are chiefly Somalis, Abyssinians or belong to some mixed race of slaves from the Sudan. Apart from the color, they are just like the

same sort of girls are anywhere in the world: they love for money, they laugh for money, and in their private lives they are bored to death. But since they know how to offer men half an hour of unspoiled happiness, the Arabs willingly pay what Ali called "fabulous sums" for the favors of a lady. These fabulous sums were, according to Ali: 3s. for a slave girl, 7s.6d. for a Somali one, 10-15s for the rare Arab women. The highest paid Arab kuli gets 1s.6d. a day and works 14 hours for it. There are many neglected Arab husbands between Port Said and Karachi, the girls easily accumulate a fortune in a comparatively short time. I met an Abyssinian girl who had 3000 pounds in her banking account, she also had a big house, splendid jewelry and seven servants. Halowa was her name and she was 14 years old.

After all these sad confessions Ali went to the other extreme. He who never before mentioned his wife, now asked me to visit his harem. This was something extraordinary, and he did it, not out of courtesy or friendship, but in a vein of determined despair. I must not see his wife, he added, but I can come without fear. She was not at home. She went to a friend who had the zar.

The harem which I saw had

nothing of the splendor of the Arabian Nights. It was one single small room, which would hardly find place for the cheap European furniture: two beds, one tiny table, a box full of perfumes and a huge wardrobe. It took a few minutes until I got used to the semi-darkness of the room. The windows were darkened with curtains, and outside covered with some basket-like things. This permitted a view from inside to the street, but did not allow any glimpses from the street.

There was a heavy and unpleasant odor of stale perfume. But Ali liked this scent. These perfumes are essential to the pleasures which the harem can offer.

The room was painstakingly clean, so were the dresses which Ali showed me with unconcealed pride. I counted seventy different dresses, all silk, of pink, blue, white and black material.

"There is a fortune in these dresses," Ali told me. "My money goes to the shopkeepers and the jewelers. This one (a heavy Chinese silk richly embroidered with pure gold) she wore on our wedding night. It cost me 350 reals."

Seventy pounds. For his wife he paid only fifty.

I was allowed to move freely amongst these expensive dresses, heavy perfumes and tasteless

furniture. I felt sorry that I had come. For many years I had treasured a sentimental illusion of the glamor of the harems; it had been abruptly destroyed by my intrusion. Within the barren walls of the primitive room did not live the atmosphere of heavenly joys and secret passions. Although Ali belonged to the best society of the place, his harem reminded me of a third-rate country brothel in some Balkan state.

The heavy perfumes made the air sticky, and I was looking for an excuse to escape from this horrid place. Ali seemed again to guess my feelings, because he began to show signs of embarrassment. He stood at the window, and threw frightened glimpses through the lattice. Suddenly he ran to me, caught me by the arm and pulled me away.

"We must hurry up, sahib," he urged with excitement. "I saw my wife returning. She would get the zar if she found you here! . . ." And I heard him murmuring in Arabic:

"May Allah the merciful and compassionate protect me from that woman's temper."

A few weeks later I was told that Ali had suddenly disappeared. I know: he went to Port Said, to live with the waitress who collects the pictures of Clark Gable. #

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The Candid Cameraman

Continued from page 107

cut-over land, strangely suggestive of some abandoned battlefield; no roots to take up this water.

The story is filled in with quick, brilliant strokes; the old steamboats and their use, the bales of cotton rolled up the planks, the far-away mills, the Civil War ending, and ending a whole way of life; then the land wasted by misuse; the sharecroppers, increasing in proportion until two out of five of the cotton growers have no land of their own; their ghastly poverty; hovels, three beds in a room, three, four children in a bed; gaunt mothers with solemn, pellagra-sore infants clustering around them; then the floods. The attempts to cure the evils of a greedy and thoughtless generation—CCC boys planting trees along where the river begins; TVA building dams below, and teaching the people how to use the revived land.

To be sure, this is primarily the government's message; but here it is told in true proportion. For incidentally, out of the building of the dams, comes the generation of electrical power. And this, in turn, may be used.

The River becomes, then, a story of the forces of nature, and of mass-greed that resulted, in fifty years, in the need for some sort of reconstruction program. It is, in a true sense, the history of the TVA program; when one sees it in this perspective, that history becomes an integral part of one's own life; every spectator must really feel affected by the previous acts of his countrymen, and joined to them.

He becomes himself a participant in the film's action, for he cannot help feeling that this is all part of his own life-struggle, in the largest sense. Through this wedding, the documentary film derives great emotional force. In history, as in fiction, it is possible for the spectator to identify himself with the hero.

Like every outstanding work of art, *The River* advances the form in which it is made. *Ulysses* appeared to be a new kind of novel; *The Wasteland* a new kind of poem; Lorentz's documents appear to be a new kind of film.

Form is essentially a way of giving emphasis and proportion to truth; when a "new" form is found, it is because the changing structure of society has reached a new phase; some artist has recognized this, put it forth in its true and immediate proportion, which is strange to those who are still seeing human society in the pattern of the previous time.

Lorentz is not the sole inventor of this form; documentaries are as old as movies, as familiar as newsreels. But he is among the first to realize and utilize the full possibilities of the medium. The *March of Time* is the best example of the cross-over from the newsreel to the full-grown docu-

mentary. For the *March of Time* made the public recognize the fact that the cinema can explain background-causes, movements, as well as the bare surface of events.

To distinguish between the *March of Time* and the full document, it is only necessary to compare the *March of Time's* item on TVA to Pare Lorentz's *The River*. *Time's* TVA was a pretty good exposition of the circumstances surrounding the controversy between the government and the power corporations. It showed old settlers being moved out of their homes as areas were flooded by new-made lakes, it showed the thrilling magnitude of the dam construction, it showed the homely results of cheap electric-power ice-boxes, fans for ordinary folk. And it allowed a representative of the power companies to state their argument against government entry into the power field. That seemed to be the whole story. Government builds a dam, creates electrical power, competes with private interests.

Only when one sees *The River* does one realize the magnitude of the omission; an omission that amounts, probably inadvertently enough, to a misstatement. Just as a newsreel, in the more primitive state of the document, might have contented itself with a few interesting shots of the dam in construction, neglecting the whole story of the dam's use to generate electric power, and the consequent story of controversy between government and private interests, so the *Time* reel, by its limitations, misses the complete historical background, and presents only the head of the argument.

The River, on the other hand, makes it apparent that the power-controversy is the final step in a series of historical acts. Almost anyone, now, will consent to blame the unbridled souls who made private property out of rivers and forests; even Hollywood movies have looked with horror on the greed of the lumber titans who cut down timber and moved on, leaving dead land. These things are accepted now as matters of national rather than private concern. *The River* simply shows the natural sequence from forest to dam. And since the dam makes electrical power—

There are other such stories to be told. There are the stories of the dead mining towns, the stories of cities to slums, the stories of industry moving from North to South—these are part of the vast, living story of America; they need to be told, and Pare Lorentz has amply demonstrated that he can tell them with new and permanent beauty.

To my mind, this one-cylinder film project working out of the Department of Agriculture on a miniature budget has produced work of more lasting and vital significance than, for instance, the entire Federal Theatre Project.

Continued on page 178



SKIERS, ETC. ASKED FOR THIS ONE

we've reprinted

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This is a reprint of the first authentic dress chart of winter sports apparel, published last year by ESQUIRE to thousands of huzzas from winter sports enthusiasts. The weather man handed us skiers a lousy break in 1937, but God and the law of averages willing, the coming winter season should certainly go places. So that you, too, may go places properly outfitted, etc.—we've put back on the press ESQUIRE'S "Etiquette of Snow Sports" All of its widely acclaimed and authentic information is again at your disposal. And don't say we didn't warn you—the right clothes are most important, whether they're for spectator wear, active skiing, tobogganing, skating or bob-sledding. A complete dress chart, a glossary of skiing terms, the right "snow" places to go in various sections of the country and snow train information are all yours, and then some, in ESQUIRE'S "Etiquette of Snow Sports".

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SERVES ALL THE WEST



The Candid Cameraman

Continued from pages 107-177

And the odds have been unbelievable.

First, Lorentz had to battle the unified film industry. They screamed “government in pictures” as soon as *The Plow* was announced; Will Hays and the moguls got together, and it became apparent that not a single chain theatre would exhibit the government-made film. Lorentz organized his own distributing staff; through schools, churches, independent theatres, clubs, *The Plow* has been shown to far more people than the average Hollywood film ever reaches; moreover, it has lived, it is still in wide demand, and is still being widely exhibited.

When Lorentz started to make the second film, the obstructionists really got to work. Threats of congressional investigation on the “vast sums” the government was spending in pictures; a Hollywood producer could scarcely make a screen-test on Lorentz’s budget. Then, attempts to wear him out, make him give up in disgust. For instance, there was one time when some requisition had to go through a lawyer’s office before the work could proceed. Six weeks of phoning, wiring, chasing it down. Finally Lorentz gets to see the lawyer. Oh yes, the document reposes in a bottom drawer. Why? “I don’t think the government ought to make movies,” says the lawyer. He had calmly shelved a project over which he had absolutely no authority.

Even when the film was finished, it was in danger of complete sabotage. The enemies within the administration arranged that no funds would be appropriated for its distribution. Again, on the shelf. The story of how Lorentz managed to sneak the reels into a family screening at Hyde Park is another one of those curious, complicated modern adventures in administration.

But it’s his own story, and after all he’s a writer too, and maybe he’ll tell it some day. At any rate, the President saw the film; fortunately, the President has taste; the next day the boys in the little offices were more hospitable to Mr. Lorentz.

It should not require a series of accidents, however fortuitous, to save a work of this kind for the citizens. It is obvious enough that Hollywood has nothing to fear from the agricultural bureau’s film ventures; Mr. Lorentz is creating something purely non-commercial; it happens to be art. He is using the materials in the United States for a record that belongs to the people of the United States; he should be empowered to go ahead and complete the picture.

TWO IN SPAIN

Sharing honors with Pare Lorentz’s *The River*, are two documentary films from Spain. Some prefer to call such films non-fiction; the French use a good word—

actualité. *The Spanish Earth*, and *Heart of Spain*, aside from their direct emotional appeal to Spanish government sympathizers, are truly notable works in this suddenly flourishing branch of the cinema.

The Spanish Earth, being the work of Ernest Hemingway and Joris Ivens, has been much written about; *Heart of Spain*, for which Herbert Kline is largely responsible, is in some ways even more exciting than its mate.

It is not as comprehensive a picture of the Spanish struggle as the Hemingway-Ivens picture, nor does it project the slow hours of war, the hours which really carry the flavor of war. (There, incidentally, is the remarkable thing about the Hemingway-Ivens film. For the first time a war picture avoids the effect of feverish action, and makes the spectator realize that the bulk of war is waiting, that the soldier practically never sees the enemy, or sees him only in the moment before death. All other war films, especially Hollywood films, show “conflict”—two sides clashing together. But in this film one realizes that the soldier scarcely sees “conflict”; he cannot make alternate pictures of his and the enemy trenches. This film shows war as the soldier feels it.)

While *Heart of Spain* does not reach for or pretend to undertake the Hemingway-Ivens theme, it succeeds in attaining a greater intensity in a smaller field. *Heart of Spain* is about one thing—blood. It concerns the work of the Canadian blood-transfusion unit of the Medical Bureau for the aid of Spanish Democracy. It shows how the citizens of Spain line up to give their blood, how their blood is preserved in bottles, rushed to the front hospital, transfused into the veins of wounded soldiers.

“A new kind of relation between human beings is growing up here,” the film points out, and indeed, there is a strange, glad thrill in the scenes where blood-donors seek out the soldiers who have received their blood, and visit them in the hospitals.

The lines of waiting donors project the same, pitifully glad emotion. Girls, old women, fathers, swiftly succeed each other on the table, each lying down, stretching out his arm, clenching his fist, giving blood.

Heart of Spain contains a few war-action shots that are also in *Spanish Earth*; in addition, it contains a sequence showing a child’s body being dug out of a shell-hole in Madrid that is a most terrific bit of war photography. Everyone should see one, or both of these films.

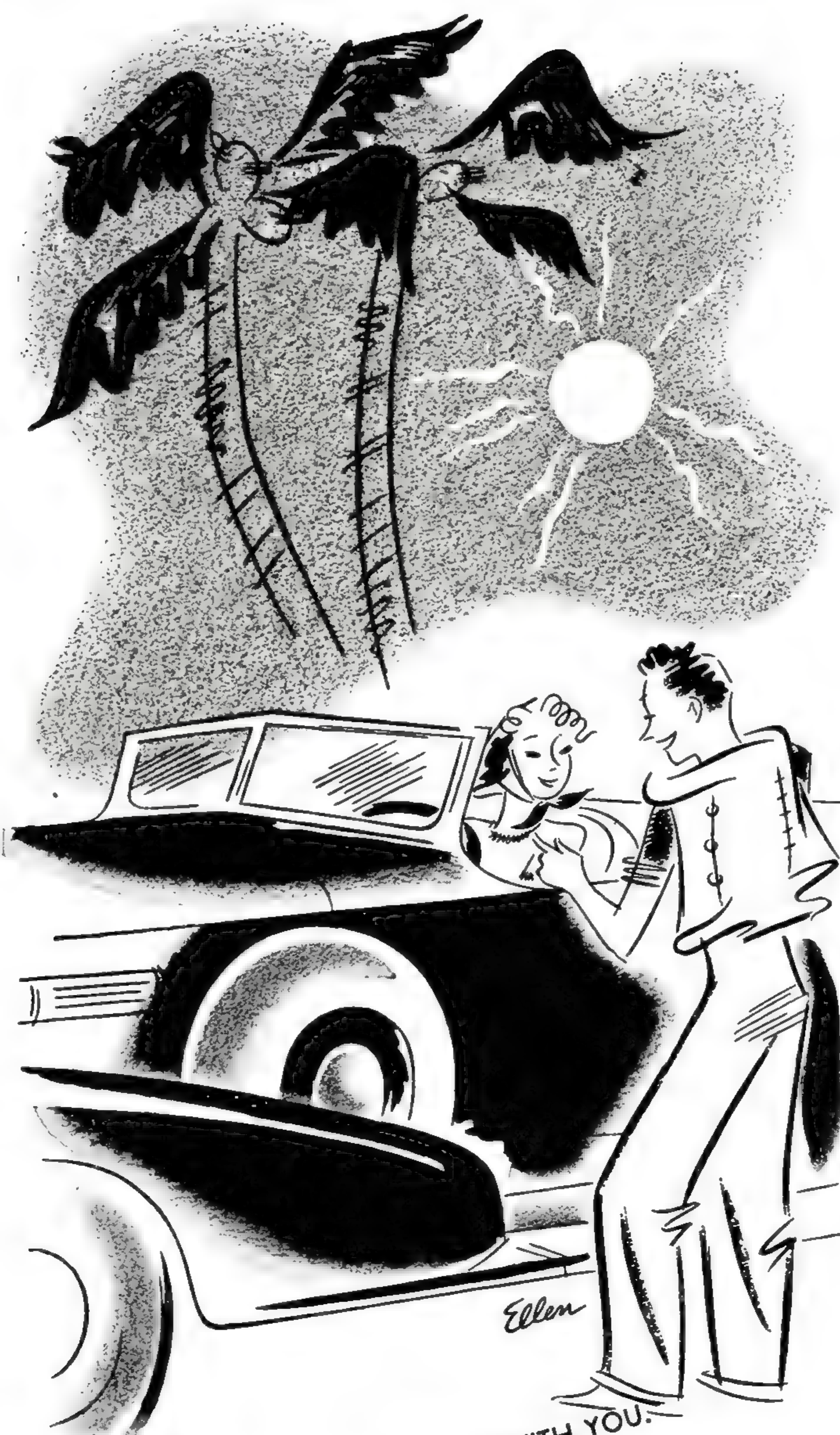
As they are not being released through ordinary channels, their sources are given here. *The Spanish Earth* is distributed by Prometheus Pictures, 1600 Broadway, New York City; *Heart of Spain* by Garrison Films, same address. ‡‡

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MIAMI AND MIAMI BEACH

Financing Finnegan

Continued from page 41

I was in the prosperous publishing office in New York. Then I understood—I had misread the telegram. Finnegan was asking for fifty thousand as an advance—a demand that would have staggered any publisher no matter who the writer was.

"Only last week," said Mr. Jaggers disconsolately, "I sent him a hundred dollars. It puts my department in the red every season so I don't dare tell my partners any more. I take it out of my own pocket—give up a suit and a pair of shoes."

"You mean Finnegan's broke?"

"Broke!" He looked at me and laughed soundlessly—in fact I didn't exactly like the way that he laughed. My brother had a nervous—but that is afieid from this story. After a minute he pulled himself together. "You won't say anything about this, will you? The truth is Finnegan's been in a slump, he's had blow after blow in the past few years, but now he's snapping out of it and I know we'll get back every cent we've—" He tried to think of a word but "given him" slipped out. This time it was he who was eager to change the subject.

Don't let me give the impression that Finnegan's affairs absorbed me during a whole week in New York—it was inevitable, though, that being much in the offices of my agent and my publisher, I happened in on a lot. For instance, two days later, using the telephone in Mr. Cannon's office, I was accidentally switched in on a conversation he was having with George Jaggers. It was only partly eavesdropping, you see, because I could hear only one end of the conversation and that isn't as bad as hearing it all.

"But I got the impression he was in good health . . . he did say something about his heart a few months ago but I understood it got well . . . yes, and he talked about some operation he wanted to have—I think he said it was cancer . . . Well, I felt like telling him I had a little operation up my sleeve too, that I'd have had by now if I could afford it . . . No, I didn't say it. He seemed in such good spirits that it would have been a shame to bring him down. He's starting a story today, he read me some of it on the phone . . . " . . . I did give him twenty-five because he didn't have a cent in his pocket . . . oh, yes—I'm sure he'll be all right now. He sounds as if he means business."

I understood it all now. The two men had entered into a silent conspiracy to cheer each other up about Finnegan. Their investment in him, in his future, had reached a sum so considerable that Finnegan belonged to them. They could not bear to hear a word against him—even from themselves.

II.

I spoke my mind to Mr. Cannon. "If this Finnegan is a four-

flusher you can't go on indefinitely giving him money. If he's through he's through and there's nothing to be done about it. It's absurd that you should put off an operation when Finnegan's out somewhere diving into half empty swimming pools."

"It was full," said Mr. Cannon patiently—"full to the brim."

"Well, full or empty the man sounds like a nuisance to me."

"Look here," said Cannon, "I've got a talk to Hollywood due on the wire. Meanwhile you might glance over that." He threw a manuscript into my lap. "Maybe it'll help you understand. He brought it in yesterday."

It was a short story. I began it in a mood of disgust but before I'd read five minutes I was completely immersed in it, utterly charmed, utterly convinced and wishing to God I could write like that. When Cannon finished his phone call I kept him waiting while I finished it and when I did there were tears in these hard old professional eyes. Any magazine in the country would have run it first in any issue.

But then nobody had ever denied that Finnegan could write.

III.

Months passed before I went again to New York, and then, so far as the offices of my agent and my publisher were concerned, I descended upon a quieter, more stable world. There was at last time to talk about my own conscientious if uninspired literary pursuits, to visit Mr. Cannon in the country and to kill summer evenings with George Jaggers where the vertical New York starlight falls like lingering lightning into restaurant gardens. Finnegan might have been at the North Pole—and as a matter of fact he was. He had quite a group with him, including three Bryn Mawr anthropologists, and it sounded as if he might collect a lot of material there. They were going to stay several months, and if the thing had somehow the ring of a promising little house party about it, that was probably due to my jealous, cynical disposition.

"We're all just delighted," said Cannon. "It's a God-send for him. He was fed up and he needed just this—this—"

"Ice and snow," I supplied.

"Yes, ice and snow. The last thing he said was characteristic of him. Whatever he writes is going to be pure white—it's going to have a blinding glare about it."

"I can imagine it will. But tell me—who's financing it? Last time I was here I gathered the man was insolvent."

"Oh, he was really very decent about that. He owed me some money and I believe he owed George Jaggers a little too—" He "believed," the old hypocrite. He knew damn well. "—so before he left he made most of his life insurance over to us. That's in case he doesn't come back—those trips

Continued on page 182



"It's my wife's idea . . . she runs that department"



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Financing Finnegan

Continued from pages 41-180

are dangerous of course."

"I should think so," I said, "—especially with three anthropologists."

"So Jagers and I are absolutely covered in case anything happens—it's as simple as that."

"Did the life insurance company finance the trip?"

He fidgeted perceptibly.

"Oh, no. In fact when they learned the reason for the assignments they were a little upset. George Jagers and I felt that when he had a specific plan like this with a specific book at the end of it, we were justified in backing him a little further."

"I don't see it," I said flatly.

"You don't?" The old harassed look came back into his eyes. "Well, I'll admit we hesitated. In principle I know it's wrong. I used to advance authors small sums from time to time, but lately I've made a rule against it—and kept it. It's only been waived once in the last two years and that was for a woman who was having a bad struggle—Margaret Trahill, do you know her? She was an old girl of Finnegan's, by the way."

"Remember I don't even know Finnegan."

"That's right. You must meet him when he comes back—if he does come back. You'd like him—he's utterly charming."

Again I departed from New York, to imaginative North Poles of my own, while the year rolled through summer and fall. When the first snap of November was in the air, I thought of the Finnegan expedition with a sort of shiver and any envy of the man departed. He was probably earning any loot, literary or anthropological, he might bring back. Then, when I hadn't been back in New York three days, I read in the paper that he and some other members of his party had walked off into a snowstorm when the food supply gave out, and the Arctic had claimed another sacrifice.

I was sorry for him, but practical enough to be glad that Cannon and Jagers were well protected. Of course, with Finnegan scarcely cold—if such a simile is not too harrowing—they did not talk about it but I gathered that the insurance companies had waived *habeas corpus* or whatever it is in their lingo, and it seemed quite sure that they would collect.

His son, a fine looking young fellow, came into George Jagers' office while I was there and from him I could guess at Finnegan's charm—a shy frankness together with an impression of a very quiet brave battle going on inside of him that he couldn't quite bring himself to talk about—but that showed as heat lightning in his work.

"The boy writes well too," said George after he had gone. "He's brought in some remarkable poems. He's not ready to step in his father's shoes, but there's a definite promise."

"Can I see one of his things?"

"Certainly—here's one he left just as he went out."

George took a paper from his desk, opened it and cleared his throat. Then he squinted and bent over a little in his chair.

"Dear Mr. Jagers," he began, "I didn't like to ask you this in person—" Jagers stopped, his eyes reading ahead rapidly.

"How much does he want?" I inquired.

He sighed.

"He gave me the impression that this was some of his work," he said in a pained voice.

"But it is," I consoled him. "Of course he isn't quite ready to step into his father's shoes."

I was sorry afterwards to have said this, for after all Finnegan had paid his debts, and it was nice to be alive now that better times were back and books were no longer rated as unnecessary luxuries. Many authors I knew who had skimmed along during the depression were now making long deferred trips or paying off mortgages or turning out the more finished kind of work that can only be done with a certain leisure and security. I had just got a thousand dollars advance for a venture in Hollywood and was going to fly out with all the verve of the old days when there was chicken feed in every pot. Going in to say goodbye to Cannon and collect the money, it was nice to find he too was profiting—wanted me to go along and see a motorboat he was buying.

But some last minute stuff came up to delay him and I grew impatient and decided to skip it. Getting no response to a knock on the door of his sanctum, I opened it anyhow.

The inner office seemed in some confusion. Mr. Cannon was on several telephones at once and dictating something about an insurance company to a stenographer. One secretary was getting hurriedly into her hat and coat as upon an errand and another was counting bills from her purse.

"It'll be only a minute," said Cannon, "it's just a little office riot—you never saw us like this."

"Is it Finnegan's insurance?" I couldn't help asking. "Isn't it any good?"

"His insurance—oh, perfectly all right, perfectly. This is just a matter of trying to raise a few hundred in a hurry. The banks are closed and we're all contributing."

"I've got that money you just gave me," I said. "I don't need all of it to get to the coast." I peeled off a couple of hundred. "Will this be enough?"

"That'll be fine—it just saves us. Never mind Miss Carlsen. Mrs. Mapes you needn't go now."

"I think I'll be running along," I said.

"Just wait two minutes," he urged. "I've only got to take care of this wire. It's really splendid news. Bucks you up."

It was a cablegram from Oslo,

Continued at top of page 184

YOUR NEW RIDE IS WAITING



LINCOLN-ZEPHYR V-12

FOR 1938

AS YOU VIEW the new LINCOLN-ZEPHYR in your dealer's showroom . . . beside the curb . . . on the open road . . . in front of your own home . . . you will be willing to grant that here is a startlingly handsome car.

Its design seems a part of tomorrow, rather than of the moment, so graceful and smooth and sweeping is its every streamline. The new car is long and low, with lengthened wheelbase and lengthened springbase.

But beauty is not all. The LINCOLN-ZEPHYR of 1938 is waiting to be your *new ride*. A trip downtown will convince you that here is a new rhythm of motoring. A trip across the continent would demonstrate that it is also a *tireless* rhythm!

This balanced car refuses to take count of miles or hours. In closed models, body and frame are welded into a single, rigid framework—a steel unit to which are welded steel top, sides and floor; a strong structure and a safe one. Within this house

of steel, passenger weight is carried “amidships,” toward the center. A rough road seems an optical illusion.

Long roads, also, seem not to exist. The V-type 12-cylinder engine, through all gears and under all conditions, sweeps distance aside. It places at the driver's command flexible power that makes driving easier and quicker without the necessity of high top speed.

Designed by Lincoln, built to Lincoln standards of precision, the LINCOLN-ZEPHYR engine has proved its economy to more than 45,000 present users. It gives 14 to 18 miles to the gallon under all road conditions. The 1938 engine is even smoother and more silent.

Your new ride is waiting! Choose from six body types, including the new and lively Convertible Sedan and Convertible Coupe. Lincoln Motor Company, builders of Lincoln and Lincoln-Zephyr V-12s.



In England
... the world's
largest user of fine
champagnes, DRY
MONOPOLE has
long been the custom-
ary selection of the
connoisseur.



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MAISON FONDÉE EN 1785

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The socially accepted
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IMPORTED EXCLUSIVELY BY
PARK & TILFORD
IMPORT CORP., NEW YORK

ALCOHOLIC CONTENT 13% BY VOLUME

Financing Finnegan

Continued from pages 41-180-182

Norway—before I began to read I was full of a premonition.

Am miraculously safe here but detained by authorities please wire passage money for four people and two hundred extra I am bringing back plenty greetings from the dead

Finnegan

"Yes, that's splendid," I agreed. "He'll have a story to tell now."

"Won't he though," said Cannon, "Miss Carlsen will you wire the parents of those girls—and you'd better inform Mr. Jagers."

As we walked along the street a few minutes later, I saw that Mr. Cannon, as if stunned by the wonder of this news, had fallen into a brown study, and I did not disturb him for after all I did not know Finnegan and could not wholeheartedly share his joy. His mood of silence continued until we arrived at the door of the motorboat show—just under the sign he stopped and started upward, as if aware for the first time where we were going.

"Oh! my," he said, stepping back, "there's no use going in here now. I thought we were going to get a drink."

We did. Mr. Cannon was still a little vague, a little under the spell of the vast surprise—he fumbled so long for the money to pay his round that I insisted it was on me.

I think he was in a daze during that whole time because though he is a man of the most punctilious accuracy, the two hundred I handed him in his office has never shown to my credit in the statements he has sent me. I imagine, though, that some day I will surely get it because some day Finnegan will click again and I know that people will clamor to read what he writes. Recently I've taken it upon myself to investigate some of the stories about him and I've found that they're mostly as false as the half-empty pool. That pool was full to the brim.

So far there's only been a short story about the polar expedition, a love story. Perhaps it wasn't as big a subject as he expected. But the movies are interested in him—if they can get a good long look at him first and I have every reason to think that he will come through. He'd better. ‡

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from page 108

in this book that Hemingway seems to hate in a less or more intense degree everybody in it.

This is strange because, on one of the several occasions when Hemingway has assumed the rôle of critic and expounder of the rules for good writing, he has stated dogmatically and as an axiom that no writing is good or has any enduring value in which the author does not have sympathy with his characters (thereby blasting mountain sides out of literature all the way down from Sophocles to Shakespeare, to Molière, to Flaubert, to Ibsen, to Shaw) and he cited Ring Lardner as a particular example of an author whose stuff would not live because (he said) Lardner did not have any love for, or sympathy with, his characters.

Lardner had no sentimental admiration for many of the manifestations of human nature—for inconsistencies between expressed motives and actual conduct, for vain and petty boasting, for hypocrisies and for downright evil nature; but he smiled and made humor out of foibles, and he castigated with his hate *only* evil beings and evil actions. His tenderness, sympathy and pity were great. Take *Haircut*. The narrator is an insensitive moron who imagines he is telling a funny story; but Lardner doesn't hate him. He doesn't admire him either. But Lardner so pities the woman whose reputation has been besmirched in a small town and he so hates the scoundrel who has hurt her that he has the village idiot, a boy, murder the louse; and, for the idiot boy there is Lardner's implied high admiration and respect ... Nowhere has Lardner ex-

pressed such hatred, contempt and disgust with human beings as is sum total of Hemingway's expression in this novel.

I wonder if I can put my finger on the cause of this chaotic, un-integrated and disagreeable quality of the novel. I think I could if I could know for certain whether the Cuban boy revolutionist was created *before* the Communist war veteran was or *after*. The Cuban boy appears in the story, (as published) *before* the Communist war veteran does but I believe that whole part of the robbery in which the Cuban boy figures briefly but superbly was written *after* that uncorrelated and unintegrated part of the novel in which the Communist appears briefly but nobly.

These two minor characters are the only ones for whom Hemingway indicates and creates both admiration and sympathy.

Now the point is this: I believe Hemingway created the Communist as an ideal character—as a self-disciplined, sober, intelligent, clear-visioned worker toward a high revolutionary ideal—before he (Hemingway) went to Spain as a loyalist sympathizer, as an anti-Fascist and as one inflamed with the Communist ardor so prevalent at the time. But I believe the realities in Spain so greatly tempered Hemingway's ardor and so greatly changed the pretty picture of the future that, although he has remained actively anti-Fascist and has returned to raise money for trucks and ambulances to be used by the loyalists, he has been so shocked by realities that doubts have confused that necessary straight-line thinking by which a novelist must keep his mood and

move his story from a beginning to an end.

I believe that Hemingway was brought face to face with the realities of the kind so admirably depicted in *Volunteer in Spain* (Knopf, \$1.50) by John Sommerfield, a book so moving and so magnificent that I shall return to it in a moment. Over there he had seen lads such as John Sommerfield was, fed up with capitalist society as they knew it and were being crushed by it in England, America, France, Germany and Italy, distracted lads rushing to volunteer in the Spanish Loyalist International Brigade, with fine ideals of heroism and sacrifice (if necessary) for the creation of a better society—boys who were like some of those lads who went to war in the very sure belief that they were going to save democracy.

And Hemingway had been in that earlier war.

So Hemingway could not help envision another fine, clean lad. This time he sees a Cuban revolutionist who has joined a merciless killer and a band of cutthroats, who rob a Florida bank to finance a revolution. And Hemingway makes the boy say of his murderous leader, "He is a good revolutionary but a bad man. He kills so much in the time of Machado he gets to like it. He thinks it is funny to kill. He kills in a good cause, of course. The best cause."

In an hour or so this lad and the killer and the cutthroats—all revolutionists in "a good cause"—have had their brains and guts blown out by Harry Morgan's hidden machine gun, because it either meant their deaths or his, for the killer had calmly told Morgan he would kill him as soon as his work of getting the boat to Cuba was over.

This novel, then, I think is only a phase in Hemingway's development, perhaps his least satisfactory expression, because all of its values are chaotic and contradictory, since it was written over a period when he was trying to choose a rigid and permanent set of values out of conflicting ones and out of some which even canceled each other. *Man muss noch Chaos in sich haben um einen tanzenden Stern geboren zu können*, wrote Nietzsche. From a converted Catholic, who is also a converted Communist, there must be a chaos from which a dancing planet will emerge.

A new, enlarged and revised edition of Jack Woodford's *Trial and Error* (Carlyle House, \$3) has just been issued. This is the first time I have seen it. Arnold Gingrich, in an introduction, testifies as to the highly satisfactory practical results to be obtained from following Woodford's instructions. It is by far the best, most explicit, most experienced and most honest book on writing for profit that I have ever come across.

Woodford has published sixteen books, over two thousand short stories, and countless articles in all sorts of magazines, pulp, slicks

and highbrow. He knows all the formulas, all the taboos, all the quirks of the writing game—for those who want to make money by writing.

It is a book by a man who has been conspicuously successful in commercial writing and it does not pretend to be a book about anything else except how to write for money.

But it is something else. It is enormously entertaining but it is also the most devastating and most eloquent condemnation of popular literary taste and standards in highbrow, as well as lower brow, circles that was ever penned. It is more iconoclastic than Mencken ever was in his best days, because it is more explicit and more accurately informed. It is a book I recommend to everybody at all interested in magazines and the movies; and I recommend it to literary critics in particular; for Woodford knows and appreciates the best literature and the principles of literature and he blasts all sorts of fallacies propagated by the yearners in literature and by the host of half-wits who flock to one fanatic after another and demand (as the newest prophets) that all literature should be Agarian one week, only to demand that all literature be New-Humanist the next, Neo-Catholic the week after that, Neo-Marxist the week after that, pro-Sheyne-Stokes-breathing next, pro-Trotsky-anti-Stalin the next, pro-Gurdjeff the next, and proletarian the week after that.

Jack Woodford seems to me as ancient as Tiresias and as young as Pan.

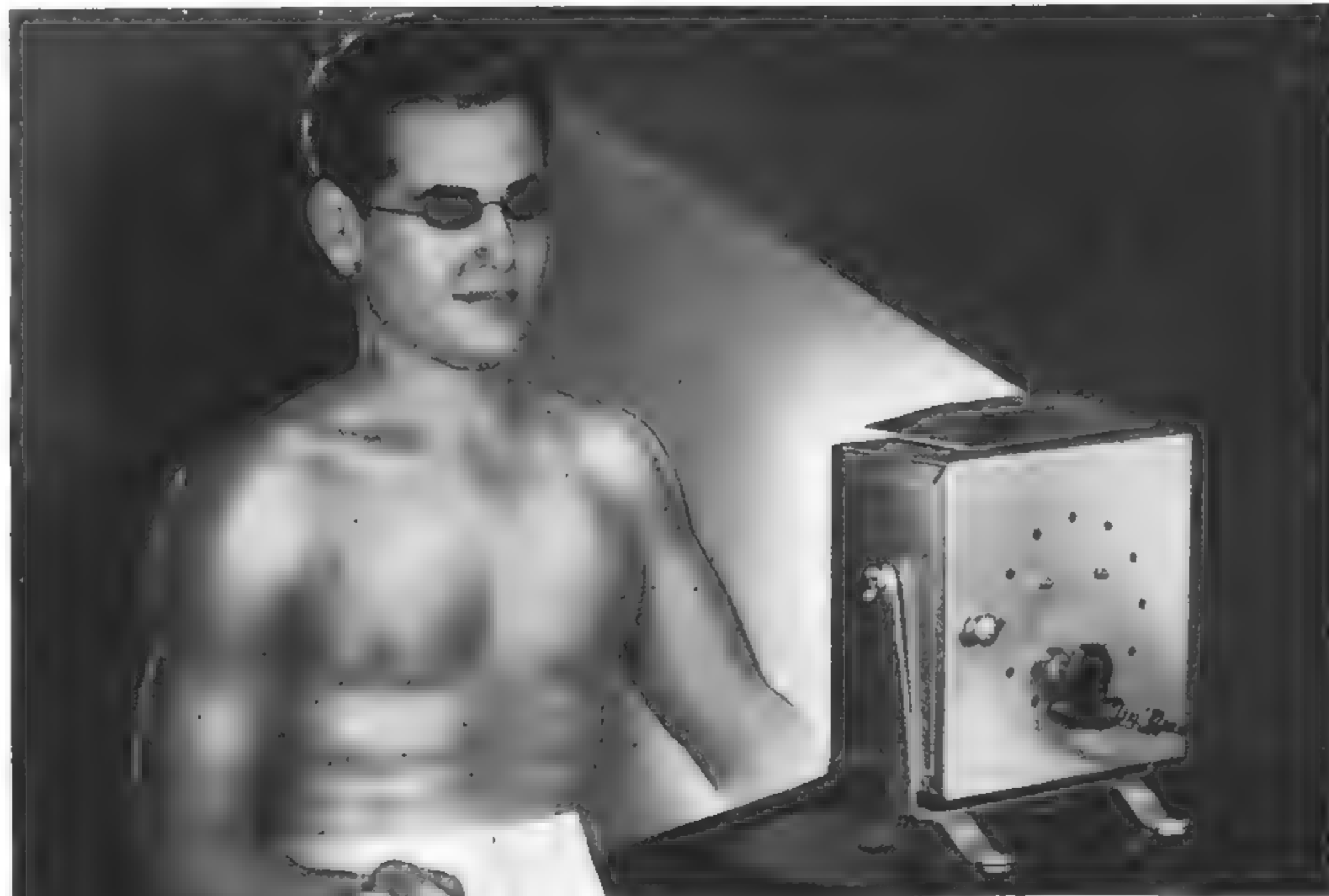
He knows so much, he has learned so much, about the writing game that it sometimes appears that, like Tiresias, he wants only to die; but then he thinks of some editor or publisher whose "slant" he has caught or whose "formula" he has figured out and to whom he has sold reams of stuff, tossed off of a morning, and he becomes a Pan, fluting and cavorting on the river's brink.

Jack Woodford has learned all the commercial tricks except one: he has never learned the highly important trick of announcing oneself a genius, whether you are a genius or not, which, mostly you are not.

Genius is an eccentricity or a disease like a hair-lip or a club-foot or some deformity the victim may succeed in hiding if he is lucky; but it is an ailment, impairment or malformation which is so far from being an aid in making a living, getting along with people or finding sympathy and understanding among normal folk that the unhappy victim will sometimes resort to the most desperate expedients to disguise the fact that he is a genius, i.e., not a normal person—as when George Gordon, afflicted both with a club-foot and poetic genius, tried to make out that he was a runner, a swimmer, an aristocrat who disdained the lackey's talent of writ-

Continued on page 188

Have that healthy **TAN** that Men and Women Admire!



Improves
your appearance

100 PER CENT!

IT'S the first impression that counts! Get that healthy, vital appearance that opens the door to success! Many a man has lost his big chance because his appearance didn't "click." Social as well as business success depends on your looks . . . and the pale, weak, pasty-looking chap won't get to first base.

Now a daily "sun bath" in the privacy of your own home, will keep you looking like a Million Dollars—and feeling as physically fit as you look!

LOOK SUCCESSFUL—BE SUCCESSFUL!

A good, healthy coat of tan has a surprising effect on your appearance. Salesmen find their sales actually increase after they have acquired a real bronze tan! And you will become more popular, for women, too, admire that healthy outdoor look!

IMPROVES HEALTH AS WELL AS APPEARANCE

Frequent exposure to the ultra-violet rays of the sun tones up the entire system, stimulates the body into energy and vitality, increases gland activity, builds up resistance to colds . . . and aids in clearing up many skin diseases.

4 TIMES AS POWERFUL AS SUMMER SUN

Now Health Ray has perfected a new inexpensive sun lamp that will give you the same amount of beneficial ultra-violet rays in 15 minutes that you could get from one hour of clear sunshine in the middle of a summer day. You know what a glorious tan your skin would acquire if you could spend an hour every noon sun-bathing . . . doctors tell you how much physical benefit you would derive. NOW, with the Health Ray Lamp you can get the same healthy tan, build up the same vitality and health in a few minutes morning or evening in your own home.

FULLY GUARANTEED! MAKE THIS FREE TEST!

Test this lamp at our expense NOW! Compact, easy to use, tested and approved . . . it is yours for 7 days FREE trial! This genuine carbon-arc lamp is fully guaranteed. Send for booklet or lamp at once!

FREE TRIAL!

We want you to test the Health Ray Sun Lamp at our expense. If, after using it for 7 days you are not completely satisfied, it won't cost you a cent! Included FREE with every Health Ray Sun Lamp are a pair of eye protectors, and an illustrated descriptive booklet. If you include the full price with order, you will also receive a bottle of sun-tan oil and a box of 10 Super-Tan Carbons free. You are fully protected by our money back guarantee!

THIS LAMP IS LABORATORY TESTED!

The statements in this advertisement are based on the careful tests conducted by the well-known Electrical Testing Laboratories of New York. Their report is available on request.

INEXPENSIVE HEALTH INSURANCE FOR EVERY MEMBER OF YOUR FAMILY



Build up your resistance and vitality so that your system will more easily throw off germs and poisons.

Remarkable results have been obtained by the use of ultra-violet rays in the treatment of rickets in children.



\$1.00 DOWN PAYMENT BUYS IT!

HEALTH RAY MFG. CO., INC.
371 Elm Street, Deep River, Conn.
(Check below for free literature or Sun Lamp)

- ☐ Send full details of FREE trial offer.
☐ Send Health Ray Lamp at once. I enclose \$1. In 7 days I will either pay \$6.95 or return the lamp and receive my dollar back.

Name Please write Mr., Mrs., or Miss

Address



Englishmen planning winter holidays to the warm climates were the first to find this tropical island in the West Indies, and since then many Americans have made it their headquarters during the winter months. The fashions there are colorful, unique and above all, comfortable.

SUN WORSHIPERS AT DOCTOR'S CAVE BEACH

WHEN the sun bakes down on Jamaica, the intelligent man defends himself like the one at left. A long glass of planter's punch, a sunshade and tropical clothing. His shirt is made of India madras—the fabric is made in India, but the shirt is made up by West Indian natives. The lightweight trousers may be of any summer fabric—Palm Beach, tropical worsted, cotton, rayon, silk or mixtures. The shoes are ideal for vacation wear, reverse calf with

crepe rubber soles and heels. They have a blucher front and no toe cap. The anklets are lightweight wool, ideal for golf and sailing. The Jippa Jappa hat with puggree band, popular among West Indian planters was recently cribbed by tourists. Army officers originated the cool wrist watch band of linen or gabardine. At right, a very coarse cotton madras shirt. The linen shorts with a wide waistband, are right for sailing, fishing, or club wear.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

HANGER INTO BRUSHES

Another one of those multi-use affairs that exploit the ingenuity of the designer. This one is an English importation . . . a black enameled clothes hanger, which, when collapsed, forms a double handle for two brushes, one for clothes, one for hats. Whole thing fits into a leather bag for packing. Good gift for the proverbial traveling man.



AUTO SMOKERS

A lot of prominent men are ordering these monogrammed cigarette boxes to give to their clients for Christmas. Attached to the steering rod of the car, directly beneath the wheel, in a jewel-like monogrammed, air tight case, is a little box which carries 23 fresh, uncrushed cigarettes. One brief touch of the automatic ejector, and out comes a cigarette LIGHTED and ready to smoke. The "Safety in Driving" school will welcome this, for the driver can always keep his hand on the wheel, eyes on the road, none of this fussing around lighting matches or fumbling for cigarettes. The box can be attached in a couple of minutes, and comes in gunmetal with raised silver plate for monogram, bronze, walnut burl, polished chrome or gold plate.



SPRAY, DON'T DAUB

When you give a bottle of perfume, be smart and include an atomizer with it, you'll be doing yourself a favor. Nothing gripes a man more than to have scent shrieking from some specified locality where the little lady has literally poured it on her person. The atomizer makes a subtle fragrance . . . an aura out of a smell, breaking, as it does, each drop into some 2000 atoms. The elaborate cut crystal atomizers shown above give you an idea of how ornamental as well as useful these things can be.



PIPE SCHEMES

If you think a pipe is a prosaic gift, and that a can of tobacco devoid of romance, geeva look at the birdie in the picture. His head, you will note, is a pipe, the body, a can of tobacco (which holds a fine balanced blend of several tobaccos with an aroma sweet as the honey of a bee). The can in which it is packed has a lever lift, which seals the can so completely the tobacco is maintained in the proper humid condition. How would you like a maraschino smoke? A new Corsican briar pipe comes to our attention, cured with a distillate cherry oil to eliminate, they say, all distasteful breaking in. The cherry aroma remains in the pipe for some time.



TWO IN THE PLACE OF ONE

If you are fortunate enough to have a lot of suits, and your closet room is at a premium, you'll be glad to know about these new coat hangers . . . so constructed that two garments hang in the space of one, yet each is always visible and can be reached easily. A flip of the top projects the inner hanger forward so that a pair of trousers or another garment can be placed on it. Another flip returns it to its original flat position. Hanger heads come in red or black bakelite.

VITAMINS FOR POOCHES

Pretty hard to resist a pup when he sits up and pleads for a piece of candy. To avoid this temptation and to keep your dog in good health, buy him a Christmas present of a new dog dessert, a bonbon that will satisfy the gluttonous instincts of the shameless little beggar, yet contribute to his health. Seems that this candy was developed by a leading veterinarian, who endowed it with vitamins A, B, D and G . . . so pure you can eat it yourself! Very effective as a reward for good behavior or in teaching your dog new tricks. Dog trainers use it, and it is also fed to the blue-ribboners in the Royal Kennels of Norway.

The Invisible Corsage That Captivates



*A lovely Perfume
for a
Junior Madonna*

XMAS BELLS

\$4.50 \$12.50 \$20.00



1811

\$4.50 \$12.50 \$20.00

For the modern girl of good taste who instinctively knows the what and when of clothes, words and actions, Molinard suggests two intimate perfumes . . . Xmas Bells, a gay festive odeur for romantic holiday evenings . . . and 1811, the most unusual and the newest of the preferred outdoor odeurs.

Both of these special perfumes are bottled and sealed in France and are obtainable at the better stores everywhere.

The guiding star in the Christmas heavens this year leads the modern wise man to purchase perfumes by Molinard for his lovely lady.

PARFUMS DE

Molinard

GRASSE  PARIS

NEW YORK SALON . . . 610 FIFTH AVENUE

Skipper preview by

BURDINE'S of Miami

Most significant showing of new beach and sportwear is staged each year by Burdine's of Miami. Here next summer's styles for the whole country are given their initial presentation. Outstanding among the offerings for the new season are these Skipper Fashions originated by Wilson Brothers in collaboration with Burdine's.



his Beach Set is one of the smash hits among the new Skipper Fashions by Wilson Brothers. The deep contrasting tone of the shirt's half sleeves and neck edging is matched in the pleated shorts. The shirts—as right for golf, boating and lounging as for the beach—are knit in fine yarns, \$1 to \$2.50. The shorts in cotton or pure worsted gabardine, \$2 to \$6.



brevity is again the soul of men's swim trunks. This new short-cut Skipper model (by Wilson Brothers) is knit in sturdy wool—as comfortable as a good coat of tan. Medium width belt. Built-in supporter. \$2.50 and up.

(Continued in column 4)

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from pages 108-185

ing poetry and a friend and champion of the common man in lands shackled by tyranny. Sometimes a genius, like Byron, will admit he has the disease when he becomes celebrated for it and, moreover, he will cultivate the idea and try to live up to the popular conception of it. And then his genius deserts him and he ends by acting the rôle of the romantic Lord Byron, the beautiful and dissolute aristocrat at whose feet beautiful women threw themselves in windrows, and who, if pressed, would acknowledge that he had a ridiculous and unimportant "accomplishment," like his footman's conjuring, of making rhymes. While Byron was thus playing the ham, bailiffs were on his every doorstep, his title and estates were bankrupt, and genius, also, he no longer had. But the phony geniuses are legion and they cash in on announcing frequently that they are geniuses or getting press-agents to do it for them.

I hereby accuse Jack Woodford of being a genius. He will probably sue me. He will probably claim that he had to buy up every copy of *ESQUIRE* in a radius of 150 miles from Hollywood to keep this stigma from ever coming to the eye or ear of a producer, for the one word producers have come to loathe and shudder at the very sound of, next to "turkey," is "genius." Even so: the producer can now hear *Variety's* pronouncement on his newest release, "It's a turkey," and he can go ahead and try to make a new picture which won't be such a turkey; but there is not a damned thing he can do if he is stuck when a literary ballyhoo in the East has said, "He's a genius" and the producer has grabbed the genius on a long-time contract at \$5,000 a week—and has got nothing in return but an essay about a bee and denunciations of producers and Hollywood at mass-meetings of the Screen-Writers' Guild.

Mais, j'accuse! I accuse that genius, Jack Woodford, of being a genius. I am not a genius but I hate to think what would happen (happily it wouldn't pay Jack Woodford to do this even if he were a mind to) if he should go to the editor of this magazine and say, "Here. I want to go on a vacation. I want to stop knocking off two motion picture originals before breakfast, three short-shorts and one novelette before noon, five assorted articles for the specialized magazines, two westerns and three true confession stories in the afternoon and listening to supervisors all evening who want to work into the originals I wrote before breakfast the hit gags they remember out of *Captain Blood*, *Intolerance*, *The Birth of a Nation*, *Tea for Two*, *The Informer* and *Ruggles of Red Gap*.

"I want a rest from hearing a producer who has just seen the première of *Last Train from Madrid* and has heard from his

secretary that all the critics say it is tops, come in and say, 'I have got the inspiration from a great title. Nu. *Lest Belloon from Sacramento*. Magneificent! I want you should write me a screech from det engle.'

"I propose, while I am resting, to write you a Rascoe department that is better than Rascoe is writing, a Nathan department that is better than Nathan is writing, a Seldes department better than Seldes is writing, a Levin department better than Levin is writing and, if you ever decide to use serials, I will throw you in not only a better parody of Hemingway than John O'Hara and Jim Cain can write but a better parody of Hemingway than Hemingway himself can write. Every month. That is to say three weeks before the deadline, that is also to say four weeks before any of these birds ever get in their copy."

As I say, I hate to think what would happen if Jack Woodford should make this proposal because the editor, knowing Woodford's ability and capacity, might take him on, except out of fear that Woodford might add, "Just so I won't be too idle . . . Idle hands you know, ha! ha! . . . I'll do your work too while you take time off to get acquainted with your family."

I spoke of *Volunteer in Spain* a while back. All I ask of you is that you get it and read it. It will give you pause, at least; I think it will bring you anguish and a sense of terror, and a sense of gratitude that young men should so bravely want to die for a principle that they too often discover is a will-o'-the-wisp before a bullet strikes them dead . . . I found these books not only held me from first page to last but to be books I would want to keep on my shelves to read or dip into again and again: *Andrew Jackson* (Bobbs, Merrill, \$5) by Marquis James; *Such Counsels You Gave Me* (Random House, \$2.50), shorter poems by Robinson Jeffers which I find more to my taste and appreciation than his *Roan Stallion* and *Tamar*, although I liked them too; *The Guggenheims* (Covici-Friede, \$3) by Harvey O'Connor, a thrilling and minutely documented story of the rise of an industrial barony in America from the arrival of a Jewish pack-pedlar in Philadelphia after fleeing from persecution in Switzerland; *Brittany Patrol* (Norton, \$3.50) by H. Wickliff Rose, the story of the "suicide fleet" which patrolled the coast of France in search of German submarines which were sinking merchant vessels and transports of the allies; *London Music in 1888-1889* (Dodd, Mead, \$2.50) by Bernard Shaw, a collection of the reviews and articles written by Shaw under the pseudonym, Corno Di Bassetto and under his own name, plus some other hitherto uncollected Shaviana. #

Skipper Preview (continued)



the Bush Country of India and Africa inspired this new Bush Shirt. It's an adaptation (by Wilson Brothers) of the coat worn by British planters and officers on leave—tailored in cool summer fabrics. Four roomy military-style pockets and a buckle belt. An instant favorite for active sports or lounging. May be worn over a shirt, if desired. \$2.50 and up.



the "In-and-Out" shirt (right) is having its biggest season. May be worn outside (as pictured) or tucked in. This new open-throat Skipper model has half-sleeves, two full-cut pockets and bark buttons. Tailored in open-weave peasant cloth, \$2. (Left) Collared polo shirt with Continental wide-spaced stripes. Quarter sleeves. \$1.50.

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Also makers of Faultless Nobelt Pajamas,
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A Lucky Day for Private Smoot

Continued from page 47

stealin' them mines. This travel are was all about savages and cannibal islands and things, something it told was a new one on me. It told a good thing to know. And that is that cannibals is got a whole lot more principles than peope think, because a cannibal will never eat a friend."

"A cannibal will never eat a friend?" Smoot repeated. "Well, I don't see how you figger that is a good thing to know. What good can it do to you? How does that teach you education?"

"Well..." Corky knew what he meant, but found it somewhat difficult to express. "Well, Jeez, anybody can see how it's a good thing. For instance if you would be caught on some cannibal island by mistake or something you'd be pretty glad to know how if you would make friends with the chief or somebody it would save your life, because it is a fact that a cannibal will never eat a friend."

"That's all right," said Smoot. "But—"

A shrill whistle sounded through the barracks.

"Wow!" shouted someone. "There she goes, boys. Payday. That's us."

"Let's go," said Edwards to his men. "And remember. There's a strict regulation no gamblin' within the limits of the post. Anybody's caught gamblin' is only gettin' his own can in a sling."

"You playin' the big blackjack game down in the barber shop, Corp?"

"Well," the corporal defended himself mildly, "if I didn't make a little extra jack I don't know how I'd ever get through the month. I have got the biggest bunch of moochers in my squad maybe in the whole service. My Presto-Shino bill alone would buy a house and lot."

"Pay day," Smoot adjusted his cap a fraction of an inch. "Pay-day," he murmured sadly. "It don't mean no hell of a lot to me."

What I'd like to see is a moving picture which teaches you education on how to have some money comin' the first of the month."

"All right. Line up!" the First Sergeant bawled. "In the order you signed the payroll. And don't let me catch anybody duckin' his bills."

The company was paid in the dayroom. Several stacks of crisp new green bills, a heavy regulation .44 automatic, and a black satchel containing the rest of the post payroll lay before the lieutenant from the Finance Department. Beside him an assistant checked off his lists. A sentry

stood at the head of the long writing table. The men filed by alphabetically, and the lieutenant efficiently counted his money out. Beside the paymaster sat the Company Commander, who rigorously collected what was due the canteen. The barber and tailor also sat with their lists before them. From the foot of the table the First Sergeant surveyed closely the transactions which took place as the soldiers filed through the inexorable gantlet.

"Just like I thought," said Smoot, examining two lonely looking bills, a five and a one, as he left the table and joined Ortwin and Corky in the hall. "After I am paid off my private debts I will have a dollar and sixty cents left."

"Me, I got five whole bucks," said Ortwin.

"I had twelve berries a minute ago," said Corky. "Now I got only six. It's like a strong sun it evaporates up some pond or something. You ain't got no idea where the hell it went, all you know is it's gone."

"Five bucks is a lot o' money at that," Ortwin decided. "I guess I am all set to go to town. Boy, these bills is sure nice and shiny. Anyway, the army they always gives you brannew money, that's something."

"It won't buy no more than crummy old money, though," said Smoot.

"Well, it's more sanitary. People gets disease offn from money lots of times."

"Not me," said Smoot. "I ain't never got hold of enough money from which a person he could be liable to ketch some disease offn."

"I guess," said Corky, sitting carefully on the edge of his bunk in order not to disturb the marble smoothness of its blanket, "I guess I will take these here six bucks downtown and order me a double porterhouse steak and some lobster

and choeklit layers cake and take in this William Powell and let it go at that."

"That ain't no sense," said Smoot. "You will only bust open your stummick with indigestion or get cramps eatin' such rich food. Just lissen at this here. Orty, he's got five bucks and you got six bucks and I got a dollar sixty, that's twelve sixty. With a pool like that we could run it up in a game, it's possibly, to one hundred bucks or something, comin' to about thirty-three berries apiece. With that kind of money we could go downtown and tear up a few sidewalks. We could all lay into a



Continued on page 190

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A Lucky Day for Private Smoot

Continued from pages 47-189

couple o' double porterhouse steaks."

Ortwingle liked the idea well enough, but he felt there was something wrong with the mathematics of the thing. "But how about we put in more money than you puts in, only we don't get no more out of it?"

"Well, I guess if my idea ain't worth somethin' I will go off and read a book I got somewhere and let the whole thing go," Smoot shrugged.

"Who is gonna play this here money?" inquired Corky, his mouth watering in spite of his sturdy resolution to eschew all forms of gambling, with special reference to craps.

"I will play it," said Smoot. "Something a feeling is in the air which I got a hunch this might be my lucky day."

"Blackjack?"

"Crap is quicker," said Smoot. "I am craving suddenly for action. When I am craving suddenly for action I almost always wins."

"Crap is quicker also to lose," said Corky. "Last month my eleven bucks disappeared in a half an hour."

"Well," Smoot argued logically enough, "it is just as gone no matter how slow you lose it."

"Yeah. There is something in that," said Ortwingle.

Twenty minutes later they returned to the deserted squad room. "I wish," said Smoot, "I woulda went and bought me a couple sacks of smokin's while I still had that dollar and sixty."

"How about me!" Corky exclaimed. "I was gonna eat a double porterhouse steak and some lobster and chocklit layers cake and take in this William Powell!"

"You would only get cramps or bust open your stummick with indigestion."

"I went and tole you craps was dynamite," Corky mourned.

"That's right," said Ortwingle. "You said it. No more craps for me. I thought we was gonna win one hundred berries or I would never put up my five bucks. Five bucks is a lot of money. All bran-new bills, too."

They sat and stared at the spotless barrack floor, varying degrees of dejection spread over their features. Smoot sighed deeply, remembering that it had been his idea. He felt required to inject a note of cheer somehow. "Well, boys," he said, "once I was readin' in some story which it says that money ain't always everything."

"What is that, a joke?" said Corky.

"No, it is philosophy, like. This story told how some guy went and lost all his money playin' the races or something and he was gonna kilt hisself, only he remembered all the things that is free in the world, like fresh air and sunshine and walkin' around and talkin' to people and lookin' at the scenery. So he didn't kilt hisself after all and turned out to be some genius

he wrote poetry and got famous and fell in love with somebody's daughter and they had six children."

"Fine," said Ortwingle. "You want us we should sit around and write poetry and get six children? It ain't make sense, that story. Six children! The guy woulda been better off to of kilt hisself in my opinion."

"Sure," said Corky. "I don't wanna look at no free scenery. I wanna look at this new William Powell picture. That guy can take off anything."

"Say!" Smoot exclaimed, his face brightening. "Look, I got a swell idear. This idear is we'll go down to the barber shop and borry five bucks from the Corp. The Corp isn't gonna turn down no fellers from his own squad which it is only payday and they ain't got no cent even to see a movie."

"All right," Corky said. "We'll let you go down and borry this money from the Corp yourself seein' how you got it figgered it's your lucky day." He grinned. "A minute ago you was cravin' suddenly for action. Well, the Corp's all yours. Let's see some action."

Corporal Edwards had a pile of half dollars stacked on the blanket before him. He played them conservatively as the dealer tossed around the cards.

"Say, Corp," said Private Smoot.

"Twenty-one," said the corporal, and the dealer threw over his win. "What?"

"Us three guys, Corky and Ortwingle and me, we kinda got unlucky in a crap game, and we was figgerin' if it's all right we hafta go down and see this William Powell we need some jack about five or ten bucks it ain't just the thing bein' clean on payday, whadaye say, Corp?"

"Again?" Edwards looked up. "Maybe I look like the whole damn Rothschild family. Yeah, hit me," he told the dealer. "All right, that's plenty."

"How about it, Corp? Five bucks will maybe be okay."

The corporal handed Smoot four of the half dollars. "You just paid me off the two bucks you owed me from last month. Now, an hour later, you come and borrow it back. That leaves me holdin' somethin' that looks like the bag."

"Jeez, Corp. Thanks. We won't forget you for this."

"And I won't forget you, Smoot. I'll dream about you when I'm in my grave."

"Well," asked Corky and Ortwingle in unison when he returned, "d'ya get it?"

"Sure," said Smoot, smiling happily. "Ain't I tole you this is my lucky day?"

"Boy, now we can see this show I'm been talkin' about!" cried Corky.

"I hope it's a comedy, though," said Smoot. "A guy is gotta get a laugh for himself onct in a while."

"You said it," said Ortwingle. "That's the way I figger it, too." #

The Five-Pengö Girl

Continued from page 54

bridge above the Danube.

It would have been supercilious inhumanity on my part to preach this poor, ignorant girl a sermon on chastity and virginity. Rather, since that had been her own approach, I began discussing the financial aspects of the affair:

"Don't do that, my girl, it really doesn't pay. Men are all poor nowadays; they haven't got the money to keep mistresses."

The girl's answer to this was that she was very modest. Without taking her eyes off her shoes, she said softly:

"Five pengös a week would be enough for me to live on . . ."

I held my hand to my ear as if I hadn't heard her correctly:

"How much?"

Now she fixed the persecuted glance of her dark eyes on me:

"Five pengös!" she said more loudly, but still very scared. "Do you think it's too much? . . ."

"Hell, no!" I was getting mad. "Don't feed me that stuff! How could any grown-up person possibly exist on five pengös a week?"

Then she explained to me that it would be quite sufficient for her. She gave me accurate figures. For her bed she had to pay two pengös a week in the boarding house run by a pensioned railwayman and his wife.

She cooked where she lived, on the people's small stove. Sixteen fillérs for two kilos of potatoes; twenty-six fillérs for ten decas of butter; fifteen fillérs for a kilo of frozen apples; and the street vendors give one a whole capful of peanuts for ten fillérs. Even the amortization of cosmetics was included in the five pengös. So much to be set aside for soap per week; so much for tooth paste . . .

I couldn't be convinced.

"And what about clothes?" I asked inimically. "You have to have some kind of clothes, don't you?"

She shuddered as if she had been caught in a lie, and raised her budget penitently:

"With clothes it's six . . . Six-fifty . . . I would save the one-fifty every week . . . It really wouldn't take long to save up a very nice sum that way . . ."

Some kind of bad conscience began pricking me in the nose. It occurred to me that the night before I had lost just enough on cards to pay for this girl's board for six months . . . That her weekly budget would amount to just about one dollar in American money . . .

I crawled out of bed and scraped out of my trouser pocket the change left in it. I had fifteen pengös. I offered my guest six of them. At first she didn't want to accept.

Then I put the money in her purse by force, and looked around to see what else I could give her. I had a bottle of Cologne water I couldn't use because it was too

smelly; so I gave that to her. She got, in addition, three handkerchiefs, and a pictorial stage magazine. For this last item I felt genuinely sorry because I had done half of the crossword puzzle in it.

She started to cry. This was too much for me; so I sent her away.

Then, when she had left, I called up the doorman, and even gave instructions to the bell boy; in fact, I told everybody to take a better look next time whom they let in, because I didn't like to be disturbed. But somehow I didn't feel good; I had a hunch that the dark-eyed girl didn't belong to the brotherhood of professional visiting beggars whom I loathe so much.

* * *

It was the end of January when the girl came to see me. Now the affair had an aftermath. Yesterday a small, nicely-wrapped parcel was sent up to my room with the morning mail.

It was an oblong little box wrapped in tissue paper, tied around with a golden thread, with a little bunch of lilies-of-the-valley pinned on its top. It contained twenty decas of assorted cough drops and six shiny silver pengös separately wrapped in tinfoil. There was also a note in the box.

The parcel had been left with the doorman by the five-pengö girl. She told me in the note that I had brought her luck. Already the day after she had been up to see me she had got a job in an automatic buffet.

It was a wonderful place. She was still holding the job. She had been able to save up the six pengös from her salary to pay her debt to me. She had had the money for a week, she said. She wanted to give it to me personally; she had come back to the hotel three times, but they wouldn't let her in. As for the cough drops, I should really try them and I would see that they would help my coughing.

I turned the note over. There was neither name nor address on it. This honest little woman didn't want an answer to her cough drops. The candy had been just interest accrued, a little nicety she had thought of. How much did she have to go without to buy it? . . .

I tried to apologize to myself. Some people guard their money. I had no money; so I tried to guard my privacy. But still I felt lousy when I imagined how the girl had been sent away, perhaps even from my very threshold; how she must have gone down the staircase from the third story, on the thick, ornate carpet held in place by shining brass strips. Poor little wench, she probably didn't even dare open her mouth. . . . Her heart must have been very heavy under her phony velvet coat as she swung outside through the revolving glass door . . . Like mine, now. ‡

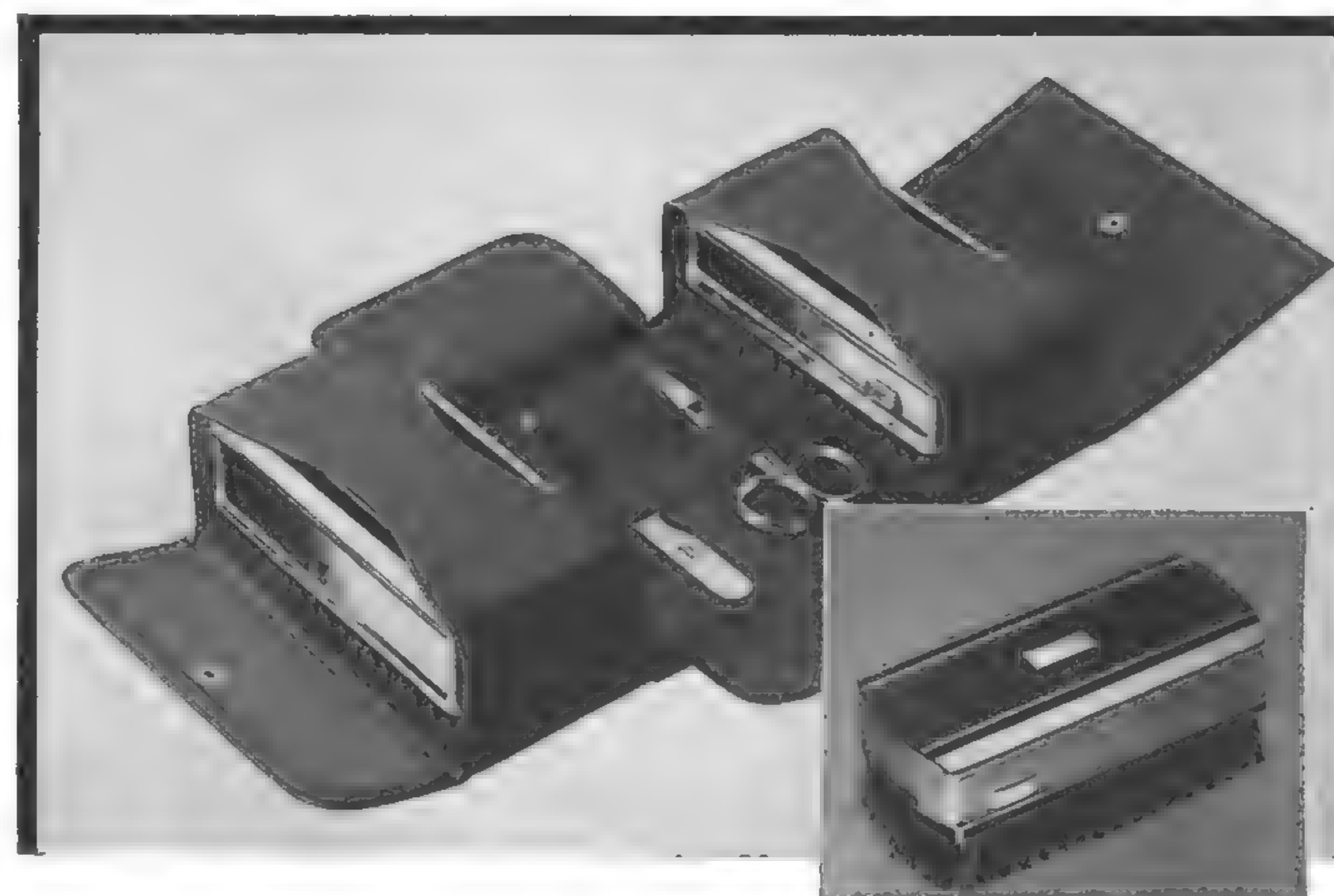


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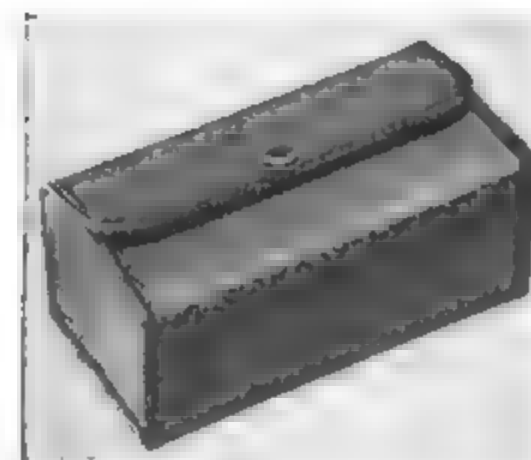
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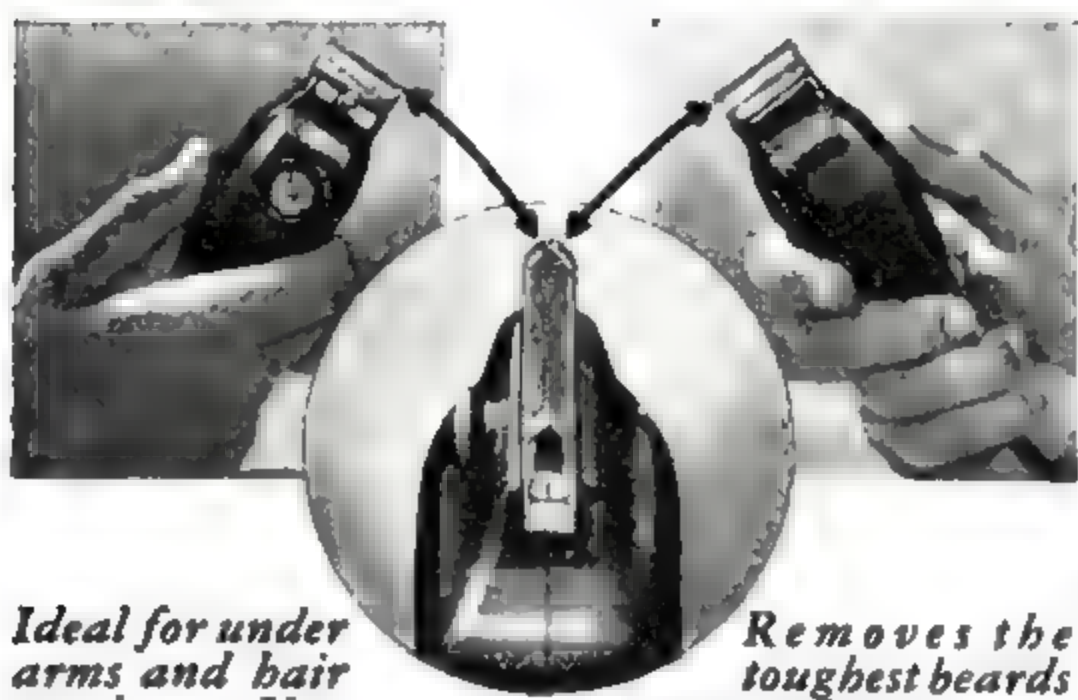


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Without Benefit of Tackle

Continued from page 101

the hunt to be successful, otherwise the flounder is apt to bury himself in the gravel at your approach, leaving only his two eyes staring out of the sand. And you won't know whether you have him or not.

Having stirred up the gravel for a distance upstream, we are ready for the chase. The return trip, by the way, requires considerable agility and is an excellent means of keeping down the waistline. You come downstream on all fours, your palms pressing down flat on the river bottom, your knees wherever they are most comfortable. Dress as you please—or optional, as they say on invitations. Coming down in a swinging arc, like a traveling pendulum, your palms will find the fish. If the hand comes down over the head, you have him, for he will not be able to swim away. Merely close the fingers over the snout, lift out the prize and drop him into your bag. If, however, your hand falls on the tail, you will need both hands to complete the catch. Try lifting the flounder single-handed, and he'll scoot away downstream. Hold his tail, however, and bring the palm of the other hand up under him, and he's yours.

Harry Rand says he has snared forty in a little over a half-hour by this means. Which should prove that it is not as laborious as it sounds. My own record is about twelve in the same time—not spectacular, but quite satisfactory. The novelty of this technique, the actual fun to be had from it is beyond the powers of words to describe. As with all fishing, the joy lies in the doing far more than in the contemplating. The expediency of this diversion speaks for itself. Suppose the wife gets you out for a seaside picnic and insists that for once you leave all tackle behind. You can still get in a little fishing; and what's more, probably enlist the wife and kids in the flounder hunt as well. Literally, it is more fun than a picnic.

The second most common type of hand fishing is for brook and speckled trout, slightly more complicated, and demanding more patience and skill. In a way, it is a lazy man's kind of fishing, for it requires long stretches (though forty or fifty minutes in a fisherman's day could not really be called long) of lying motionless along the shoreline of a stream. I can think of a hundred worse diversions, however.

The method used is known as tickling or "tiggling," as it is sometimes called; and was probably invented a century or two ago by the poacher whose ingenuity has given rise to any number of tricks, some fair, some foul. However, though the principle behind "tiggling" may have been wrong, the method itself is quite legitimate. Let me describe a certain occasion in the life of Jim MacLaren when he was yet a boy

in Scotland. His fishing that day will describe the art better than any formal discourse.

He was on his way to work this bright April morning when a black cat crossed his path. Preferring to lose a day's pay rather than to incur worse disaster, he reversed his direction, and by various circumlocutions through lea and moor, he made his way to the River Teith in the neighborhood of his home in Kilmadock. From the Teith he worked his way along eastward to one of the numerous rills feeding into the mainstream.

The morning was limpid clear. A milky mist wreathed itself about the low-lying hills. Sheepbells and cowbells tinkled in the gorge. Budding bluebells sprinkled a blue haze over the lea along the water's edge. A perfect morning for the fisherman. And Jim wasn't going to let it go to waste. A pair of speckled trout would go well with the bread and butter and tea in his lunch kit. Carelessly, he made his way through the rushes and by the ragged indentations of the shore line until, before noon, he came to a deep cove where the rocks caused the fast water to race even more speedily. He chose a flat rock that sloped into the transparent stream and stretched out flat on his belly. He became as motionless as the stone itself. There he lay peering into the water until he ascertained the presence of several trout slipping in and out the dark shadows under the rocks.

When he had made sure of his grounds, he rolled his sleeve to his shoulder and slipped his hand carefully into the water. It closed over his forearm like a knife slashing across, so cold was it. But he let it linger there until the dark shapes darting excitedly in the shadows ceased to notice it. Warily, he slid it along until it touched the under-surface of the submerged rocks. Now he began to rub until his entire hand was covered with mildew and slime. Again, he passed his hand along in the water with almost feminine gentleness until he had searched out a tiny cave. In this hollow, he rested his hand and let it lie there.

At last, a long slim shape came to rest against the idle hand, made unwary by the coating of slime. Hand and fish remained motionless, one against the other. Then the fingers folded softly under the fish and began a gentle tickling against its belly. Slowly, patiently, the tickling continued. Gradually, the creature grew numb and drowsy. All sense of danger left it. It lolled there against the caressing, moss covered fingers, almost asleep. Then the hand closed over the long slender body—not suddenly—but ever gently, and the trout was lifted from the water.

No sooner was it torn from its customary abode than, naturally, it awoke with a start, squirming, slashing with its tail, fighting as only a speckled trout can fight.

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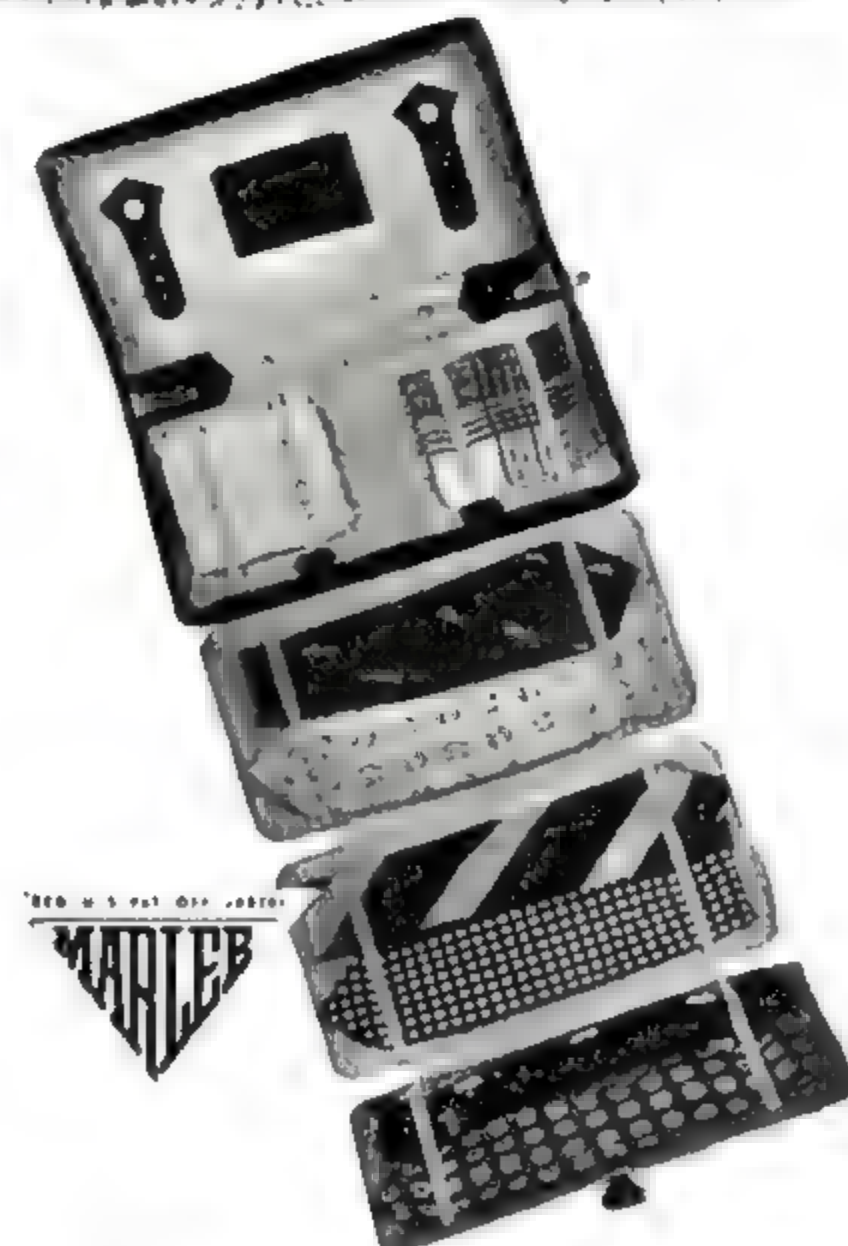
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Only 12x16x4½, yet this neat bag will hold all Pullman requisites. Here is the gift for the "him" on your list who spends half his weekends catching trains to and from you. Pajamas, shirts, ties, sox and business papers all fit in. Toilet articles in chrome, satinwood or ebony on a removable tray that hangs up anywhere. Talon fastened, lock and key.

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But the grip enfolding it was firm. Its suffering lasted but a moment, for Jim had his knife ready.

I don't think I need comment on the pleasures of such an adventure: the joy of watching the sunlight flecking the green waters with sprays of gold; the miracle of color when the darting trout flashes across the sunlight—and your closeup intimacy with it; nor of the pleasure of eating such a catch, smoked over a willow smudge, its freshness and flavor sealed by searing the sides against the flames. And I don't think I need comment on the sheer pleasure of battling the creature at even odds, and of outwitting him. It speaks for itself. It's real sport making a catch this way. Try it once and see. It requires all the skill, the wit, all the resources at the command of the "complete angler." I have caught trout in this fashion in the Berkshires—days among the most pleasant in

my recollection. And once in Fish Lake, Minnesota, when angling for crappies, I found it useful too. That day minnows, angleworms and live crawfish would not lure the crappie. But by coating my hand well with the slime off seaweed (lakeweed to be more accurate) and letting it dangle in the water, I managed to catch enough, lying flat in the boat, for a decent mess.

Let me repeat, I do not offer this as an alternative to the usual ways of fishing. I would be the last to belittle them, and I am as proud of a full tackle box as the next man. But as an added thrill, as a novelty, as a bit of variety and as a test of skill for the occasional day off, I heartily recommend bare-hand fishing. It has all the thrill of the primitive in it, a thrill no outdoor man will readily forego. For, after all, the thing that sends any man outdoors is the primitive urge. ##

The Number One Blight

Continued from page 91

merry peasants (drinking out of empty *papier-mâché* cups) and those duels and those nice long death scenes and all the rest of the phoniness of the opera superimposing itself on the more bearable, but still essential phoniness of the musical movie. The mind, if sternly applied to this prospect, rebels.

You have noted that Jascha Heifetz has been signed by Mr. Goldwyn for something musical in the great line. It is quite within the bounds of possibility that the movies will record great symphonic music and, as they will get a couple of Pulitzer Prize winners and a European musical authority to work on the script, they will supply a good story and millions of people will sit through the picture and have to listen to sections, at least, of the *Pathétique Symphony*. (And I'll bet you that the pictures will presently call it 'Tschaikowski's Fifth or Sixth or whatever it is, and leave to dolts like me the common name for it.) I'm neither predicting failure nor saying that the thing ought not to be done. But if it is done, let's have the picture in a Music Appreciation course, let's not kid ourselves that it is at all the same thing as a good movie. Unless the directors and producers discover how to make music and to make movies at the same time.

It is not beyond their capacities. Remember that for several years they didn't know how to make sounds and movies at the same time; remember, for contrast, that they have learned, in recent months, to project ideas and movement simultaneously, so that you get an un hoped for, almost unbelievable work like the *Life of Emile Zola* in which Mr. Paul Muni stands up and talks one of the longest speeches of stage or screen and yet the movement of the story, the movement of the picture never falters. If they can do this, why can't they have a soprano or a baritone get up and

sing two stanzas of a song without killing the whole picture, without breaking up all its illusion and having to start you laboriously from the void, building it up again? Consider a positive stroke of genius in an otherwise moderately well-made picture—the speech which Katherine Hepburn delivers at the very end of *Stage Door*, with herself either invisible or seen at a great distance, as if you were standing way back in a vast auditorium and she at the footlights. It is tremendously moving, because Miss Hepburn's voice at that point is miraculously warm and thrilling—and *because she isn't there* visibly to act, but lets the voice and the words carry the whole tragedy. If they can do that, which is substantially projecting a brief operatic aria, why can't they do it with music?

Maybe that's the answer, that the music gets in their way. Maybe the producers and directors know the simple truth that music doesn't require anything added in order to be complete, anything they can show on the screen, so they aren't skilful about handling this element. That might explain the dreadful fumbling which went on when Hollywood discovered that you could set whole streets of Italians to singing and have a Metropolitan star warble at them from a balcony and then promptly proceeded to throw away everything known of the business of making good movies, just to exploit a throat which was just as effective on the air. But nothing can explain the degeneracy of the intellect which sets in when men who have made movies of the first class, in comedy or drama or melodrama, take a musical under their wing and become sub-moronic in their technique. All they seem to know is that because it's a musical, the cost is going to be terrific, so they've got to insure themselves. With what? With the Ritz Brothers, God help us. ##



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BY
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Novel Divorce

Continued from page 92

Sunday ministers all over the United States preached on "The Shame of Divorce," or "What About the Children?" and mentioned the *Looking Glass* picture. Many indignant letters appeared in the "People's Column," most of them signed "Respectable" or "Mother," calling upon the city, state and nation to do something to prevent the blasting of young and innocent lives like that of the Elwood baby.

Through the summer the battle progressed. Mrs. Elwood was no longer as vituperative in the press as she had been. But the reason soon became known. She was busy on a book. It came out at the end of August and was a novel entitled *Marriage Mistake*. The characters in it were cleverly disguised, the leading male being a well known author named Vance Woodell, who was lured away from his wife by a society siren named Elsie Edith Baxter. But notwithstanding this, and the further fact that the publisher insisted in a heavy-type note on the flyleaf that "all the characters in this book are purely fictitious and have no existence in real life," the public was not at all fooled. The things said about "Woodell" and "Miss Baxter" caused both Elwood and Miss Gaxton to remain secluded for a week or two after the book appeared.

Finally Minninger got in to see Elwood. The latter smiled. "What's the difference what she says?" he asked scornfully. "No one will ever read it."

He was wrong. It sold over two hundred thousand copies. Minninger was careful to keep Elwood informed of the progress the book was making. And the more it sold, the more enraged Elwood became. "Maybe I'll have something to say soon," he remarked.

Minninger called again about a week later. Elwood would not see him. Minninger tried to push his way past the author's secretary, but didn't succeed. He stormed and threatened. When these tactics also failed, he asked the secretary if he would take a note up to Elwood for him. The secretary returned a few moments later with a note: "Sorry I haven't any story today. Am working on a book in answer to my wife's."

Minninger grinned. No story! None of these writing birds knew a story if it came up to them and socked them on the nose.

"It's a pip," the city editor told Minninger the following day. "Best thing you ever did."

The book, published six weeks later, was entitled, *False Love—A Novel of Betrayal*. Miss Gaxton was now Edith Louise Axtell—one of the sweetest characters of the current crop of fiction—and Mrs. Elwood, Mrs. Dellow—one of the sourest. But the public, never as stupid as it is generally assumed to be, had no difficulty in seeing through the deception. Undoubtedly the publisher's con-

tention that all the characters were fictitious showed that he himself had been fooled.

Mrs. Elwood was shown the book the following day. The A. P. man who handed it to her was told to come back in the afternoon after she had read it. He came as directed, came to face a tense, red-eyed woman who had undoubtedly been crying. She handed the reporter a written statement which said in effect that she was quite sure that the great American public, with its often-demonstrated love of fair play, would not read such an outrageous and scurrilous attack upon the character of a lady. But there were at least a quarter of a million who did, not to mention two million readers of the *Metropolitan News-Express*, which bought the serial rights after bidding against several other big dailies which wanted them.

No one who knew the petite but peppery Gaxton woman, with her heritage of a fighting father, expected her to remain quiescent under attack. Her novel, *But I Love Him*, came out a few weeks after Mrs. Elwood's appeared. The heroine, Louise Elsa Haxter, a noted socialite but still a very fine character, fell in love with a noted author named Vincent Ellery, who was somewhat of a roué but, under it all, a man of splendid instincts, notwithstanding his constant bedevilment by his shrewish wife, Leclair.

The latter finally got what she deserved, being forced to yield her place to the sweet and understanding Miss Haxter.

Miss Gaxton insisted that none of her characters were drawn from real life. But again the public knew better. A day or two after the book appeared Miss Gaxton departed for Europe, "on the verge of a nervous breakdown," the *Looking Glass* said.

Sitting in her hotel room in Paris about two weeks later, Miss Gaxton heard a knock at her door. "Entrez," she called.

The door opened slowly. Miss Gaxton blinked and looked again. There in the doorway stood Claire Elwood!

For a few seconds the two women stood staring at each other. Then they rushed together. "Elsa!" Mrs. Elwood exclaimed, throwing her arms around the still surprised woman.

"Claire Elwood, you darling!" Miss Gaxton said, holding her close, and then, "What in Pete's name are you doing in Paris?"

"Couldn't stand Reno any longer. Just had to get away."

"I know," said Elsa sympathetically. "Lousy town, isn't it? Stopped over there once to see a friend."

"Terrible," Claire replied. "Would have come back long ago, but I knew that Vince was sticking it out by himself until we could all get our manuscripts finished and I didn't want to be a

quitter. So I just stuck it out too."

"Good old sport," said Elsa. "Books going swell, aren't they?"

"Knocking 'em dead. Ought to clean up at least a hundred thousand out of them. Vince says we will if yours goes as well as ours."

"Where'd you leave Vince?"

"He's in Hollywood."

"Hollywood!"

"Yep, Hollywood. They called him in to help with the last scene of my betrayal." They both grinned. "But he'll be over in a week or two, just as soon as he

finishes the last book."

"Has he thought of a title for it yet?"

"Yes. He's calling it *Reconciliation*. What do you think?"

"Swell. But I'm afraid we won't be able to use Minninger for any more publicity."

"No? Why not?"

"Because he's quit his job to write a book."

"What kind of a book?" Claire demanded.

"It's called, *The Truth About the Elwood Case*," said Elsa. #

What and Why Is a Polyp?

Continued from page 59

important point, and you cannot expect to be graduated from Polyp 1 until you have mastered its deep significance. To a man, the line is not only symbolic of successful mass movement, but is the cornerstone upon which modern civilization rests and is the only solution to many of the complexities thereof. Long experience has taught him that he will get his ticket quicker by standing in line than by futile mass assault. He knows that mass assault at ticket windows (or bank windows or any other kind of a window) is no more productive of results than was the maneuver of the famous general of the Napoleonic wars who was described by an enthusiastic historian as having mounted his horse and dashed off furiously in all directions.

Man has stood in line for centuries in the armies of the world. In our modern mechanized civilization he spends a large part of his life, in the aggregate, standing in some kind of a line. He realizes its inevitability, and takes it in stride because it is, at its worst, a lesser evil.

But the polyp has no feeling for lines. She thinks lines are made for the convenience of persons who would not know what to do if left to their own resources. The people who stand in them plainly are fools: they do not know where the ticket window is, and can reach it only by this silly, sheep-like procedure. At any rate they are loafers who have nothing better to do, while she has so many, many things on her mind.

The queer part of it is that polyps not only wish to get to the window ahead of all other polyps, but each considers it her inalienable right to do so. This, of course, is beyond all possible understanding if we are to continue to—in our own way—defend the polyp. The polyp stands alone, not only among all people, but among all polyps, and this is pretty bad. It is especially noticeable in stores. She demands the instant and unequivocal attention of the first clerk she sees, although he manifestly is fully engaged at the moment with one or more others. This brings us to a point where it is difficult to excuse her on any basis. If the species would stand together against the world, our imagination, if not our downright admiration, might be stirred. But

the polyp, alas, is a cannibal. And right there we wash our hands of polyps.

Now we come to the final phase of our investigation. This is the inevitable question. What is to be done about it? This must be faced.

Man is up against the polyp, and there is no point in pretending that he is not. For these many years he has taken off his hat in the elevator, only to have it crushed, accidentally or on purpose, between two or more polyps. He has permitted her to violate lines, and has begged her pardon when she backs up and stands on his feet while she does it. He has offered her a seat in the bus, only to be frowned upon as a suspicious character with an ulterior motive. (Just what this ulterior motive might be, never has been satisfactorily explained.)

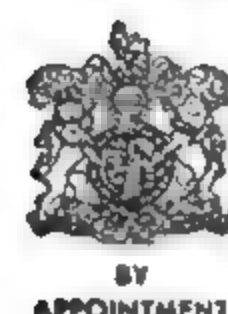
The ordinary man, looking upon the spectacle of the polyp afield, is torn between conflicting emotions. On the one hand he realizes that the moment she withdraws from public circulation she will become the personification of self-effacement and sacrifice—indeed, that all day long, through all her trials and tribulations, and the trials and tribulations she plasters on others, she simply has been fighting to get home in time to put the potatoes on for supper.

The other emotion, which is powerful, is the impulse to slap her good and hard on her ample bottom.

To get to the bottom (the other bottom) of this, let us keep in mind that the polyp is quite apart from anything found elsewhere in nature. She is, at the moment, neither man nor woman, bird nor beast, nor for that matter is she a true fish. Perhaps she is something from Mars.

It seems that the only sensible guide to man's deportment when he meets this creature wallowing through traffic is to take his experience in the strictly scientific spirit.

Let him walk straight ahead, holding at arm's length before him a long sharp sword. That way he can pick up quite a few choice specimens by nightfall. It's best to throw away the larger and tougher ones, keeping only those that scream when pinched. If they scream when pinched, they are ready for the frying pan. #



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Gabby, the Work Horse

Continued from page 70

Percheron, from his penchant for going to the fat stock shows in the winter and admiring the big fat horses. On the long three-day train ride to the coast, the late Eddie Sullivan, Chicago sports writer, tried to start up a conversation with the rookie, but fearing to seem too fresh, Hartnett was reticent. Finally Sullivan blurted: "Gee, you're a gabby guy. You never say anything." From that ironic remark was coined a sobriquet that will go down in the game with Babe, Ty, Tris, et al.

Hartnett had a close call from getting the door shut in his face at the very start of his magnificent career.

But fortunately the Irish fighting qualities of Jack Doyle came to his rescue. Bill Killefer, who was manager of the Cubs then, had decided to send Hartnett down to Los Angeles. But Doyle insisted that they give him a trial first. So Gabby was assigned to catch the great Grover Cleveland Alexander in an exhibition game at Los Angeles. The night before the game Doyle talked with Gabby, telling him just what kind of balls Alex would throw at him, and just how to catch them.

The next day Gabby peeled off a single, triple and homer at the plate, and handled Alex like a veteran receiver. After the game Alexander himself came in with the verdict that stuck—"He'll do!"

Hartnett opened the season for the team catching Alexander at Cincinnati in 1922 in the first major league game he had ever seen, and the first time he was ever in a big league park. He still has the ball from that game, with the victorious 5-to-3 Cub score written on it. Gabby went "four for 0" that day. His first big league hit came in the next series when he was sent in to pinch hit for Vic Aldridge down at St. Louis. In the sixth inning with two men on base, Killefer warmed up a pitcher under the stands and sent in Hartnett to hit for the pitcher. Bill Bailey, a southpaw, was pitching for the Cards, and Gabby got ahold of one right and drove it far into right center. He was so busy watching the ball sail that he tripped over first base and nearly sprawled, but recovered in time to leg it for third base where he arrived safely.

That first year in the majors, after only one year in minor league ball when he caught 100 games at Worcester and hit .264, Gabby caught only thirty-one games for the Cubs and batted only .194. The next year he caught 85 games and hit .268, and since then has been the Cubs' first-string catcher with the exception of 1929, when he was laid up with a sore arm. He came back the next season, however, for his best season up to that time, catching 141 games and hitting .339 with a total of 37 home runs.

Since then he has been the star of Cub triumphs in 1932 and

1935. Asked what was the reason for his improved hitting with the years, he explained: "It's keeping in condition, keeping off that rubbing table. The best thing I ever did was when I got married. I'd been a better ball player if I'd got married five years sooner. When you see a ball player who's settled down saving his money you see a good ball player. When they blow in their money they get to worrying and it ruins 'em."

Gabby is now the proud father of two children, a boy and a girl, and has a big home on Chicago's North Shore. In the winter time he carries on a successful insurance business, though he doesn't "work" at it. He has a good time, jovial social fellow that he is, even in the winter when baseball is dormant.

Born on December 20, 1900 at Woonsocket, Rhode Island, he comes of hardy stock. There are fourteen children in the family—seven consecutive boys and then seven consecutive girls. Gabby is the oldest. Soon after his birth, the family moved to Millville, and there he began playing baseball in grammar school. At the age of sixteen he caught a big league pitcher, the famous Ernie Shore, then the star of the Boston Red Sox. Shore was imported to pitch a special game for the Millville Bluejays, for whom Hartnett was the catcher. The night after this game, Gabby, who had taken the old Indian catcher "Chief" Myers as his idol, took down with the mumps, and to this day he has never received the three dollars promised him for catching that game.

Needless to say that after sixteen years in the majors, many of them as one of the highest paid men in the league, he is not in dire straits over that early remuneration. And Leo is one successful guy the home town is not jealous of. Every time he plays in Boston there is a big delegation up from home to root for him. Their favorite shout of encouragement to Gabby in the pinch is: "You better sock one, Gabby, or there'll be no beans tonight!"

As far back as 1924 when he beat out Bob O'Farrell as the Cub catcher, Gabby had begun to figure as a home-run hitter with a flurry of ten in the first few weeks of the season. About that time the late John B. Sheridan of St. Louis, who helped so many big league players get started on his famous Wabadas semi-pro team, penned this colorful and prophetic picture of Hartnett:

"I have seen one thing new this spring that has made my heart rejoice—an old-time Irish ball player. He is Catcher Hartnett of the Chicago National league team. Not since Mike Kelly's day have I seen so attractive and potentially star-like a baseball player as Hartnett. He reminds me a lot of the 'only,' oh yes, he was the 'only' Kelly. God rest his beautiful soul.



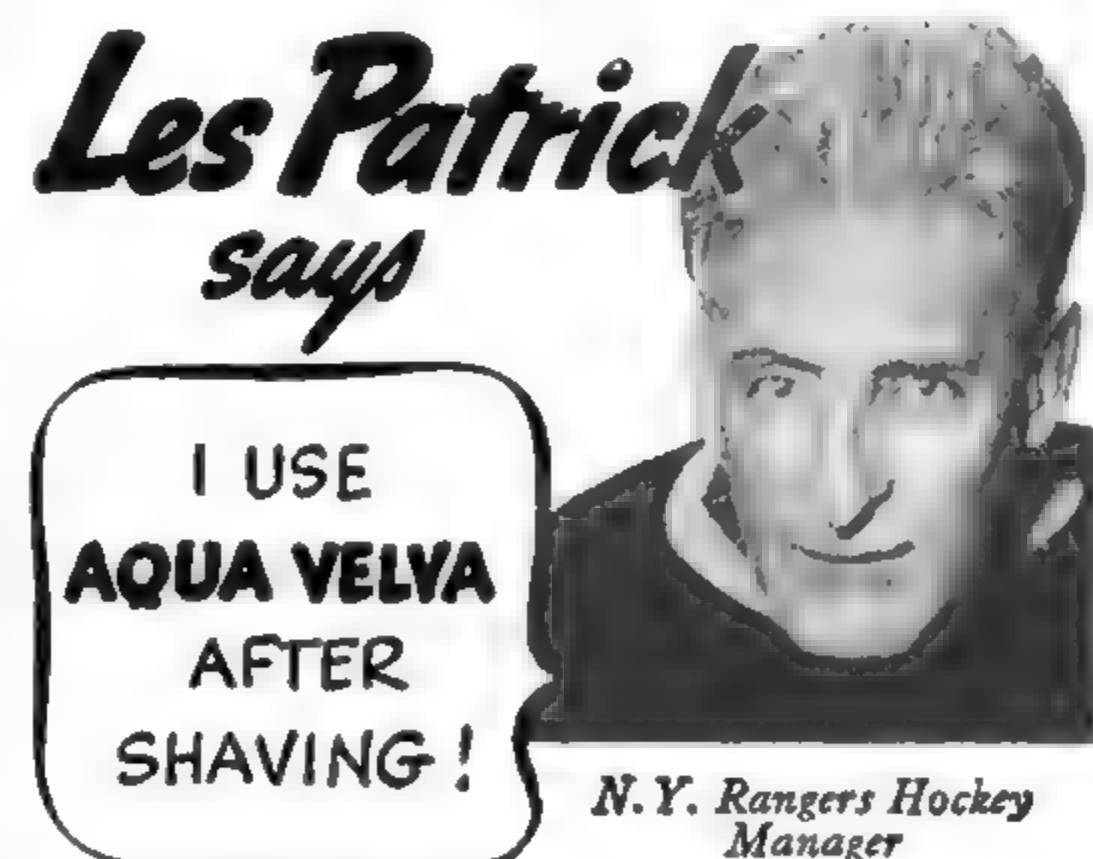
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Tall, muscular, vigorous, alive within and without, active as a cat on his feet for all his 190 pounds, talkative, getting fun out of baseball, making it a game, not ditch-digging as many ball players do . . . Like Kelly, Hartnett seems to think that playing ball is great fun. Which it is. Take fun and sentiment out of baseball and it loses one-half of its attractiveness. He is too modest, is Hartnett, but, oh, I am glad to see the old Irish ball player, the great, big rosy-faced, white-toothed, fair-skinned, dark-haired, blue-eyed athlete back on a ball field once more. I should not be surprised to see Hartnett the most popular ball player in the United States some day not so far from now."

That was prophetic vision. Today Hartnett is one of the most popular players in the game. He gets the biggest hand from all the crowds. Fans new to the game, especially the ladies, say: "I've got my favorite picked out—Gabby Hartnett. He seems to get such a kick out of playing."

And he really does get just as

much of a kick out of it as he seems to. Although he is a great showman, that is genuine to him—that exuberance, and hustle, and boyish good spirits. It is remarkable that he has retained all that good will throughout the years he has smothered his own ambition to manage a ball club while giving his best for another manager.

That in itself speaks the highest for his integrity and character. He has been the team's work horse—when he had other personal ambitions of his own. But he never moped, sulked or let down. He fought for the team, instead of for himself—and that is noteworthy, almost unique in the money-making business of professional sport.

The tall New England Irish lad who left the wire rope factory at Worcester because his ears got cold, has made his career a typical American success story. And he has done more than that—he has made himself one of the most admirable public characters of his time. ##

When I Build a House

Continued from page 67

hearing the beat of rain on a tin roof. No architects can expect the slightest prospect of kidding me into admitting that tin roofs are old-fashioned. I don't insist on tin roofs everywhere, but I do intend to have one over a porch—a roof on the level with my bedroom window, because it is when I am lying in bed that I particularly like to hear this sound. And if it doesn't rain as often as I wish? Well, I may be old-fashioned, but I'm not *that* old-fashioned. Naturally I intend to install a sprinkler system which will supply rains—heavy, light, or medium—as my fancy dictates.

A problem that has long worried me is: How do you get those prongs on the end of a lamp cord into a baseboard socket in the dark? "In the dark" is superfluous, because in the daytime nobody ever notices that the lamp cord has been pulled out to make way for the vacuum cleaner. I know how you *try* to get the prongs back.

You get down on your hands and knees, shove the lamp table to one side, catch the lamp as it is about to fall (if you're lucky), bump your head on the hind leg of the sofa, push the sofa far enough away from the wall to make room for your arm, grab the pronged end of the cord, and start punching blindly at the spot where you think the baseboard socket is.

You continue punching for several minutes over an area of three square feet. Finally, delivering an oath or two, you light a match, and discover that the plug is three feet due north of the farthest point you have explored. This necessitates moving the sofa still further from the wall, during which process the match burns down to your fingers, drawing from you, this

time, five or six expletives. Hurling the match away, you start jabbing the prongs at the plug again, first cautiously and then with increasing violence, and although you tilt the prongs at every conceivable degree of the circle, the prongs never by any chance go into the holes. Finally, lighting another match, you discover that the holes are in the exact spot where you apparently jabbed the most, and, at last, you achieve success. In the excitement, you raise your head suddenly, and bump it violently against the table top, but you are now so glad to get the whole thing over with that you don't particularly care.

This medieval system is going to be done away with in my house, because there will be no baseboard plugs. The plugs, well smeared with radium, are going to be high up in the wall, at eye level, where a fellow can attach a lamp or a radio cord to them without the necessity of visiting a chiropractor afterwards. Some people may object to the idea of a lamp cord leading to a spot in the middle of the wall on the grounds that it would look like the devil. My answer to that one is: all right, it would look like the devil.

These, then, are the features that will differentiate my house from other houses of the future era, and make it reflect, to use the old bromide, my personality and character.

On the mundane matters of plumbing, refrigeration, heating and general furnishings, the architects and decorators of my domicile will be given free scope. With all the latest gadgets and devices on hand, any fool can do a good job on such purely secondary matters. What I'm attending to myself are the essentials. ##

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The Loss of a Lady

Continued from page 73

One indulgent manager granted a tired young lady a week's vacation, whereupon she, although advertised as appearing nightly in a revue, left her public flat and took a run down to Palm Beach.

Her conduct at rehearsals and backstage was extraordinary. Ruth Morgan, for instance, drove to work in a limousine with a chauffeur, and sometimes wore, even in the morning, a diamond and ruby lavalier larger in size than a dollar. Avonne Taylor was invariably attired in mink while Dorothy Knapp often decorated in chinchilla. Mabel Swor and Ruth Fallows displayed jewels that were almost duplicates, pearl bar pins and bracelets of onyx, with diamond solitaires, cut square and oval.

Hippodromic in lavishness were the parties which Elmer Leterman, high-pressure insurance man, threw for show girls, usually after premieres.

His apartment—an extensive one—is entirely surrounded by an outdoor garden. Electric pianos, large and small, provide instantaneous music. The living room, all hand decorated, has a great indoor fountain at the center, where colored lights create the necessary romantic effects when imaginations lag.

The bedrooms and entrance are completely walled in with mirrors. The kitchen takes on Oriental, Polynesian or even a Dutch atmosphere with the alternate changes of chefs and cuisine.

Though the show girls have been the chief attractions in Leterman's functions, the guests have included the son of a president, railroad officials, insurance kings, stars like Dolores Del Rio, motion picture magnates like Jesse Lasky, and the pick of the prize playboys.

Similarly lavish, but always in excellent taste, were the parties which Bertrand Taylor gave at his triplex apartment, with its famous rug, disappearing furniture, and the handsome collection of cigarette cases perched on antique tables.

Bert's roof garden was as extensive as a complete night club; made show girls feel perfectly at home while Jules Glaenger, Prince Obolensky, Lupe Velez, William Rhineland Stewart and June Knight made conversation amusing.

Particularly brilliant was the party given here when "Hot Cha" opened, a duplex party in a sense, as the refreshments were both Mexican and American. In one room, a native Mexican orchestra, half nude, crouched on the floor, playing native instruments, rivaling the rhythms supplied by an American jazz orchestra across the corridor.

So extensive was the home at which Arthur Loew entertained Virginia and Meredith Howard, that the old story must be revived to indicate the grandeurs to which Follies girls grew accus-

tomed. For when the original owner, the late Marcus Loew, inspected this domicile, he came across a new door, and, curious to know what was in back of it, turned the knob, opened the portal, and found, to his surprise, another hundred rooms.

It was at Will Rogers' annual Christmas parties, however, that the show girl came completely into her own. These events, never before described to the public, were the annual gift of Will Rogers to the members of the famous revue.

With his characteristic democracy and kindness, he invited every member in the organization, from Mr. Ziegfeld to the scrub woman. But there he ended the list of guests, permitting neither the wife nor husband of any member, no matter how prominent, to attend the restricted function.

After the curtain had dropped on the finale of the revue, dozens of waiters would quickly turn the stage into a kind of park, setting up great tables, capable of seating two and three hundred guests.

The food was served in barbecue style—steaks and lamb chops, piping hot, enough for the most insatiable appetite. The drinks—a highly expensive item then—were unlimited, even though Will himself rarely tasted a drop.

At one of the parties, a great crowd of drunken street loafers broke past the stage door and started a fight. They grouped themselves at one side of the stage and began a regular, organized attack, throwing objects and knocking down everyone in their way.

The unexpected excitement created a temporary hysteria, but out of the disorder came Will Rogers, the host. He walked fearlessly half-way across the stage and single-handed forced the whole gang to leave the theatre. Meanwhile, Ann Pennington, standing alone in a corner of the stage, was crying, "I'm afraid they'll hurt Bill."

Chicago was always hospitable to the girls when they were playing there.

Vincent Bendix's parties on Lake Shore Drive were worthy of royalty. The old mansion with its grand stairway, statuary and drawing room, recalled a classic setting at the Metropolitan Opera House.

But the young ladies, of course, were unconscious of the fact that they were treading the floor once graced by Mrs. Potter Palmer, one of the most powerful forces in the early days of Chicago's social development.

Ben Marshall's parties were miracles of modern architecture and picturesque background.

It was on tour that the young ladies, usually guarded and self-contained in their public conduct,



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MEMO

TO TIRED CHRISTMAS SHOPPERS:

You'll find the answers to all of your Christmas shopping problems on page 18 of this issue.

would open up. So free was their enjoyment, in fact of the neutral advantages of the road that the girls in the last Ziegfeld Follies startled the railroad company itself by a bacchanalian revel which lasted all the way from New York to Pittsburgh.

The train was scarcely out of the town when half the company was drunk. One of the ladies, stark nude, promenaded the aisles and stepped on the observation car long enough to give the small-townners at various stations a full glimpse of her perfect proportions.

Chorus boys, spied at tête-à-têtes, carried on behind the frail privacy of sleeping curtains, and an occasional whisky bottle rolled down the aisle while the female impersonator, one of the features of the revue, fraternized with the colored porter.

According to subsequent report, the Pullman Company sent in a formal complaint, declining to carry the troupe back to New York, but somehow or other the young ladies got home.

But whether she was at home or out of town, the show girl was able to satisfy almost every appetite that money could supply, from the distinctions of authorship to the advantages of foreign travel.

Elsie Rossi was the guest, in Copenhagen, of Count Heinrich Hauglitz Hardenberg Reventlow, brother-in-law of Barbara Hutton.

When Gladys Glad won a tabloid beauty prize, Florenz Ziegfeld telegraphed to his office that she be provided instantly with a chauffeur in uniform.

Some of the marriages were noteworthy. Barbara Smith, Helen Henderson, Hazel Forbes, Blanche Satchel, Marcelle Edwards and Peggy Fears were all said to have married men of great wealth.

Meanwhile, the show girl herself had grown synthetically to seeming perfection, her figure corrected when the lines were awry; her hair dyed to a dazzling preternatural platinum; and her photographs doctored up to fit classic ideals of pulchritude.

The resultant female was a sort of superwoman, with even her height emphasized to resemble that of an Amazon. And in order to exemplify her mental prowess, Columbia University conducted an intelligence test, with laudatory accounts of professorial experiment, charts, drawings and technical data, and Dorothy Wigman winning honors for mental agility.

Gradually the assumption grew nationally that the show girl was the perfect guide to the superlative in dress, food, motors and amusement. Stylists reinforced this impression. Society approved it. Book publishers gave it literary momentum. And thanks to the cigarette companies and other large advertisers, the whole world was able to purchase what she endorsed—her favorite drinks, clothes, books, games, hats, shoes and underwear.

To the army of young fellows

throughout the nation, the show girl represented the ideal complexion of masculine accolade.

To the army of adolescent girls, she was an irresistible success magnet; and they walked and hitch-hiked to New York; consorted with theatrical agents, chisellers and crooks, in order to get into the chorus of a Ziegfeld, Carroll, White or Shubert show.

The days that Ziegfeld sent out calls, applicants responded in such great numbers that the stage had to be roped off and guards stationed at the theatre entrances.

By this time, the show girl had her code—a code borrowed from the early motion picture vampire and gold-digger, but coated over securely with conventional purity and cosmeticized beauty.

"Worship me from a distance," she said, "and pay the price. Buy me orchids, beautiful clothes. Make me famous on the stage. Give me a spot in the movies. In return for your favors, I'll do what I please!"

Then, having voiced her credo to the obeisant millionaire, college boy and producer, she slipped away secretly to join her real boy friend, a chorus boy, a racketeer, a jockey or a night club owner.

After a time, as a result, the producer discovered that the show girl had grown into a sort of Frankenstein; and though he had built her up himself, he was afraid of her.

Frequently ethics meant nothing. She signed a contract because the producer appealed to her; promised her a higher salary or more publicity. Dorothy Knapp went from Carroll to Ziegfeld and back again.

In one of the revues, three girls were engaged to stand draped at the back of the stage, and then, at a signal, to remove their velvet robes simultaneously, revealing their nude figures for about two minutes.

For this brief service they received handsome salaries. But when the time for them to exhibit themselves came, one nude always disregarded the given signal and let the other two strip first. This little trick gave her a chance to flash her body a second or two later than the others, thus gaining for her the attention of the entire audience. The producer, of course, paid the price in the loss of seconds allotted for exposure.

All went well with the show girl, however, until prohibition. Then her status began to drop. Her personal associates changed: instead of running around with millionaires, buyers, playboys and college lads, she became the gangster's moll, the intimate of racketeers, gunmen and night club owners. With the crash her brilliance faded swiftly.

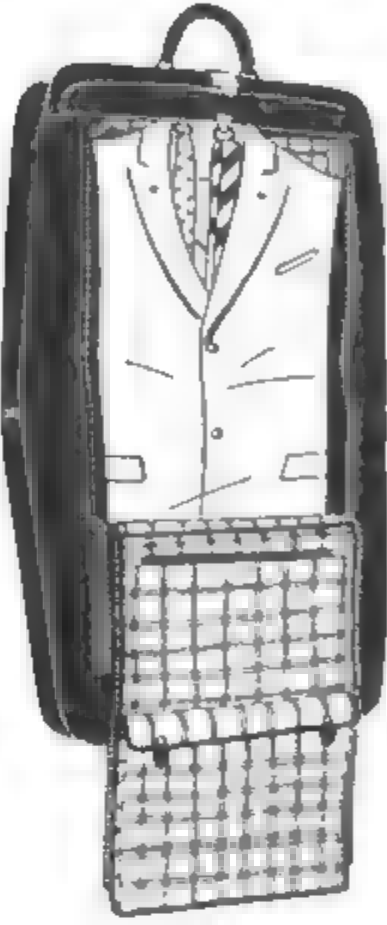
The news leaked out that her standards had dropped; that it was a little dangerous to be seen with her in places where columnists prowled; that she served at times as a go-between, a shill or a come-on at the night clubs, going from the millionaire's table to the

Continued at top of page 200

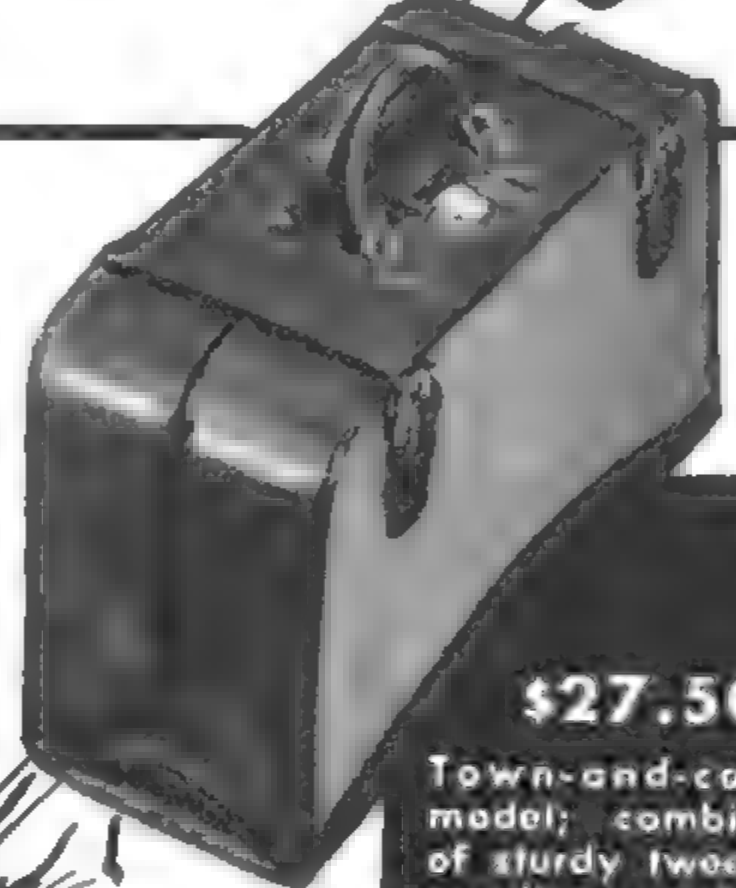
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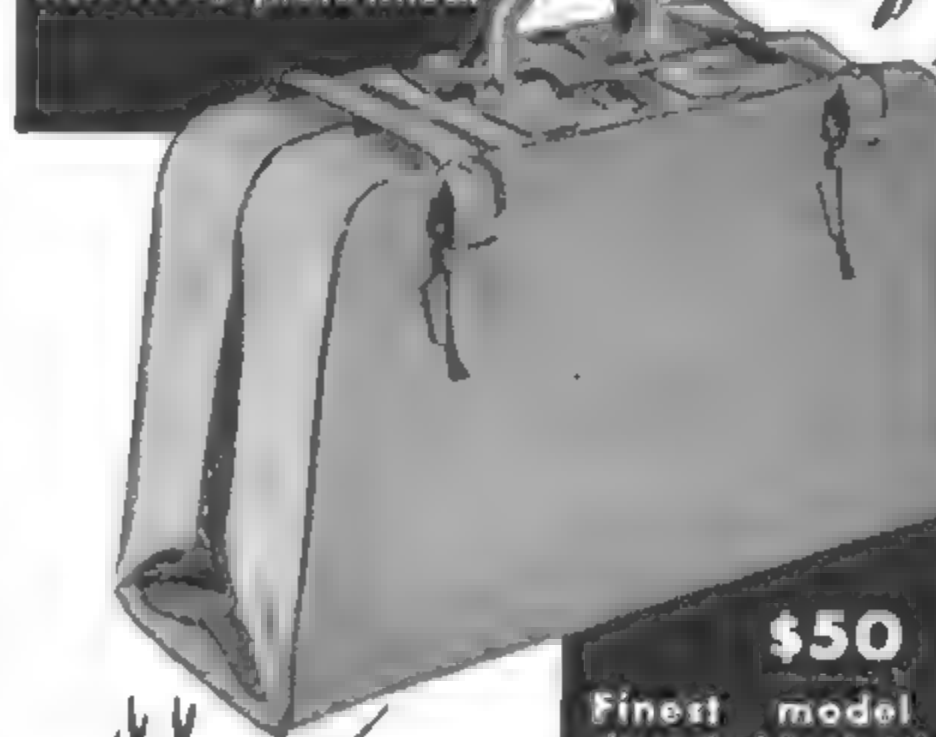
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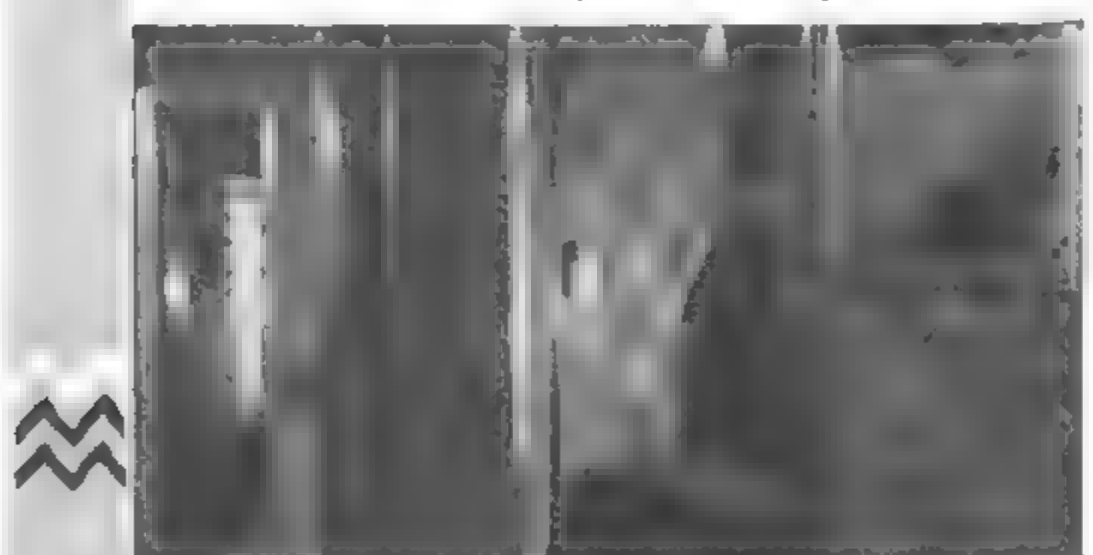
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T. B. Gallaher, P. T. M.
Santa Fe System Lines
1121 Railway Exchange, Chicago, Illinois

The Loss of a Lady

Continued from pages 73-199

gangster's, and making one richer and the other poorer.

Bad luck followed her in Palm Beach, when she barged into fashionable Bradley's. But she didn't stay there long, for the dowagers found it a bit too thick, meeting her at the gaming table, her hand resting on the arm of a son or husband.

"Something must be done," cried the terrified wealthy women.

And something was done, if the report holds true. The show girl was excluded from Bradley's for the highly democratic reason that being a working girl, she was not entitled to the privileges of the place.

When Ziegfeld died, and the producer's office, with its series of revues, faded out, the Ziegfeld girl found herself frightfully alone. About the same time, there came a break in the series of annual revues like the *Vanities* and *Scandals*.

Soon the girls were out of jobs and flat broke. Some, taken unawares, and totally incapable of adjusting themselves to new conditions, committed suicide.

Others, independent and more capable, continued steadily at their stage work, and managed to gain substantial places for themselves in the theatre and in Hollywood.

Still others chose the line of least resistance; that is, they deserted the stage for matrimony; and then deserted matrimony for divorce and the possible advantages of alimony.

The show girl racket is practically washed up now. Gone are the salaries of \$250 and \$300 for doing nothing. The revues are now so scarce in number that there is employment for only a

few girls, and they have to watch their step. They are no longer drawing cards, for even the revue public now demands entertainment instead of names for its money.

What has become of the girls? The answer is difficult, will remain forever unsolved. Some have gone back to their childhood sweethearts; married a grocer, in a small town; mated with stage hands, traveling salesmen and electricians.

A limited number of subsidized alumnae, however, are said to keep their intimate social group intact, during the winter season, in Florida. Here, following the Park Avenue plan, they bring their own motors and gigolos, in this instance, young and handsome he-men who serve as well as wait. The term "show girl" as used here, however, represents only the manufactured type of young woman created during the Boom days. The picture is a composite one, in every sense of the word, with no personal application whatsoever.

The individual show girl is exactly like real women in every department of life—lovable, humane, ambitious and hard-working. Scores of them have made an important place for themselves in the stage, screen and social world.

The point is that the manufactured article here represented has gone out. Most of the Ziegfeld girls are gone and forgotten. The Scandal names have faded away. When *At Home Abroad* opened, there wasn't one show girl in the entire company known around the corner of Broadway.

Perhaps the term "show girl" itself, will eventually grow obsolete. ##

The Sound and the Fury

Continued from pages 8-10

SO YOU'RE OUT TO GET THE ANNAPOLIS GOAT?

I've been sitting here reading your *Sound & Fury* department thinking why the hell hadn't I ever written to *Sound & Fury*? I usually have so many good ideas about everything and I'm especially good at criticizing and my old lady says I'm so clever and all that. Only I couldn't think of any logical premise for a letter. No inspiration.

I like *ESQUIRE*—that is, reasonably. I like the stories—I feel so damn clever when I feel that I've doped out what the author really meant to get across. And some of them are good.

What I wanted to say is that I was sort of browsing through the *S. & F.* and trying to think of some good reason for writing to *S. & F.* when I came across the letter written you by one Richard C. May, who, apparently, is employed by the Navy—on the *Lexington*, I think. Mr. May has a lot to say about this and that—most of it open to attack and thinks I to myself—here, HERE is just your opportunity. In the first place, the guy is about 2000 miles away—thus cutting down on the

possibility of lumps on the head, second, he doesn't know what he's talking about and is full of a lot of high-flown compressed air (excerpt: "trying to instill in the minds of the citizenry of America" . . . the navy-men are a "devil-may-care species," etc., etc.), and third, after about seventeen years in places afflicted with contingents of these blue uniformed problem children, I am delighted at the opportunity to get my teeth into the subject.

Your undersigned respectful correspondent (but not Mr. May's) is a lately arrived resident from the shores of faraway Cathay where the quaint orientals are now busily getting into each other's hair, and as such of about seventeen long years—no short China station tour of duty, Mr. May—has seen many navy men, navy wives and other phenomenae come and go.

Perhaps my opinion may have been soured but it would seem to me that just as tobacco is said to stunt the physical growth, so does a course at Annapolis stunt the intellectual growth. Navy men have a Peter Pannish faculty for staying sophomores until about the time they get the second stripe and then deteriorating into something somewhat worse. Perhaps this will account for the rather sappy tenor of Mr. May's letter to *S. & F.*

Fooey on your technical errors, Mr.



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MEMO

TO TIRED CHRISTMAS SHOPPERS:

You'll find the answers to all of your Christmas shopping problems on page 18 of this issue.

May. This morning down in Hilo I saw plenty of sailors uniformed unlike—in whites and in blues.

But the big beef is with the soul-stirring, tear-jerking, chest-swelling picture you paint of the modern enlisted man. Horatio Alger used to get money for worse when I was a kid. The old healthy mind in the strong body stuff with touches of Lionel Strongheart, the Oxford Movement, the Bigger and Better Life and a complete faith in Santa Claus and the Easter Bunny.

Now the gobs are all right and will be so long as they don't fall in with any of your ideas. But they do just the sort of things that Cadmus said they do, and are just the sort of people that he depicts, and it is to do that sort of thing and be that sort of people that they join the Navy. Healthiest young men in America? Probably. Cleanest? Possibly. Most moral? C'est a rire, buddy, c'est a rire!

We will pass over the point of "public imbibing" touched upon by Mr. May as whimsically fatuous and turn to the other feature of his public proclamation of the Navy's collective purity in which sex rears its lovely head.

In regard to his statement about their "lowering themselves to consort with the type of feminine allure" mentioned, let me say that as one who has studied with keen academic interest—I might say envy—the amazing proclivities of the navy men in the ports of the Orient for over a long number of years, I would say, unequivocally (untangle that for me, proofreader) that the average navy man will woo anything feminine that he can catch, whether it be white, black, yellow or pock-marked, whether it wear skirts, pants, kimona, sarong, breech-clout, hula skirt, shroud or anything you can think of, and whether it walks, climbs, flies or crawls. Which is all right, I guess.

But the gobs, according to their lights, are all right.

It's the officers that sour me.

With about two exceptions, I never saw a navy officer that I thought could keep himself in clean handkerchiefs in civil life, that I figured really knew what it was all about, that wasn't a 100 proof bore, who could hold his liquor, that had any discrimination at all in the matter of women, and that withall, wasn't complete and smug in a complacent knowledge that he was the salt of the earth, a diamond in the rough, and one of nature's gentlemen. And who in the Orient, where we have to come to grips with the species socially now and then, doesn't think the same as I do? Who? Well their opinion doesn't count.

For Mr. May's information, I, like Mr. Cadmus, have a depraved mind (God, I do have fun!) and am also demented, diseased and warped—even more so than Mr. Cadmus because I more or less put my mind to it. But I manage to get around.

Well, I've had a very nice time and you must come and see us some time.

Next month I'll take on the army.

Boy—my "Tally-hos!"

Iconoclastically yours,

Hilo, Hawaii, T. H. JACK BRESNAN
Lately of

Hong Hoa, Tonkin, L'Indo Chine

ACCURACY AGONY—I

There is a first-class bloomer in my article. This is it. "At other times, being blissfully unaware, she proceeds with the same calm confidence she feels when she plugs a direct current curling iron into an alternating current house circuit."

The essential part of a curling iron or of any other electrical apparatus used for generating heat, is a wire which resists the passage of the electric current. It will work on either direct or alternating current. I knew that but there's the sentence, a beautiful variation of a wise guy falling on his face in front of a large audience.

The gals, of course, will never know unless somebody tells them but there

must be thousands of inglorious combinations of Emerson and Edison who will rush their superior knowledge into the mail. You must be a well toughened soul by this time and I hope you will come through this barrage as happily as you have previous ones.

I regret the ineptitude but there are moments when I think it lends the article a little of the particular, distinguishing charm of *The Sound and the Fury*.

GEORGE A. McNAMARA

Brooklyn, N. Y.

ACCURACY AGONY—II

In the October issue of *ESQUIRE* there was a statement by Mr. George A. McNamara which intrigued me intensely. In "an attempt to analyze the behavior of the ladies as they go busily about their doubtless important affairs" Mr. McNamara, in his *Their Daytime Manners*, aims at extreme nonchalance on the part of the lady by saying "... she proceeds with the same calm confidence she feels when she plugs a direct current curling iron into an alternating current house circuit." Perhaps the lady was justified in proceeding with calm confidence inasmuch as the DC curling iron would just get as hot on direct current as it would on alternating current... no fuses would blow, she would not know the difference, in other words there would be absolutely no ill consequences. Let me explain. It is the heating effect of an electric current which causes a fuse to blow, or expressed electrically and mathematically heat (or power) equals I^2R where I is the current drawn by milady's curling iron and R is the resistance of the iron. Thus if we can show the amount of current to be the same on DC as on AC we will have proved that ignorance is bliss in this case.

For alternating current $I = \frac{E}{Z}$ where

I is the current drawn, E is the voltage (usually standardized at 110 volts regardless of AC or DC), and Z is the impedance to the flow of electric current offered by the lady's magic wand. Now let's go a step further and break Z down into its components.

$Z = \sqrt{R^2 + X^2}$ The only new term in this expression is X which is the reactance and looks like this strung out:

$X = 2\pi f L$ where f is the frequency in cycles per second (60 per AC) and L is the inductance. The inductance is the term for a sort of electrical inertia; i.e. you get the current started and you can't stop the darn thing or vice versa. By making substitutions in the original equation we find:

$$I = \frac{E}{\sqrt{R^2 + (2\pi f L)^2}}$$

On alternating current L is something which a curling iron has very little of so we may say the whole right hand term underneath the vinculum resolves itself to zero. On the other hand if the little innocent plugs her iron in on DC the f becomes zero since the current has its mind made up definitely and travels continuously in the same direction. Thus in either case, AC or DC, the expression becomes

$I = \frac{E}{R}$ or simply $I = \frac{E}{R}$ which is Mr. Ohm's Law just as he propounded it years ago.

Yours for accuracy in fiction,
Galveston, Tex. FRED B. PORTERFIELD

ACCURACY AGONY—III

Re: Curling Irons.

All is well. The guy who convinced me that I fell on my face with that allusion was just a bar room electrician.

There are curling irons with thermostatic control and these will only work on one kind of current.

I feel better now. This is a new racket for me.

Pardon my panic.

GEORGE A. McNAMARA

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Continued on page 202

No gift could be better
than Domecq
Sherry

Extend your season's greeting with a bottle of Domecq Sherry and you will be giving wine-treasure from the oldest Sherry vintner in all of Spain. Pour it for holiday guests too. For Sherry is the libation of real holiday warmth and rare fine flavor—and Pedro Domecq most of all.

We have prepared a colorfully illustrated monograph telling of Sherry's glamorous past. For your copy write to:
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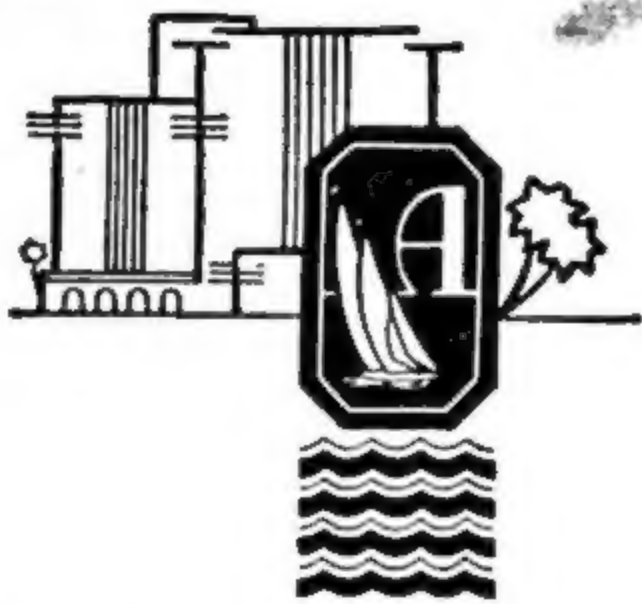
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ST. PETERSBURG ~ FLORIDA

The Sound and the Fury

Continued from pages 8-10-201

OVER THE WAVES

Salutations to your miracle men on the Pacific seaboard, who have, according to your September issue, perfected their surfing technique in three weeks. For your information—the article was very clouded in this respect—surfing is and has been a national pastime during the summer periods in Australia for over seventy years and no doubt was introduced into America by an Australian enthusiast bored by the lack of shoots on your beaches.

From schooldays Australian boys dabble in surf shooting and contrary to the American swimmers they are keen to help each other and as a result any wave has to work overtime to accommodate the black heads of shooting surfers.

What sort of beaches can you boast—bath tubs? The author of your body shooting article speaks of wading out to the first line of breakers—perhaps stilts are provided over there—only flat tides allow such a happening on Sydney beaches. One usually has to swim for his shoots, over a channel and on to a breaking bank.

Shooting to the top of the wave as he then proceeds is all hooey—what is a stratosphere flight or an honest attempt to catch a wave or a train? The curling trend of a breaking wave automatically swings the body into a shooting position. Finally your expert says that two or three swift strokes suffice to maintain the wading and shooting—sounds like the duck season to me.

In the Australian water we swim the few strokes first to gain our shoots and then our position in the wave usually suffices for a 150 to 200-yard run on all types of waves—no kidding.

Your informant must have had a night out on prohibition rye when he talks about surfers perched on top of 10 to 15-foot waves. Just try it Mr. Editor when *Sound and Fury* gets too hot and strong and they will be sending flowers to greet you when you regain consciousness in a nice white hospital ward.

Certainly we ride the big fellows out here but we are not foolhardy enough to take a big bump when they drop to the natural level. Furthermore when a wave is at its crest the amount of water at its base is very low and when it begins to break the amount of water is even lower so that a surfer finds it's hard to eliminate bumps and sand or a "boiler" as you call it—a "dumper" to us.

Shooting with outstretched hands is antiquated and useless and is only used in the "kindergarten" out here—fifteen yards from the shore—and is a loafing method for swimmers who are waiting good shoots.

As for jumping into a broken wave and riding it well into the sand—"I'll sea fly"—such a wave has no grip, no lift and little strength of buoyancy and the suggestion of riding some distance with heads down must be like riding with an oxygen mask on—worse than our trunks ban—that's bad enough.

As the article progresses the writer becomes more imbued with his wonderful fifteen foot waves and I'll say again what miracle men they must be to ride them through the break and all the way to the beach.

Defining a definite style of surf riding is ridiculous as each wave has to be treated on its merits according to the skill of the operator. In Australia some face the wave, others swim ahead and still others slip into the wave side on and a few of the slippery ones take it from a position on their backs.

Raising a leg as a steering column and pressure lever seems to be comical as it has been found here that a quick wriggle of the shoulders and a flipper-like movement of the hands at the side of the body guides the shooter out of trouble and collisions.

Australians groan aloud at the thought of Americans bending their knees and forcing their shoulders down in an attempt to keep in the wave. One I should say would automatically sink lower than necessary and thus

lose the way and slip off the back of the shoot. Flattening of the chest and hollowing the shoulders is in direct contrast to Australians who hunch their shoulders to keep the head and shoulders ahead of the shoot and thus to success.

Shouted conversations on long shoots are only possible in a country like America—we are too pre-occupied in steering a safe course and getting the best out of the wave.

That blessed fifteen foot wave bobs up again and let me tell you that the average Australian when he arrives at the foot of the wave's summit throws his hands out smartly to lessen the force of the drop, pulls them smartly through to their former position at the side of the body and then sails serenely on to the golden sands. As for breathing before one takes a shoot—it almost calls for an instructor to give orders—it's just natural ability an aptitude that makes a surfer conscious of his movements no matter how quick.

Big waves we agree are only caught in deep water and only by quick action to take the wave when it's at its strongest point. The nonsense of crossing the legs and lifting them and at the same time dropping the head spears one immediately down into Davey Jones's locker and the wave goes unmolested on its way.

Vigorous kicks, a wriggle of the shoulders and a few well timed strokes suffice to keep the average Australian in such shoots.

America again has found a new wave—one with green shoulders—and the broken ones—"sand busters"—"dumpers" to us—break in the shallows here and are a nasty conglomeration of sand and churned up water which spin one's body aimlessly and hard. How a man can shoot a sandbuster with his body half out of the water is simply glorious.

I have ranted on enough about your miracle water men—a word or two about the other matter in the publication: The advertising matter is magnificent, the display, setting up and execution being an eye opener to most people here and above all there is humor in many that is sadly lacking in most other magazines.

The illustrations are naughtily interesting—but what has happened to the Sultan series laterly. I like Bundy's work perhaps best of all and the bird that has recently introduced the fowl yard series—he is doing fine work.

Congratulations on a fine publication and if you ever come to Australia we will show how surf shooting is really done. Yours interested,

W. J. HINWOOD
Sydney, N.S.W., Australia

AFRICA SPEAKS

No wonder Cedric Belfrage went forth (or was he sent?) from Cambridge without a degree, was fired from job as a press agent, fired again by Universal Pictures, was ejected from four major studios, had to quit his position as film critic in England.

The "disappointed politician" type of article he has written is "just a pain in the neck to the average Limey." However, any thinking reader only has to look at the author's record before he wastes his time getting het up with article, *Who Wants My Empire*.

It seems funny that Esqy should print its first really tripey article after four years' tops literature.

Here's hoping it won't occur again.

Yours faithfully,
Durban, Natal, A. E. P. ROBINSON
South Africa

OR TELL IT TO THE MARINES?

Why don't you put Seldes and Pegler in a closed room and tell them to pull hair, slap wrists or scratch each other's eyes? Do anything, but don't expect your readers to suffer many more supposed to be articles as "Something About Pegler." The lively arts—Pooeh! U. S. Marines W. H. M.
Peking, China

Interwoven Socks for Christmas

REG. U.S.
PAT. OFF.



These are a few of more than a thousand different Socks, made by Interwoven, to choose from ... A real worthwhile Gift ... If your socks are Interwoven—They Wear Longer ... 2 pairs \$1.10 Up





JOAN CRAWFORD takes time out from her part in M-G-M's "Mannequin" to play the part of Mrs. Santa Claus...Joan Crawford has smoked Luckies for eight years, has been kind enough to tell us: "They always stay on good terms with my throat."

Tobaccoland's Finest Gift

When you offer friends the ever-welcome gift of cigarettes, remember two facts...

First, among independent tobacco men, Lucky Strike has twice as many exclusive smokers as all other brands combined.

Second, Lucky Strike not only offers the finest tobacco but also the throat protection of the exclusive process "It's Toasted".

With men who know tobacco best...

It's Luckies 2 to 1

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